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639th AERO SQUADRON BOOK

BEING A RECORD OF THE
SQUADRON'S ACTIVITIES
WITH BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL
SKETCHES OF ITS MEMBERS

Organized September, 1917

With A. E. F., January, 1918, to May, 1919

Demobilized June, 1919



PUBLISHED BY THE
639th AERO SQUADRON

1920

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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY
OF THOSE GALLANT MEM-
BERS OF THE A. E. F. WHO LOST
THEIR LIVES IN FRANCE
FIGHTING FOR A
PRINCIPLE

Gift
Publisher
APR 14 1929

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FOREWORD

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It is with a great feeling of pride that I write the foreword to this book. The 639th Aero Squadron was a live, wideawake, thoroughly American organization. It was an organization of splendid soldiers—energetic, industrious, gentlemanly, and, above all, loyal.

When you enlisted, you expected to be assigned to a combatant organization because you felt that a soldier's business was to fight. When developments indicated that there was other work than fighting, and just as important, and fate willed that you were to be placed in a more or less non-combatant organization, you maintained your zeal and purpose to be useful with characteristic cheerfulness. Your work as soldiers was mainly along the general lines of your civilian occupations, and sometimes it was quite laborious and uninteresting work, lacking all the excitement and adventure of a fight. It was all the more difficult, therefore, for you to maintain your enthusiasm and to put your hearts and best efforts into the daily grind of work than if you had had thrust upon you the strong incentive and spur of actual or impending participation in battle. You did your work well, cheerfully, and thoroughly, and your conduct at all times was such as to reflect credit on the American Army.

Our sixteen months in France, living and working under emergency conditions, have left upon us indelible impressions. Our wits have been sharpened; we have had a good chance to learn other men, whom to trust and whom to shun; our ideas have been improved by observation of the life and customs of another nation and by close contact with a great war. Our experience will be of incalculable benefit to us in the future if the lessons learned are properly applied. It was a great experience, and fortunate we were to be permitted to participate.

We are still young, and before each of us lies a life of great possibilities and great responsibilities. Never before has the country needed men of your character so much as now. It is a big country and its problems are in comparison. Let's continue to give it our backing and moral support, suppress its maligners and internal enemies, and strengthen the foundation upon which it rests.

I am glad you decided on a Squadron history. It is my hope that this book will keep fresh in your minds the incidents and friendships of your life in the Squadron, and it is my sincere wish that your futures will be crowded with happiness, success, and usefulness.

EMANUEL FRITZ,
Captain, Air Service,
Commanding 639th Aero Squadron.

LEDERER, STREET & ZEUS COMPANY
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1920

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EDITORIAL STAFF

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T. F. NORTON

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

J. P. BURNS

W. F. GALTES

ARTIST

N. TERMINIELLO

C. W. STOCKWELL

DECIDING ON A SQUADRON BOOK

The Squadron smoker held in the mess hall on Thursday, the 13th of February, proved to be a decided success and a real innovation in Squadron activities. In response to Norton's noon-day appeal, a large and representative assembly of Squadron members was present, considerably in advance of the hour stipulated for the inaugural ceremonies.

Whether the attraction lay in the novelty of the occasion, or whether it was due to the fact that the "Bunch" had been slighted by Pete McArdle and his cohorts, is a matter of conjecture. However, it was very evident that everyone was accompanied by a keen appetite coupled to an inexhaustible supply of good spirits—some exceptionally good, evinced by the jocularly that prevailed throughout the entire shack.

At 8:15, coffee, camouflaged from the usual beverage with beaucoup milk and sugar, was served with delicious sandwiches—as much of both as each one thought he could comfortably stow away. Judging from the average capacities on this occasion, one could not be censured too severely for thinking ill of the regular evening chow and the Mess Sergeant responsible for it. In reality, it was no reflection on the regular evening repast, but a tribute to the efforts exerted by the Sergeant on this particular occasion.

After all present had well eaten, cigars (the very best obtainable) were passed around, while Milady Nicotine reigned supreme for some time. Even Willie Barrans ignored his usual conventionalities and indulged in a rare Havana; rare, he avers, for reasons he doesn't dare utter in public. Nevertheless, Willie must be convinced that he is either not on intimate terms with Milady, or that his taste for the weed is perverted or still undeveloped, inasmuch as Milady's sworn devotees vouched for the fine quality of the smokes.

Many came prepared in case the monniker applied to the blowout should prove erroneous; but these same lost no time in sinking their own supply of smokes when they saw what a live committee had provided for them.

When the smoke screen had been laid and general satisfaction prevailed, John Burns, chairman pro-tem, owing to the "Top's" indisposition, arose and called on some of the "dark horses" of the Squadron to provide entertainment. What followed was a real treat and a revelation. Charles Smith, who for more than a year had deprived us by his modesty of some real musical treats, took his place at the piano which Dad Lewis so kindly loaned for the occasion, and rendered popular songs, interspersed with just enough of the classical to make the affair highly appreciable. Sergeant Paine later played all the popular rags to the fullest approval of the crowd.

If the crowd was surprised at Smith's ability, it was more than astonished when Venske, of pugilistic fame, assumed a position near the piano and in his sweet, full baritone rendered two of his popular ballads entitled, "I'm Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down," followed by the great hit of our childhood days, "School Days." The applause accorded the "Battler" was deafening, but his modesty deprived the boys of another encore.

Wolff, whose cognomen is in no way typical of his disposition, sang in his usual splendid manner, accompanied by Paine at the piano. Both were fully appreciated by those present.

Pete McArdle filled the next twenty minutes chock full of interest with his clever narrations and comic songs, which seem to claim augmented praise at each new hearing.

Though troubled with a severe cold, Ranahan followed McArdle and was excused only when he had practically exhausted his extensive repertoire, so well were his offerings received by the boys.

At this juncture, when enthusiasm had attained its highest pitch, "Honest John" took the floor and addressed the meeting, explaining the object of the procedure, which remarks were carried on by "Mother." He informed the men in part that a Squadron book had been decided upon, to be paid for from a fund the men might gather for that purpose. The Squadron members were privileged to exercise their own judgment in the selection of the men they considered most capable of producing the most satisfactory results in such a book. And this occasion was to be utilized to hold a popular election—the first in the history of the Squadron. It was 9:00 p. m. when the meeting had been called to order, and the business of electing an editor-in-chief was placed before the house. Here it was that the political spirit displayed itself, while the Smoker now assumed the aspect of an election "blowout" such as it is the wont to hold in "God's Country."

Sergeant John B. Burns was nominated for chief editor and was compelled to accept the nomination in spite of his earnest request to be excused. Paul Byrne, John Burns and Norton were on the ballot for chief editor, the final official count indicating that Norton had been elected to the position. The ensuing twenty minutes were replete with heated and interesting discussion, wherein parliamentary law was very frequently referred to. As time for "lights out" approached, general eloquence increased, and it became evident that ten o'clock would find the election hardly half over. No time was lost in seeking a solution, so candles were very generously distributed throughout the hall. The later the hour, the

more lengthly became the flashes of oratory. In the dim candle-glow the following nominees were announced as the choice for associate editors: J. B. Burns, C. W. Stockwell, P. J. Byrne, W. J. Shannon, and W. F. Galtes. After a count of the ballots, entailing every precaution to assure fair play, John B. Burns, Chellis W. Stockwell, and William F. Galtes were named as the selection of the Squadron for associate editors.

The hilarious spirit of the crowd was in no way affected by a visit from the guard, Oscar Johnson, patrolling Post No. 1. Several suggestions for an all-night session followed his appeal for less noise from the Mess Hall.

Sergeant McArdle was at all times willing to turn over his shop to the troopers for the night, but on second consideration it was deemed advisable to call the meeting adjourned and to repair to the hay-heap. On a motion by Weisblum "that we quit," the meeting adjourned and the assembly filed out, taking as many of the Mess Sergeant's candles as they could get away with unobserved.

The Smoker in itself was a treat and a great success, while the electoral feature was novel and thoroughly appreciated by the men. So pleased were the boys with this smoker and so strong did they pull for a repetition of it, that all hoped to attend another.

I. B. W.

CONTACT

A PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
639th AERO SQUADRON A.E.F.

Vol. I, No. 1

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Price, One Franc

MEMBERS OF SQUADRON BUSY LAYING PLANS FOR FUTURE

Ladenson, Waddell, Murphy and
others to resume interrupted
careers

Now that hostilities have ceased and the American Army has put down its muskets and is picking up its mess-kits, members of the 639th Aero Squadron are busy laying plans for the future. While G. H. Q. has not yet informed us the exact date of the departure of this squadron for overseas, the men of the outfit believe in taking no chances at being caught

"KEEP THE HUN BEATEN," SAYS LIEUTENANT FRITZ

There Should Be No Relaxing Of Effort With Peace Near, Is
Commanding Officer's Message

CONTACT comes into being in the biggest hour of the history of the United States, the hour that records its greatest achievement. You can well be proud of the fact that your squadron has played an important part in this



ALL RECORDS FOR PROMOTIONS SMASHED DURING NOVEMBER

Thirty-three advanced
Over Twenty Five
New non coms

The roster of non coms took a big boost within the squadron during the month of November, when 33 men received higher rank. Among the honours dished out were 2 1st class sergeants, while five of the recipients can now wear upon their right sleeve the coveted three stripes. Ten were

LIEUTENANT COLONEL BENEDICT TO THE 639TH

(Reprinted from CONTACT, Jan. 1, 1919.)

Almost a year ago today I met for the first time the 639th Aero Squadron under the command of Lieutenant Emanuel Fritz, at Garden City, N. Y. Then you were fresh from Kelly Field, Texas, and as I look backward now, fresh in many other things pertaining to military work. Yet, though the training was lacking at that time, the spirit which was going to make the 639th one of the best organizations in the A. E. F. was there. This was shown by the willingness and ardor with which you worked during the bitterly cold days and nights at the concentration camp.

After traveling separate paths for some time, it was a pleasure for me to find you again under my command. The old spirit to do your best is still there. Guard it carefully. Any organization is only as good as the spirit which imbues it.

Many changes have taken place since the squadron was formed, all of which, I believe, have been changes for the better. I have no doubt that you are competent to perform any task which might be assigned to an aero squadron. This is due not only to you, but also to your commander, Lieutenant Emanuel Fritz, who has done and done well all in his power to better the organization as a whole and the members of it individually.

I wish to congratulate you, men of the 639th Aero Squadron and your commander, upon your efficient and faithful service while in the A. E. F., but above all for the good work you have done in making the Second Corps Aeronautical School what it is at present.

CHARLES C. BENEDICT,

Lieutenant Colonel, Air Service.

We look upon Colonel Benedict as being one of us. We first met him at Garden City, where the 639th was made part of a provisional wing of eight squadrons. He was in command of this wing on its way to France and until it was again separated at St. Maixent into its eight component units. All of this time he was carried on the rolls of the 639th as an attached member, and never did its rolls bear a more distinguished name.

It was with the greatest joy that we learned in

August, 1918, while we were at Chatillon, that Colonel, then Major, Benedict was again to be with us, this time in command of our Post, the Second Corps Aeronautical School.

Colonel Benedict is a graduate of West Point and a West Pointer through and through. As an aviator, few are more proficient than he. He is quiet but observant, firm but fair, a man to be trusted and respected.



OUR HISTORY

Inception and Organization

At 4:30 p. m. on the 30th day of August, 1917, the men that were to be formed into the 118th Aero Squadron the following day arrived at Kelly Field, South San Antonio, Texas. Fort Slocum, New York, was our starting point. There we recruits had been assembled from various places of enlistment. By far the larger number of men hailed from New York, with New England a close second. All of us had enlisted voluntarily and with great eagerness in answer to the country's call for "aviators." Yes, they told us we would be flying within a month.

Upon our arrival at "Kelly," tired and hungry, after our four days' journey from Slocum, we were met by a sergeant and marched to Field Headquarters and lined up for inspection. While standing there on the burning sand we received greetings from several soldiers who had preceded us to the new aviation field by only a few weeks. They took great pleasure in jesting the new "rookie" outfit, telling us of the numbers who had been victims of the terrific heat, and how more were poisoned daily from the bites of the rattlesnakes that inhabited that Sahara-like region. But their stories were taken with a grain of salt. Soon a captain came on the scene and the Sergeant commanded us to stand at attention. He gave us a careful chest and throat examination to determine whether or not anyone had contracted measles, mumps, or something of a more serious nature during the journey. All of us were found to be in good health and were then turned over to another officer, who took us to a spot where it seemed agricultural specialists had been successful in the cultivation of at least weeds and cactus plants. As the sun was sinking in the west we were informed that we must draw an iron cot and a single blanket apiece from the Post Supply Department. The blanket constituted our only bed linen for that evening. We were also told that this chosen spot was to be our home and that we must make the best of it. And we did.

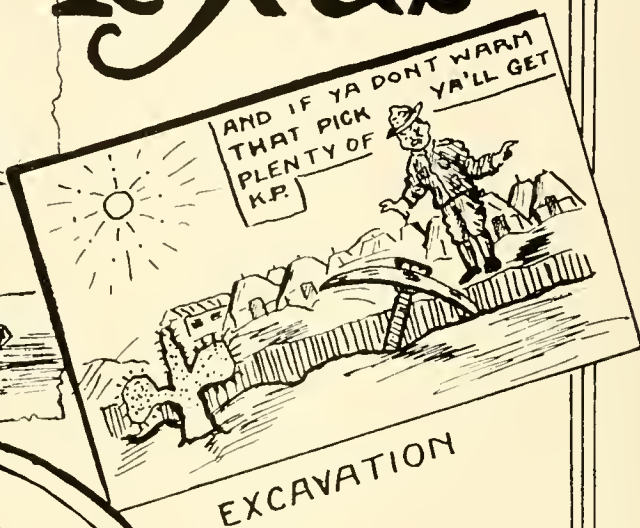
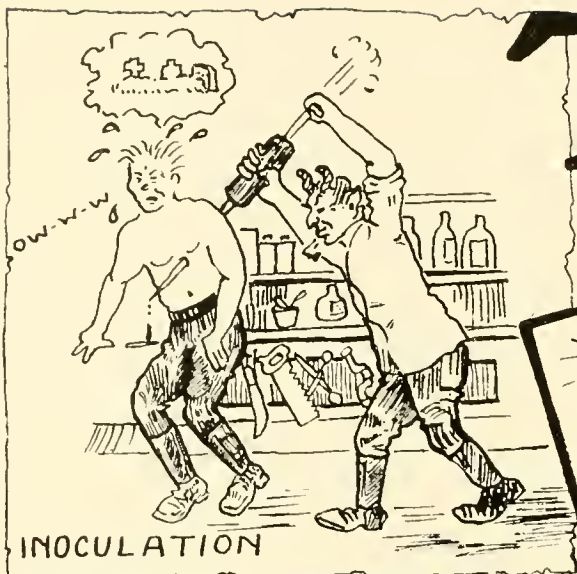
Scarcely had we drawn these things when a hungry member gave the "let's eat" cry. Small foraging parties were immediately formed. They set forth to see what could be obtained from the various kitchens and

returned with good results. "Corn Willie," the same who later attained such fame (?) in the A. E. F., was for the first time introduced to us. We also obtained some real good bread, "the staff of life." The staff being considerably light, we could not lean upon it as heavily as we wished. Our blankets were then carefully folded so as to make a sort of sack to put ourselves into. Many had previously remarked how durable the beds were, and after placing ourselves upon the blackened springs the sentiment was general. Some of the men had a good night's rest, nevertheless, while others testified the following morning that the noise of the rattlers was too much to permit refreshing sleep.

It was about eight o'clock the next morning that we were called to attention by our new "Commanding Officer," Private E. K. Sawyer. He organized us into a company, choosing men with previous military service to act as sergeants. The sergeants were: John ("Bill") Paul, Frank Durdan, and Fred R. Bloom. Paul J. Byrne was to act as sergeant major, with Irving Weisblum as his assistant. We also learned that we were to be known as the 118th Aero Supply Squadron, whatever that meant. The men were then put to work extracting weeds and cactus plants, in order to clear our camp site. After this task was completed we pitched our tents, and this, it must be mentioned, was a tiresome job under the burning Texas sun. At the close of the day, having erected twenty-two tents, enough for the entire squadron, we moved our beds inside. Bed sacks were issued to the men and filled with weeds of the finer kind, as the springs made quite an impression the evening before, and it was with much difficulty one could locate a soft spot.

The following few days were spent in "policing" around our tents and making a respectable looking street. Tom Yohe displayed some talent in beautifying his tent by placing dainty little cactus plants and sea shells around the entrance which seemed to say "welcome." The intense heat bothered us considerably, particularly the first few days, and each morning at drill-call several men were excused from drill on the strength of the "bad shoe" excuse. During our short stay at Fort Slocum we were unable to procure shoes for all of the men. Several had, therefore, to continue

Texas



wearing their civilian shoes; hence, "bad shoes fall out" was a common command.

There was an increase in the "bad shoe" epidemic when the supply tent received a quantity of aviation instruments—picks and shovels—for elementary training. Picks and shovels did not come as a surprise, because we perceived miniature implements of this type hung over several squadron headquarters. To many it seemed a fitting aviation insignia, and others were dumbfounded and in their next letters home excused themselves for not being able to take the family up for a ride, as they had originally planned. Hard it seemed, but we went at it willingly, realizing that we were making our first sacrifices as soldiers of war. We realized, too, that, being among the first to enlist, we had to help construct the camps.

Later, the daily work included four hours of infantry drill in addition to other work that was assigned to us. All this time we were in quarantine, but were allowed to visit the road at South San Antonio each evening to purchase apples, pears, watermelons, and other fruits from the Mexican peddlers. Many had no difficulty in cultivating a negro's appetite for the famous melon. The entertainments held about this time in the large Y. M. C. A. tent helped considerably in breaking up the monotony of quarantine evenings. The new 118th Aero Squadron was, however, not lacking when it came to presenting talent, for with Hogan as a dancer, Ackle as a hypnotist, Patenaude as an impersonator, and Mullett as a vocalist, we were "there." The three latter mentioned were, to our great regret, transferred later to other squadrons, but they have constantly corresponded with us, expressing their desire to be with us again.

Now that all the men had received their full quota of inoculations and the sore arms had healed, we looked forward to getting aeroplane experience or orders for our departure overseas. After quarantine was lifted the "Top Kick" was kept busy each evening distributing passes to the city. Fifty were issued each night, with instructions that we must be in camp before eleven o'clock. It was a common sight in passing the best hotels and dining rooms to see men of the squadron struggling with a large juicy steak or placing an order for a chicken dinner. The grill room of the St. Anthony Hotel was a favorite landmark, where some of us devoured many a "soup to nuts" course. Sunday, of course, was the day that afforded the most time and pleasure. As reveille was the only call answered on that day, we had the opportunity of visiting the San Jose and Santa Rosa churches, Breckenbridge Park, the historic Alamo, and other points of interest. The Buckhorn Saloon, where so many pairs of antlers and steers' horns were artistically displayed, will long be remembered—for the horns, of course. For playhouses, the Majestic seemed to have the best call, as this house always had a program of high-class vanderbilt and

moving pictures. Turner's Dance Hall and Parry's Roof Garden had a strong appeal for the dancers of the squadron, and there we were formally introduced to Southern damsels, who unhesitatingly inquired, "Where you-all from?"

Calls came in frequently for "details" of bookkeepers and truckdrivers, and when the non-commissioned officer in charge of the crowd was checking the men up, Varney, who was supply sergeant, knowing what the work would probably be, would quickly produce the picks and shovels. Six men were picked each day to do police work in the kitchen, such as washing pans, paring potatoes, and various other jobs of such nature. These men were automatically given the rank of K. P., and the job itself was a rank one in Texas, as it meant continuous work, especially during the sandstorms. More than one modest individual gave way to rash cuss words when Texas started moving.

The kitchen had a large canvas covering and was in charge of McGovern as acting mess sergeant. The mess he put out was what we termed "regulation," as we always knew what we would have for each meal—liver for breakfast, beans, pickles and lemonade for dinner, and stew for the evening meal. The beans were sometimes cooked, sometimes not, and often burned. It took Mac some weeks to teach (?) his understudies how to cook the beans as they were cooked in Boston, and we often wondered if Mac really knew himself. Since there were no tables, we sat on the ground, the non-commissioned officers always having a keen eye on us to see that sanitary regulations were complied with.

Most of the guard duty at this post was done with wooden clubs for weapons; and whoever was assigned the post that took in the wood pile was sure to be always on the alert, because large rattlesnakes were supposed to dwell within and to make their appearance in the small hours of the morning. The first mail to arrive was tendered a cordial reception and when "Slim" Callahan, our mail orderly, shouted "mail call," the men dashed from the tents acclaiming him the most popular man in the squadron. "Genial" Gene developed a marksman's eye and had no trouble in throwing letters and papers to the right men in the impatient mob.

On the 19th of September we were given a new Commanding Officer, and instead of ranking in the enlisted class he proved to be a Lieutenant. Our new C. O. was First Lieutenant Charles W. Marshall, who, during his stay, worked hard for our interests.

As we were now well acquainted with the camp and its surroundings, it was a pleasure to visit friends from our home towns who had enlisted before us and were quartered in the wooden barracks and furnished with much better facilities for comfortable living. It was our ambition and desire to live in similar barracks. Lieutenant Marshall was of the same opinion and was

successful in having our outfit removed to Barracks No. 33 on October 6, 1917. Everybody was happy that day, regardless of what his duties were. No sooner had we settled in our new homes than Dame Rumor called upon us in the form of a going-out message, which strengthened the feeling of good-fellowship that existed. It seemed unlikely that we were to leave, yet the rumor, although false, caused each one to be a trifle nervous. All of us were anxious to get back North, in order to show the old folks and friends how we looked in O. D. uniforms; then to cross the sea and take our chances at whatever was allotted us as our bit in the greatest of all wars.

The following were made non-commissioned officers on September 17, 1917: Sergeants, Paul J. Byrne, William J. Paul, Fred R. Bloom, James A. McGovern, Edgar G. Varney, Edward J. Murphy, Thomas Durdan, and James P. Atwell; Corporals, Louis Whittenborne, Irving Weisblum, Thomas F. Norton, William Brandt, and John B. Burns.

About the 10th of October we drew our first pay from Uncle Sam and frequent trips to San Antonio were thus made possible. The conveyances most used were taxis operated by independent taxi companies; their cars were kept busy between the hours of 5:00 p. m. and 11:00 p. m. On the return trips the military police were always on the job, searching the men to see if they had any liquor with them. Unofficial orders were coming in daily that we were to leave for various places, such as Egypt, England, Russia, and France.

On October 20th eighty men were transferred to various squadrons that left that day and the following day for Garden City, N. Y. This put a big hole into our squadron, and took many of our best men. Lieutenant Marshall was relieved from duty on the 10th of November, and a few days later the squadron was placed in command of Lieutenant J. G. C. Christie, Sig. R. C. It was evident that his aim was expressed by the saying, "Contentment brings results," and during his short stay with us he gained the affection and admiration of all. Major Claggett, who was in charge of eight squadrons (our squadron included), gave our new C. O., and the men, valuable instructions, bringing the squadron to a high standard of perfection. Major Claggett had his office in our headquarters.

Thanksgiving arrived and with it came a turkey dinner with all the "fixins." The afternoon offered a football game between the men from Kelly Field and a team composed of men from Camp Travis, the new National Army Cantonment of the Southwestern section, located to the north of San Antonio. The game was attended by a large number from the squadron who were anxious to see "Ted" Smith's performance, our lone representative on the team. The game was exciting and was won by the Travis men at a score of six to five. Upon our return to the barracks we found the cooks and K. P.s much fatigued after their stren-

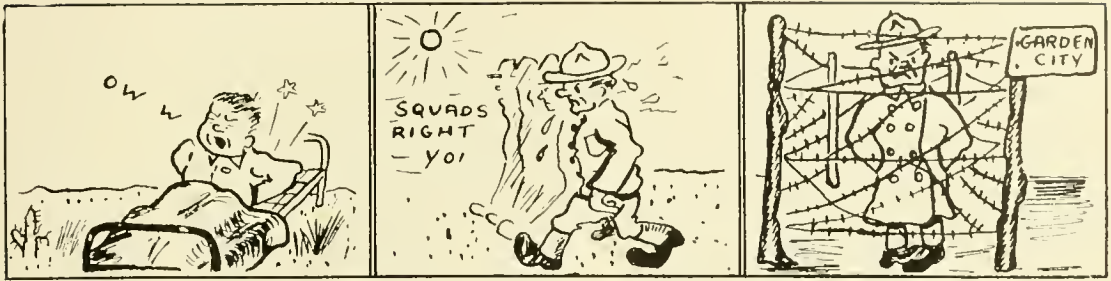
uous domestic efforts, but not too tired to serve us a little chow.

Two schools were opened for the purpose of instruction, one being for non-commissioned officers, the other offering a course in the mechanics and care of aeroplanes and motors. The former was attended by the non-commissioned officers and the latter by forty men who were considered best adapted for motor work. Men in both classes made very good progress, with one exception—"Buck" Atwell, who attended the school for mechanics. He frankly told the commanding officer that it was the "foist" time he had attended school in twenty years, and that his "gray matter" did not grasp the points as quickly as expected. He wished to be excused, and was, his vacancy being filled by another "aviator." We had now been soldiers over two months and the signs pointed to anything but our training as pilots, as had been promised us upon enlistment.

Lieutenants Bagley, Burnett, and others were attached to the squadron for a short period, making a "study" of supply work. They had just been commissioned in the service, receiving their training at Kelly Field. They worked with us until given command of a squadron or some other permanent berth. While they were with us we had two fire calls. One of them came long before sunrise and was heard by few, while the other took place in the afternoon within the section occupied by tents and caused little damage.

Among the men of the squadron who took and successfully passed the examinations for entrance to Officers' School were the following: Holley, Norton, Buchannon, Gregory, and Conron. Holley and Norton remained with the squadron, upon the advice of Lieutenant Christie, while the other three men were transferred, a few days later, to the 84th Aero Squadron, and received their training at Kelly Field. On December 13th, Sergeant James Smith and Private Roy Adams were transferred to a photographic detachment and left the following day for Garden City, there to embark immediately for overseas duty. Simultaneously with the transfer of these two men came a "Great Norther," which struck the camp and played havoc particularly with the men who were occupying the tents. It visited us in the barracks, too, causing the sand to pile up in sheltered spots outside the barracks and make its way through the cracks in the buildings, covering everything in sight with "Texas confetti."

The following days were clear and the bath-house and laundry stands were well patronized. As it was then close to Christmas, trips to town became more frequent and purchases of armadilla baskets, Indian rugs, pennants, and other appropriate gifts were made and forwarded to our homes. Mail orderlies had larger sacks to bring to us, especially to those who had not informed relatives and friends that we were to leave soon for France. With the advent of Christmas it



was hard to determine whether we would eat our holiday dinner in the Southern camp or on the train, but we decided to have a turkey dinner anyway. At the same time, we learned that we were to lose our popular C O., Lieutenant Christie. On the holiday morning Hogan, who was mess sergeant, gave us a hearty breakfast of steak, potatoes, and onions. But few of the "preparedness advocates" were absent from this meal, as it became known that the dinner was be a hummer. At noon, when everybody was "sitting pretty" at the dinner table, Lieutenant Christie and Lieutenant Emanuel Fritz, our commanding officer to be, entered the mess hall. Upon their entrance everyone snapped to attention, but had only risen from their places when the command "rest" was given by Lieutenant Christie, who at the same time stated that all military formalities would be dispensed with during the dinner hour. The K. P. force and cooks got busy and served a dinner that we will long remember, both for its excellent quality and its generous quantity—turkey, cranberries, pie, ice cream, and everything—oh, boy! At the close, and just about the time each had his Havana going in good style, Lieutenant Christie informed us that he was to be transferred and, in brief, stated his regrets at not being able to have the pleasure of making the trip overseas with us. He also gave the squadron a good recommendation when he said that no one had imposed upon his leniency and that it had not been necessary for him to "tighten up" at any time. He then introduced our new commanding officer, Lieutenant Emanuel Fritz, F. A. R. C. Upon being introduced, Lieutenant Fritz made a brief after-dinner speech, and "boosted" the squadron of which he was about to take command. He also stated that he would carry out the policies of Lieutenant Christie and said he knew that he had the best mess sergeant in the service, which remark brought cheers and laughter, while Hogan, who was resting his elbows on the bench in the kitchen, bashfully smiled. Before his departure, Lieutenant Christie was presented with a silver cigarette case.

It was an open secret that orders for overseas were daily expected, and in preparation for it the following additional officers were assigned for duty on December 27: Lieutenant Hansell as Supply Officer and Lieutenant Gillett as Adjutant; also, Lieutenants Little,

Lewis, Ruggles, Hall, Dove, Snow, Ross, and Birkhead. All the new officers were from the Infantry Reserve Corps. That same day orders were received, a final inspection was held, and we were ready to leave. The big day had come. We were to leave the next day, December 28. Orders were to proceed to the Aviation Concentration Camp at Garden City, Long Island, N. Y., there to await the first available transport for overseas. We traveled by rail, accompanied by the 24th and 25th Aero Squadrons, each squadron having a mess (baggage) car of its own. Texas bade us a grudging farewell, for she did her best to blow up a good strong sand storm, which reminded us of the earlier days when we were obliged to cover our food with our hats to keep the sand away. The trip to Garden City took six long days, in cars that had been discarded after a number of years of service for the Pullman Company. One of the tourist sleeping cars, in particular, was very uncomfortable, as the heating system was frozen, and all along the line there seemed to be one obstacle after another. In every town en route—New Orleans, Montgomery, Atlanta, Richmond, Baltimore, etc.—we encountered the coldest weather the oldest inhabitants could remember.

Garden City

We stopped at Houston, New Orleans, Montgomery, Ala., and Athens, Ga., for short periods of exercise. In each of these cities we were tendered only a mild reception; it seemed that troops on their way to embarkation ports paraded these same street so frequently that the native became accustomed to it. Occasional shouts of "Get the Kaiser!" and "Give him Hell!" were heard all along the line. Knowing that we were soon to become members of the American Expeditionary Forces, these exclamations made our blood run warm, and each soldier marched with a firmer step and clearly showed his belief in the seriousness of the task that lay before him. Our mess car caught fire outside of Washington, but the fire was easily extinguished with only moderate damage. On the 2nd of January at 8:30 p. m. we drew into the Philadelphia Station, where we were met by several Red Cross Canteen workers, who distributed sandwiches, coffee, cigarettes, and post cards. The Red Cross won our hearts that night. Long Island City

Garden City



WRITE EM A
BOOK ABOUT
IT



SHOOTING
THE SAME OLD
LINE FOR THE
LAST HALF
HOUR

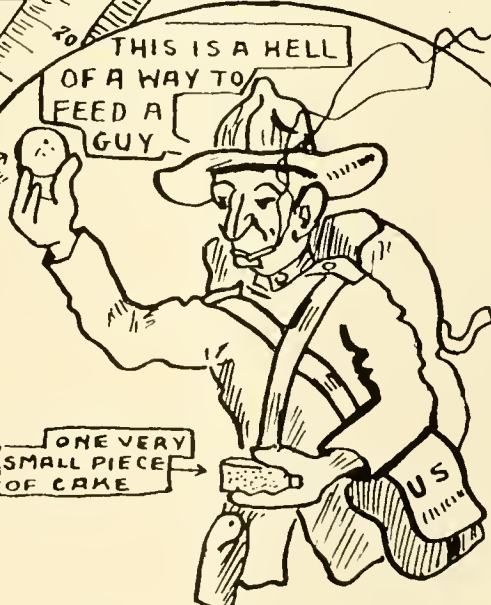


EVENING MEET-
INGS AT THE
PENN. STA

THIS IS A HELL
OF A WAY TO
FEED A
GUY

AN
ORANGE

ONE VERY
SMALL PIECE
OF CAKE



OUR LAST "MEAL" IN
GARDEN CITY

was reached the following afternoon by ferry from Jersey City, and there a similar treat was shared. The same evening we arrived at our new camp near Garden City, Long Island, with the mercury hovering around the zero mark. The entire journey was characterized by the most intense cold and bodily discomfort. The railroads had just been taken over by the Federal Government and the employees en route seemed to show their disfavor by giving as little service as possible. In some of the larger cities, as much as six hours were lost in an endeavor to thaw out and repair the pipes of the worn-out heating system.

The Long Island Railroad took us right into camp and we had but a short distance to march to barracks No. 22, only recently completed. Here we were greeted

this respect and returned in time to leave with us, while others were S. O. L., transferred to the Casuals and left behind.

Orders for transportation overseas arrived on January 10th and all were anxious to be moving. Some of the new officers who came to Garden City with us were transferred to other organizations. They were Lieutenants Little, Lewis, Hall, Dove, Ross, and Birkhead. Captain Robert J. Souther was assigned as medical officer.

On the morning of the 13th of January we arose at four o'clock and started out for the train that would carry us to the boat. No one was accused of over-eating, as the morning menu consisted of a piece of cake and an orange. No directions were given, but the



En Route Texas to Garden City.

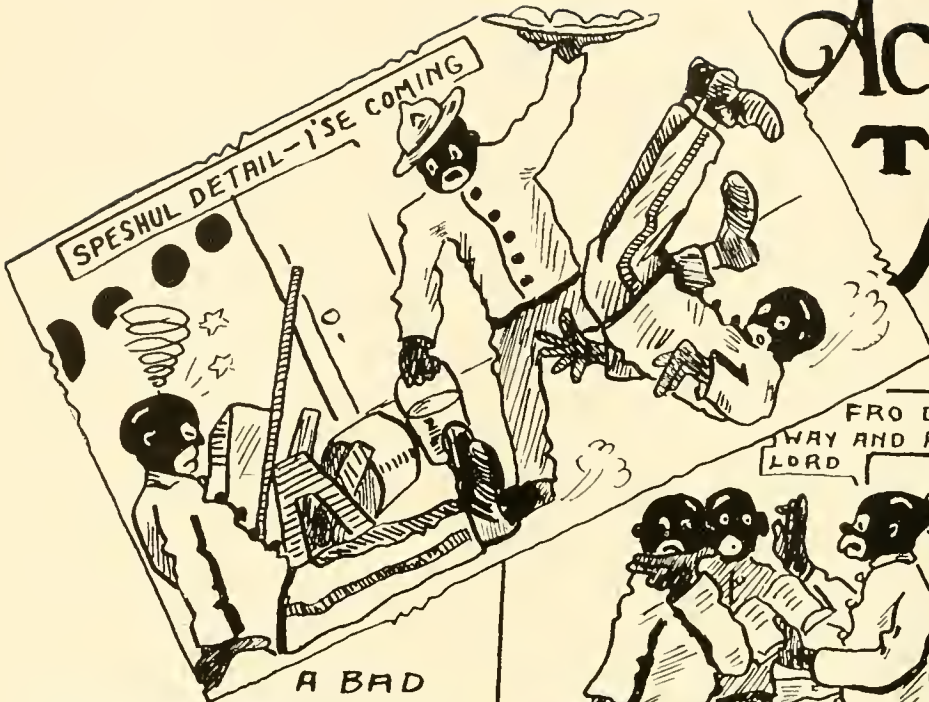
with steam heat, cots, and mattresses; for comfort, this couldn't be beat. The busiest man, instead of being the supply sergeant, as is usually the case when a squadron moves, was on this occasion the mail orderly, for he played Santa Claus by emptying five sacks filled with letters, presents, and Xmas cards. Telephone and telegraph wires were kept busy during our ten-day stay at this concentration camp, as passes to leave camp were forbidden. Many of the boys had friends and relatives call upon them to bid them a last fond farewell before crossing the submarine-infested sea. The work at Garden City was mainly that of completing records, making passenger lists, and getting supplies and clothing that could not be obtained in Texas; also, doing our bit to keep the power plant going (shoveling coal in such weather was anything but pleasant). Several men who were taken sick on the train were transferred out of the squadron as not being able to recover enough to make the journey overseas with us. A few, also, living in nearby cities and towns, were determined to disregard Post Orders and enjoy a "French leave." Some were fortunate in

rule seemed general that the orange should be eaten first, and it was. Captain Souther, our medical officer, and Lieutenant Fritz led the parade afoot toward the station, following an auto which served as a guide. The trip to the station was our last in cold weather. "Sunny" France could certainly not be that cold. The Red Cross wool was very useful that day. However, in spite of this, a few frozen ears, noses, and fingers were reported.

En Route to France

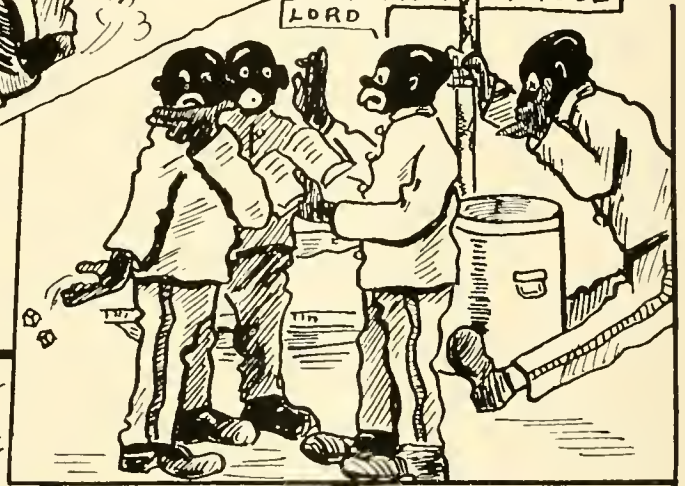
We reached Hoboken at nine o'clock and remained on the ferry while the baggage of our squadron and that of other squadrons was put on board. After all baggage had been loaded, the men of other squadrons marched up the gangplank and were assigned their places. It was not until four o'clock that afternoon that the ferry was cleared of baggage and troops. Being the last to go aboard, the time waiting for our turn afforded us ample opportunity to think of the future and of the pleasant land of Liberty we were to leave and fight for. Our lives, in our minds, depreciated about ninety per cent in value, and we felt that

Across THE Sea

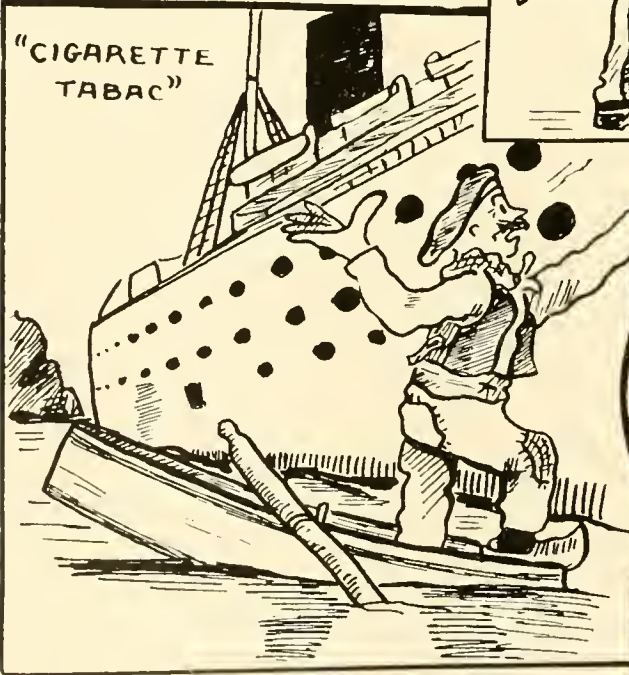


FRO DEM DICES A-
WAY AND PRAY TODE
LORD

A BAD
FRIDAY ON BOARD THE
U.S.S. AGEMEMNON



"CIGARETTE
TABAC"



I WONDER IF THEY EX-
PECT A GOOD AMERICAN
CITIZEN TO RIDE IN
THEM THINGS

HE
WONT BE
WONDERING
VERY LONG

OUR FIRST INTRODUCTION
TO - 40 HOMMES
8 CHEVEAUX

if we were among the ones to return victoriously to the States we would be extremely fortunate. The eagerness we entertained to get into the fight was, however, intermingled with honest anxiety, and we took many last looks at the sights that surrounded us.

Our transport proved to be the U. S. S. *Agamemnon*, formerly the North German Lloyd liner *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, an immense vessel indeed. Although we were the last to go aboard, our quarters were among the best. Sergeants first-class were given staterooms, while the rest of the Squadron was fortunate in having upper compartments. Some of us were quartered in the mess hall and took care of the mess hall and line, receiving extra food as our compensation. We lined up for our first chow at 4:15 p. m. and were served "navy beans," which surely tasted good, as this was our first meal since early morning. Eating with us were seven other squadrons, casual companies, a large number of civilian employees, and about 900 colored troopers—about 5000 in all. Norton's "let's go" was heard for the first time, keeping the mess line in motion so as to have everything clear for an entertainment with the squadron Victrola after supper for those who were quartered in the mess hall.

Seven squadrons accompanied us on our ship, numbered 121-127, inclusive, and the entire group was commanded by Major C. C. Benedict, J. M. A., carried on our squadron rolls for transportation. The trip across was not as eventful as we had expected, for we all had dreams of seeing the gunners popping away at submarines now and then. This did not take place; there was not even target practice. Boat drill and mess took up most of the entire trip. The call for boat drill sounded at nine in the morning and at two in the afternoon. Each section was assigned a certain exit and we marched up to the life boats or rafts wearing our overcoats, life preservers, and having our canteens full of water. We remained at our station for about two hours at each drill and during this time the boat was given a thorough cleaning.

A number of entertainments were given in the mess hall during the trip, each with varied bills. Witteborn managed the boxers, the sailors gave the movies with their broken films, and there were quartets and colored battle royals. These vaudeville shows made the long evening hours more pleasant, especially since no one was permitted outside on the decks after dark. The first few days out the weather was splendid and it was a pleasure to get out on the decks and gaze off toward the horizon, wearing all the time those cute little sofa pillows known as life preservers. On Friday evening a severe storm sprang up and what happened is better told by Captain Morgan, U. S. N., Commander of the *Agamemnon*, in the following extract from a New York newspaper:

"On the next trip across we defied all superstitions of the sea, but never again. We started

away from Hoboken on the 13th of January, 1918. In addition to our crew of 56 officers and 1,137 men, we carried about 3,000 troops, 100 casual officers and 140 civilian employees.

"The day before we cleared, the *Agamemnon* listed a bit at her dock and water rushed into the hold through a couple of port holes, but quick work with the pumps prevented any serious results. On the first day out we encountered fresh breezes and night fall saw the barometer falling fast. During the next two days the storm increased, and to make matters more uncomfortable the surgeon reported that scarlet fever had broken out among the men of the 122nd Aero Squadron, which came from Minneola.

"At 9:00 p. m., on the 18th, the alarm sounded, man overboard! A mountainous sea was running. I went out onto the bridge at once. It was an impossibility to attempt to launch a boat, so I ordered the ship turned about in the forlorn hope that the man might be washed back onto the deck again by the high seas. As the *Agamemnon* turned about she rolled to 30 degrees. The heavy seas jammed the telemotor hard to port, and the big vessel was without steering apparatus.

"Waves broke clear over the top deck of the steamer and all the deck glasses were smashed in no time. Life boats were splintered and many of them were carried away. Time after time we managed to 'jockey' the ship out of the trough, but within a few minutes she was back there again, rolling harder than ever.

"The troops were huddled in the dark recesses below decks, regulations forbidding any lights, and too much cannot be said regarding the personal bravery of those men.

"At 1:45 in the morning the engineers succeeded in adjusting the telemotor and we all thought the danger was over. But we had not reckoned with the sea. The *Agamemnon* had been rolling steadily during the time repairs were being made, and apparently not wanting to be cheated of its prey the sea seemed to increase in its fury. A smashing big wave struck us, and over we went to the starboard to the almost unbelievable roll of 40 degrees.

"When the indicator pointed to 40 degrees every one turned white. Word was rushed to the wireless room of our position, so that if the worst came the world would at least know where we foundered. In a few seconds the vessel with a seemingly human effort began to go to port again, and then it was that we got the maximum roll of 43 degrees. I guess everybody thought it was all over, but luckily just at that time we

were able to manœuvre out of the trough and, with the steering gear fixed, went safely on our way."

While the ship rocked, the negroes prayed fervently, making promises such as, "Oh, Lord! if you'll make this ship sail straight I shure won't shoot no more craps," and, "Boys, I'se g'wan to write ma wife an' tell her to get amunder nigger." They also sang a few hymns, repeating each one several times until it seemed they would tire of it themselves. These hymns, although not at all musical, gave us merriment and were the means of many not realizing the seriousness of the situation.

When the ship again sailed smoothly, we labored for a short time repairing the tables and broken partitions. The following afternoon we met the U. S. Battleship Montana and the U. S. Transports Mt. Vernon and Matawascott. The Mt. Vernon, formerly the German liner Kronprinzessin Cecilie, was a sister ship of the Agamemnon and was of the same size, capable of making approximately the same speed. The sight of these ships and the cruiser dispersed the gloom of our thus far lonesome trip since leaving Hoboken.

On Monday morning, five well camouflaged destroyers appeared, coming from different directions and struggling valiantly with the heavy waves. Joy prevailed, as we not only had company now, but protection. They kept in the form of an irregular boundary for the three transports, zigzagging in and out all the time. When they had us well covered, the Cruiser Montana felt that her services were no longer required and started back to escort others to France. The Matawascott was left in the rear with two destroyers as the Agamemnon and Mt. Vernon burst ahead at full speed with three destroyers as escorts, which remained with us until we entered the port of Brest.

Brest, France

Fortunately, the morning of January 24th, as we entered the harbor, was clear and beautiful, and we had a good opportunity to view the beautiful bay and adjacent hills of Brittany. Everybody heaved a sigh of relief that he was once more within sight of land. Accompanied by our sister ship the Mt. Vernon, we proceeded up the harbor. As we sailed along, numerous things of interest took up our attention, such as an occasional French submarine traveling on the surface of the water, queerly camouflaged destroyers, observation balloons, or a hydroplane out on scout duty passing over us. We made our way to positions just opposite the city and there dropped anchor.

All had hopes of landing at once, but on that point we were doomed to disappointment, as four long days were to pass before we were to set foot on "Mother Earth." However, more freedom was allowed us than we had had when under steam, and while waiting for our turn to go ashore we were afforded much amuse-

ment watching a small French boy paddling alongside the ship. His boat was a heavy, awkward rowboat of a type used mostly by fishermen about the harbor. At one end of it he would gleefully dance, catching packages of cookies, coins, or whatever the soldiers aboard ship might throw to him. Some of the donations would land in the water but he quickly paddled about and recovered them. Coal and water were taken on from small harbor boats manned by oddly dressed sailors, none of whom could understand English, and but few of our number were able to grasp what they had to say. They were not at all slow in making us understand that they were more than willing to receive all donations of tobacco that we might give them. In fact, a canteen full of fresh water, of which they had plenty on board and we none, called for a plentiful supply of "Tabac" in return.

Among other things of daily interest was the captive observation balloon allowed to float over the city during the day. Often as we stood upon the deck and looked out upon the high walls that surrounded the city we wondered if we would get a chance to see what sort of life the people lived who were beyond the walls. Here, I might say that a few were privileged to that pleasure but the majority enjoyed confinement on shipboard. The few who did go ashore went there on baggage details or on other duties in preparation for the landing of the entire squadron, and while ashore managed to see some of the French people and their methods of living.

At last our transportation orders were received and on the 27th all troops on board were unloaded, with the exception of the Aero Squadrons. Much enjoyment was experienced in watching our colored friends as they disembarked. They had been the life of the trip and it was with regret that we saw them scramble cautiously down the gangplank and pack themselves, with their baggage, upon the barge which was to carry them ashore. They were a merry lot and all swore that they wanted just one more trip across the pond, and then "never again."

Early the following morning, we were notified to make ready to land. All was confusion as we fixed our packs, took down our bunks, and policed our section. At the appointed hour, every one of us was on deck awaiting our turn to pass down the plank from the ship that had brought us safely so many miles across the deep. At last, all the Aero Squadrons were aboard the "Limy" barge and we left the side of the Agamemnon, passed the Mt. Vernon and arrived at the landing quay. Many queer sights greeted us as we passed along the waterfront. Strange looking ships and stranger looking people confronted us. Among them we saw many German prisoners working about the docks loading freight upon peculiar and tiny French freight cars.

As we set foot upon the earth, we once more

thanked God that this privilege had been granted us, and with light hearts marched away toward the city. After leaving the docks our way led up a steep grade, walled high on either side, and, loaded with our heavy packs as we were, the climb to the city was far from a pleasure trip. Our march was not of long duration, for upon reaching the upper level where the city proper was located, a "column right" was given and the squadron passed through the gate into the railroad yard where we were given our first real broadside view of the railway coaches within which soldiers are most accustomed to travel in France. A complete train of these magnificent side-door "pullmans" stood at attention, awaiting our entry. Each bore the familiar sign "40 Hommes ou 8 Cheveaux," meaning that each car was capable of transporting 40 human beings or 8 animals. At first sight we looked upon these carriages in dismay, wondering if the United States Government expected us good American citizens to travel in such affairs as these; but we were not left long in doubt on that score, for about 30 men were assigned to each vehicle and were told to await further orders. Each man dropped his equipment in the vicinity of the car in which he was about to travel, and thereupon the men gathered in groups to talk the situation over.

Hunger and thirst were among our first thoughts. Water happened to be plentiful and soon each man had his canteen filled, but food was another proposition. One fellow managed to locate a bakery where he made known that he desired a loaf of bread. In payment he threw down a good American dollar bill, but received no change. Thinking this price rather high, he said nothing, but walked out wondering if prices for all articles in France were in proportion. Since then he has received considerable education in regard to such matters.

Food in any quantity was not obtainable at the station, but some good American Red Cross nurses showered us with apples from over the wall on the street above, and also lightened our appetites by allowing us to feast our eyes on some real American girls doing their bit in the war. Soon after mid-day we were loaded upon the cars with our rations of hardtack, tomatoes, corn willie, beans, and a little jam. The distribution of these articles was in charge of the mess sergeant, who endeavored to place equal quantities of each article in every car; but as a matter of fact some cars fared better on jam than did others. Nevertheless, his intentions were good, although the distribution could be criticized somewhat, also his condition as to equilibrium.

It was while waiting here for the train's departure that many of the fellows made their first acquaintance with the "Vin" sisters—Blanc et Rouge. Having heard much of their presence and popularity throughout France, many of the men made haste to form the

friendship. Our commanding officer, however, was averse to having the acquaintance made at that time, but even his watchful eye was not sufficient to keep the sisters away. In a few instances members were made overjoyful by their presence and close association.

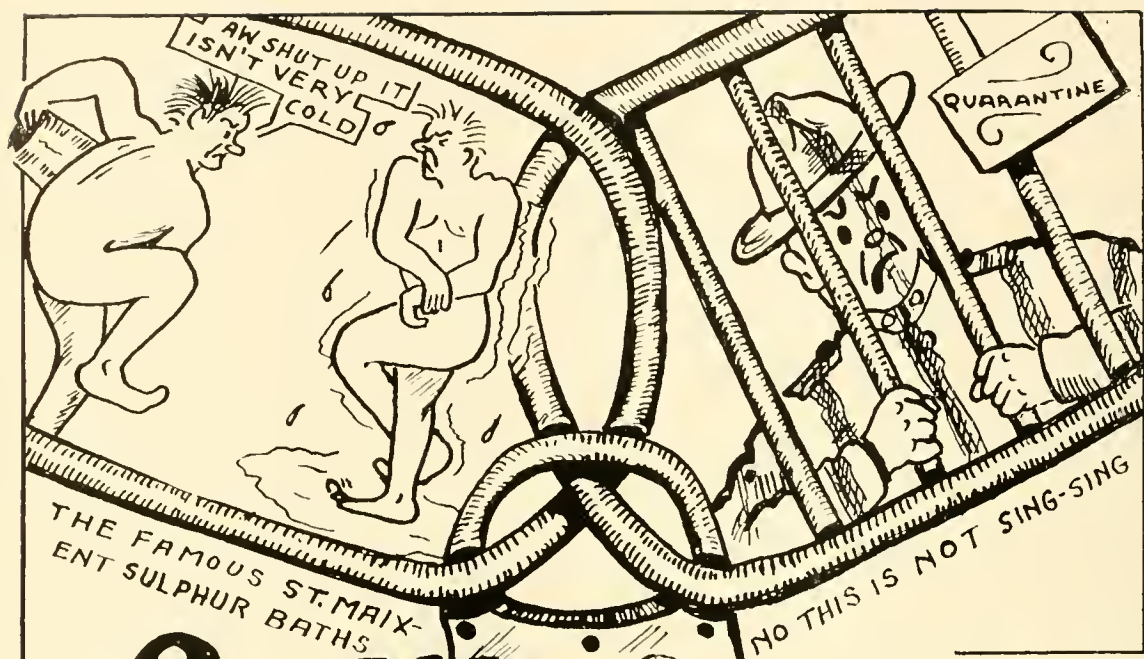
At 2:00 p. m. the miniature locomotive gave vent to its shrill whistle and we were off, but our destination was kept secret. For some time the report had been current that the squadron had been assigned to duty in Egypt, and now as we traveled southward the report gathered strength that we were headed for the Mediterranean, then to cross into Egypt. The train rolled on till dark and then every man began to make preparations for sleeping, though no very extensive preparations were necessary as there was but one thing to do, and that was to lie down upon the floor and use another sleeper, or possibly a case of hardtack, for a pillow.

Few of us will ever forget our first night's ride in a box car bouncing about over the rails like a cork in a heavy sea. Many times we expected the cars to leave the tracks at the curves, but each time they would right themselves and roll along evenly once more. The night finally passed and at the first streak of daylight all were up, brushing the straw and dirt from their clothing. Early in the morning, we pulled into Nantes, where all were unloaded and given our first taste of French "café noir," far from tasty, but acceptable after the night's ride.

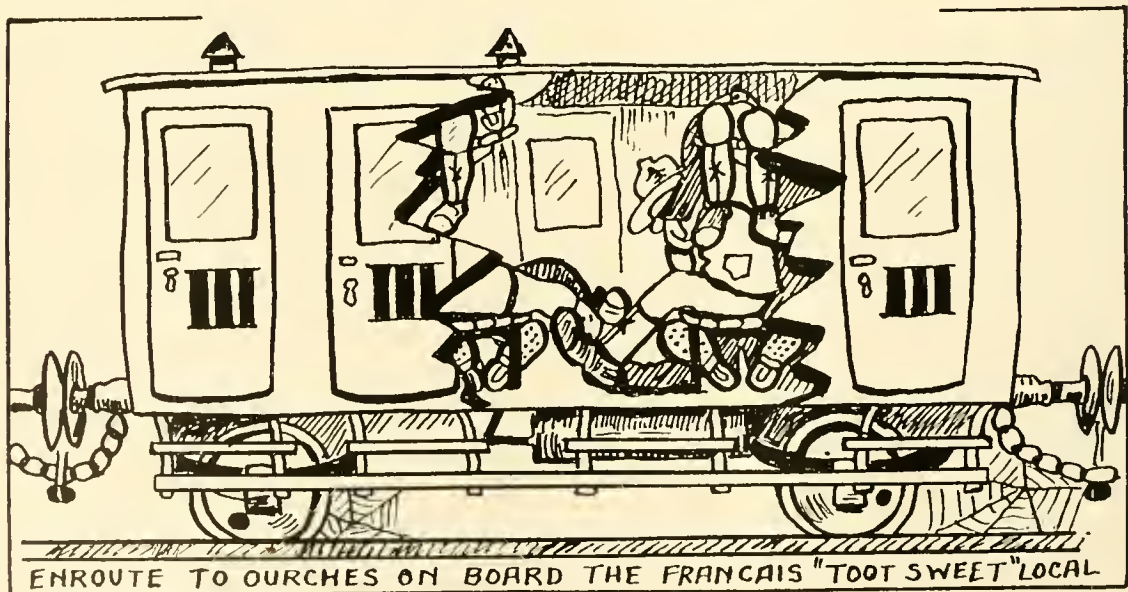
After a short stop we entered the cars once more and continued our trip southward. The day was fine and many things of interest were to be seen from our position in the doorways and windows of the cars. Late in the afternoon we received word that we were approaching our journey's end and would probably arrive at our destination that evening. This put an end to our hopes of going to Egypt, but nevertheless the prospects of quitting the train that night were welcomed. We had left Brest with three days' rations, and now that the trip was nearly at an end and half of the food was still left, everybody filled up to capacity. St. Maixent, our destination, was reached the evening of January 29th.

St. Maixent

By the time all had left the cars everything was in complete darkness. The Squadron lined up beside the train by the light of a single lantern, and at a signal from the commanding officer we executed "squads right" and marched down into the town. The streets were very crooked until we finally passed through a stone archway into the courtyard of what was later found to be the Conclaux Barracks. Our stay here was short, for the command to halt had hardly been given before orders to march again were issued and we passed out of the courtyard back into the crooked streets. After a short march we again



St. Maixent



entered a stone archway into the walled courtyard of the Presbytere Barracks, now to become our home for a period of four weeks. The courtyard included two large three-story stone buildings. The 122nd Squadron was assigned to the lower floor and the 118th to the upper. The second was already occupied by the 106th, later called the 800th. To this sky parlor we quickly retired by way of a staircase with many twists and turns. We found two large vacant rooms within which the one hundred and fifty of us were to make ourselves comfortable. In short order candles threw their light upon the emptiness, our equipment was quickly thrown upon the floor and each man tried to find room to spread his blankets.

In the course of an hour or so, the cooks of the squadrons that had been here several weeks sent us word that they had prepared us a sumptuous meal, consisting of "slum." There was a rush for the courtyard with mess-kits, but horrors! the slum was burnt. The cooks were duly informed of the high respect in which they were held by all of us. Burnt stew cannot be camouflaged even with large pieces of hardtack floating about, nor can it in any way be made tasty even to the hungry man. For that reason, we all "couched" upon the hard floor that night with empty stomachs and revengeful thoughts as to what should be done to that mess sergeant and his can-openers on the morrow.

It had been our pleasure that night before retiring to find in the 800th Squadron a few men who had previously been members of our organization; it was a pleasure to talk over old times with them and to listen to their experiences since leaving our outfit. Not a few of the boys expressed the desire to return to our midst where they could associate with their original "buddies." Many of them had enlisted with us at Ft. Slocum and we had formed close friendships.

The following day, order was brought about somewhat; squads were assigned sleeping spaces, bed sacks filled with straw, and things became slightly more comfortable. We were able to look from the windows of our elevated home upon the roofs of what appeared to be a sizeable town. St. Maixent was searched for upon the map and found to be in the Department of Deux Sevres, about one hundred and seventy-five kilometers north of Bordeaux. All had hopes of seeing French life and also of tasting some of the French pastry and liquid refreshments; but again disappointment greeted us at first hand. The Squadron was quarantined and our prison consisted of the barracks buildings, plus the courtyard surrounded by a high stone wall. The yard was not large, although sufficiently large to stretch one's legs. It was bordered on the far side by bleacher seats which were well patronized at all hours of the day, rain or shine, Sundays included.

Because of the frequent rains, this yard was usually

a sea of mud, our first introduction to French mud. France is often spoken of as "Sunny France", but our first month in the country failed to impress us with much of the sunshine. Our meals were eaten in the court in the open, standing or squatting in the mud. As little time as possible was spent in eating, but of necessity the French bread issued to us required considerable time for biting and chewing. One of our number, McBride by name, can testify to the extreme hardness of this bread; in fact, he still shows effects of one battle with an extra hard crust.

"Corn willie" was served plentifully and frequently. Chicago, the home of this food, became unpopular and the few self-respecting sons of Chicago in our midst were never left in the dark as to what the remainder of us thought of "Chi."

The dearth of sweet things and variety in our food was alleviated somewhat by the Y. M. C. A. The "Y" had two small rooms just inside the main gateway and the limited space was usually crowded; but nevertheless it gave accommodations for letter-writing, games, and a general lounging place, as well as a small canteen. The canteen, though small, supplied us with French chocolate which contained enough sand to make a good mortar. There were also French apples and nuts, but of a far inferior quality to our own American fruit. "Sky Pilot" Jones was often able to bring samples of French pastry from local bakeries, a small morsel which would cost "beaucoup centimes"; occasionally he had sticks of licorice for sale and they became very popular because seldom obtainable.

It was at this "Y" that we first began to get acquainted with and in some respects learn the value of our new friend, the franc. Previous to this time the good American dollar had been the basis of all financial dealings that we had ever had, but now our cash was all in francs and the value of any article was given in francs or fractions thereof. The French money system was not hard to become familiar with, but it was soon learned that our francs would not buy a large quantity of any article. We had few ways of spending our money as no liberty was allowed outside the barracks enclosure, except in a few individual cases where some men's ingenuity found for them methods of getting out and seeing the town. The would-be sick enjoyed the greatest liberty along this line, as they usually managed to get lost in traveling from the barracks to the hospital and return. The guards were also frequently awakened by the late return of some member of the post as he clambered over the wall or scrambled in through the window of the coal room. But although these few had exciting tales to tell of their experiences with French mademoiselles, all of us gained a little idea of French life and customs while out on our almost daily hikes into the surrounding country. These hikes were our life savers,

as they gave us the much needed exercise and also a little variety, something to see and think about. We saw many strange things, and to our unaccustomed eyes there seemed to be an unusually large amount of black worn by the people. Their wooden shoes, which resounded upon the stone pavement like a troop of cavalry passing in review, took our fancy. Another thing which impressed us all was the fact that all houses were built of stone, instead of wood as in our own land. Every structure, no matter how small, was of massive stone construction. All the roadways were bordered on either side by lines of trees; this custom, we were told, was started by Napoleon as a means for giving his troops shade while on the march. Our hikes usually came in the morning, and the afternoons, if pleasant, were taken up by drill in the market place. Here, we spent many a weary hour trying to become efficient as a well drilled organization. Lieutenants Hansell and Ruggles had some difficulty at first in getting us to maneuver as platoons, but after numerous mix-ups and before our departure, the Squadron was able to keep a company front with the best of them.

Another lesson we had to learn was that of military courtesy, and examinations in this art were given each member of the outfit before the commissioned officers. Lieutenant Hansell surely found out how little some of the men knew regarding such matters while questioning them in the little back room on the second floor of the officers' quarters. Lieutenant Ruggles learned numerous rules to be followed by sentinels on guard duty, which he found impossible to locate in the guard manual. Passes to the outside world were to be issued to those passing the examinations but they were never really issued.

On February 17th, word was received that our squadron number had been changed from the 118th Aero Squadron to that of the 639th Aero Supply Squadron. It was hard to get used to, but 639 soon meant more to us than 118.

One pleasure which every man enjoys, at least semi-annually, is a good bath, but bathing facilities were few during our stay at St. Maixent. Hot or even warm water was almost unobtainable, except upon two occasions when an effort was made to give us baths. For the first bath arrangements had been made with the proprietor of a bath house in the town to give us baths for one franc fifty each, and we were to go to the bath house by squads. The first two squads marched there for this purpose, when orders were issued by the medical officer that no more men would be taken to the bath house because of the possibility of spreading measles. This means of giving the men baths being forbidden, another method had to be devised, and this was to heat our water in large G. I. cans. Each man was allowed one bucketful of warm water, a small recess in the wall being used as a bath room. Here, for

the first time since leaving Garden City, we were able to shower ourselves with lots of soap and a little warm water. Seven minutes was allowed each man.

About this time, a few of the familiar scenes observed within our enclosure were: Childers on the wood pile, Blough taking bugle lessons in the straw shed, orderlies carrying heaping plates of French fries across the yard to the officers' quarters, an aged French newsboy standing at the gate blowing his fish horn and informing us that he had copies of *Chicago Tribune* for sale, and "Swiss Admiral" doing laundry business in liaison with a "frog" laundryman. The boys had a basketball, which was in constant use whenever the weather and ground conditions would permit. Close order baseball games were occasions of great interest.

Of all our hikes, the one we enjoyed most was the last. On that day Lieutenant Ruggles was in charge and marched us up into the hills to the rear of the "range"; there we followed the paths in single file until a broad, open hillside was reached, where we broke ranks and spent a pleasant rest period by singing familiar songs. The day was ideal. After the rest, we fell in, trailed down through the ravine and up the opposite hillside, which brought us directly into the rear of the French rifle range, where practice was going on. We had progressed a little too far when the machine guns opened fire in our direction, causing us to heat a hasty retreat. Upon our return to the barracks we learned that the squadron had orders to leave for the front that same day at 2:00 p. m. This was the moment all had been looking forward to and in short order everything was in motion. Mattresses were brought and hastily emptied of their straw and coo-coos, blankets and packs were made up with astonishing rapidity, so that at the appointed hour all was in readiness. The last to fall in were those who had been living in the hospital temporarily; they now flocked back to the ranks in all haste. Even as we arrived at the station the last of the hospital birds fell in.

Upon our arrival at the railway station, we tried to guess which cars had been sidetracked for our special use. Here again the prophets were misinformed, for after three hours of patient waiting we were issued "corn willie," tomatoes and hardtack, from the cook car, that being the only part of the organization which had entrained. The delay was occasioned by the impossibility on the part of our officers to secure better accommodations for us than the box cars the French offered us. Third-class carriages were promised for the following morning, and as night was coming on we marched out of the railway yard and spent the night at the Conclaux Barracks, the same to which we had paid a visit on our arrival at St. Maixent a month previous. Here we were given quarters in a large stone building adjoining the Cathedral. Chow was served from a common kitchen and the great outdoors served

as a mess hall. We were lucky enough to obtain a second evening meal here, all eating heartily of the stew, the common dish at St. Maixent.

During the evening the Conclaux "Y" was heavily patronized. Hot chocolate and sandwiches could be had, also accommodations for writing a last word home before we left for we knew not where. Our sleeping quarters consisted of a large room formerly used by the soldiers of Napoleon, access being gained by the most crooked and the darkest stairway it had ever been our privilege to explore. Our bunks were not over comfortable, but we managed to pass the night, and also the next day, in these barracks. That night, February 28th, at 11:00 p. m., we marched to the station once more and found third-class carriages in place of the box cars. No time was lost in getting aboard, one squad of eight men to each compartment. Almost immediately the peanut whistle blew and we were on our way.

Preparations for a night's rest were begun at once, but we soon found that eight men and their packs were more than a single compartment on a French railway train could accommodate comfortably. Eight men cannot stretch out on the two narrow seats, at best only large enough to hold them all in a sitting position, so other means had to be devised. A few managed to squeeze themselves under the seats, but in most cases they soon came up for air. Others stretched out in the narrow aisle of their respective compartments, serving as foot rests for their comrades. Still others more daring, and naturally not the heavyweights, found resting places on the hiatracks over the seats. These were by far the best locations, and best suited to the long, slender individuals with a never-failing ability to hang on, even during their sleeping hours. In these various ways we managed to pass our three nights of travel. Few slept because of the cramped quarters, but no one complained, as we were all aware that American soldiers traveling to the "Front" in France could not expect accommodations similar to those to be had in the States.

Our route led us through Tours, Orleans, Troyes, Chaumont, Langres and Neufchateau. At Chaumont, the G. H. Q. of the A. E. F., we made a stop upon the viaduct, the highest and longest stone bridge that most of us had ever seen. From our train upon the top of this structure we could look across the city and down through the valley of the Marne, which at a future day we were all to travel as dust-covered soldiers returning from duty at the front. After leaving Chaumont, sights of unusual interest attracted us; numerous troops, trains of French soldiers, an occasional Red Cross Hospital train bringing its load of wounded back to the base hospitals, and large quantities of war material in process of being stored or transported. Everything was interesting, because it featured the "big show" in which it was about to be our privilege

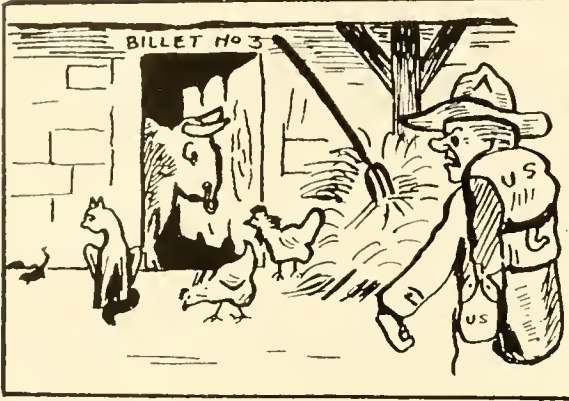
to play an active role. A real American railway train, drawn by an honest-to-God American locomotive, greeted us on the last day of our trip with its never-to-be-forgotten Yankee whistle, and gained our applause. On this same day, we were treated to another sight—falling snow. At the time of our departure from St. Maixent, spring was coming swiftly on, sending out her greeting in color. Now our trip was taking us into the snow country and a real snow storm was under way. We traveled on, not knowing our exact destination, but upon arriving at Neufchateau all were certain that our trip was fast approaching its end. At the stations we saw soldiers of all colors and all nationalities; some seemed to be carrying more than their share of decorations, but four years of severe



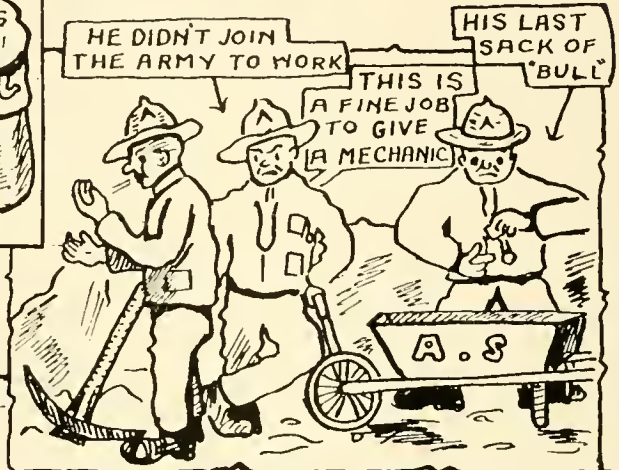
Bridge over the Marne at Chaumont.

fighting gave many a man an opportunity to win all the medals then existing. At last the word was passed along that the next station was our and that we would detrain at that point. All was excitement now as the train rolled into the little station at St. Germain in the Department of Meuse. We looked out upon a broad and desolate expanse of river flats, broken only by the tree-bordered banks of the River Meuse, upon whose banks many a historic and bloody battle had been fought. As we stood upon the station platform we could look out across the snow-covered flats upon

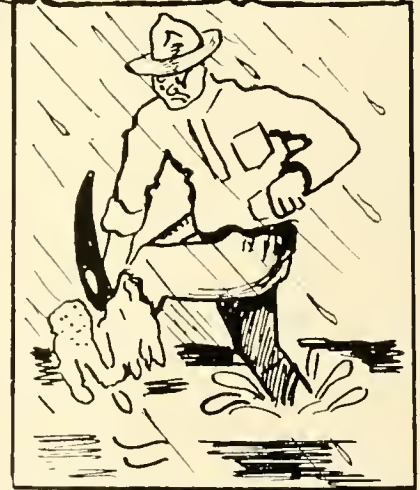
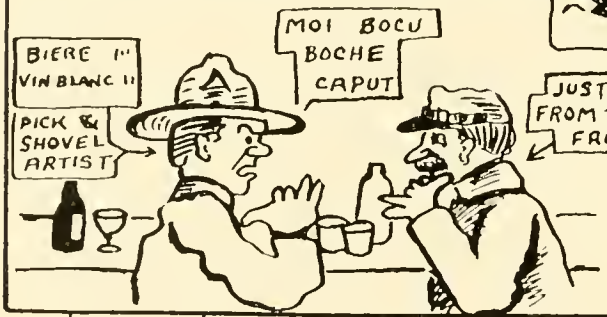
Ourches



ENTRANCE TO HOTEL DE BOCU-CRACKS



SHOOTING THE OLD, LINE AT LUCY'S CAFE



HE'S LOOKING FOR FRANCE



POPULAR OUT-DOOR SPORTS

the little village of Ourches, which we soon learned was to be our new home.

Ourches

Ourches-sur-Meuse is a small hamlet ten miles west of Toul and six miles southeast of Commercy in the Department of the Meuse. The Front was less than ten miles away. It was largely in this Department that the A. E. F. were given an entire sector, referred to as the Toul sector. To this advance zone of the A. E. F. was the 639th assigned.

It was March 2, 1918, when we got off the train at St. Germain, and after a forty-minute hike through the deep, soft slush and snow, arrived in Ourches. We were met by Lieutenant Karl Clark, the only American officer then in the town, and were thus the first Americans to be quartered in Ourches. Naturally, the French people looked us over with critical eyes.

Lieutenant Clark led us to our billets, which, to our amazement, we found to be unused portions of barns, lofts, and stables. But with grim humor every man unslung his pack, selected his resting place and prepared himself a bed of straw, of which there was plenty in each loft. Many of the more adventurous of our number spent the evening exploring the town. It took but twenty minutes to make a complete circuit. All the confection shops, wine shops and cafes were carefully located, with a view to the great day when our overdue pay would be handed to us. Because of our several moves, we were a month behind in pay, and nearly every man was broke or very badly bent.

In the billeting the squads were kept together, and thus a few squads had the good fortune of being assigned an empty room or two next to those occupied by the peasant owners. Dingy rooms and lofts they were on the whole and reeked with stable odors. But, wonder of wonders! most of these squalid looking houses, and even the barns, were equipped with electric lights, evidently introduced by an aggressive salesman of a nearby hydro-electric plant. It seems that in the small hamlets the homes, stables, and barns are built under one roof, and cows, horses, poultry, and human occupants use the same entrance. Not infrequently when a soldier would grope along a dark hallway toward his quarters he would be met by the family stock on its way out. Those squads assigned to lofts and stables had difficulty in dodging rain coming through the leaky

roofs. The prospect of spending much time in our new quarters was anything but pleasant, but even at that the freedom they offered us compared to the quarantine confinement of the previous month in barracks relieved our feelings considerably.

Our French friends seemed more than willing to meet us half way socially, and fortunate was the squad that could count among its members one who had studied French. Many of us had experiences similar to the following: It would be determined upon to pay the French family in the house a visit. A bold knock on the door would bring the "qui est la?". Upon entering as smilingly and as politely as possible we were always invited to make ourselves at home, and a mediocre one-sided conversation would commence. With the exception of our interpreters, we had to limit our part of the conversation to exclamations of "Oui, oui," and to smiles intended to give the impression that we understood what was being said. The interior of the abode was usually amazing to us in that it was so small and narrow, dark, cold, and cheerless, but clean. Our minds would wander back to our school days, wherein had been painted for us the picture of great and friendly France. No teaching had prepared us for such poor scenes of home life. However, we were usually billeted with the poorer peasants, so these impressions were not at all general. Evenings spent with our French friends were always happy evenings. The hosts, with their rapid-fire French, plied us with questions bearing on the United States and what we expected to accomplish. The children invariably gathered around us and begged for "tabac, cigaret, chocolat." Those fifty centime "French-English" conversation books came to be worth their weight in gold to us, and many had progressed far enough to agree to return "ce soir et manger oeufs beaucoup." The hosts, of course, brought out their best wines, and no one was known to refuse any of it. A more enjoyable evening than the first one in Ourches had not been experienced since our arrival in France; not only entertaining, but instructive, it was, for while our presence was still a novelty, our hosts told us much of themselves, the war, and France.

Our first night in the billets acquainted us with the ubiquitous rat rustling among the straw, water dripping through leaky roofs as the snow melted, and the



drone of night-flying aeroplanes. One squad reported the next morning that its French neighbors were much alarmed and rushed about the house crying, "Boche! Boche!" but if it was an enemy plane we didn't know it. The novelty of a night-bombing airplane flying over us, and of the continuous thundering of heavy guns at the not far distant Front, was of such great interest that fears and conjectures gave way to awe, wonder, and impatience to see more. We learned later that it was very common for Boche planes to fly over Ourches and that the village had indeed been bombed a year before. Indeed, upon our arrival in Ourches we found an increasing anxiety on the part of its inhabitants that the great activity of the enemy the two weeks previous would increase and end with a destructive bombing raid because of the presence of American troops. To the nervous natives, every plane that hummed overhead was a Boche plane. However, we soon learned that the Boche visits were far less numerous than they supposed. As for ourselves, we soon learned to distinguish between the hum of the various types of motors, and thus learned to welcome the sound of a Handley-Page or an F. E. by night, and that of the Nieuport and Spad by day. The hum of a Mercedes motor always brought a crowd of ill-wishing soldiers looking skyward.

Our first Sunday in Ourches deserves special mention. In the morning, at inspection, we were informed by the C. O. that we were to start the construction of an American flying field on the edge of town, to be occupied by three observation squadrons as soon as completed. We were also told that the work had to be rushed, and that while it was a disappointment to all, officers and men alike, it was necessary work and must be done by someone; and that we were serving the cause just as well in construction work as in any other kind of work. It was heart-breaking news to all of us, especially because we had dreamed of becoming

a squadron employed in transportation and mechanical lines alone, and because many of us still hoped for that flying training promised so faithfully by the recruiting sergeant some months before. No one ever pictures an Aero Squadron licking the Hun with pick and shovel. Although the subject was discussed all day, pleasure was uppermost in each man's mind, for it was the first day of liberty since we left Kelly Field over two months before. Some of the men disported themselves like young horses just turned out into a pasture after a hard week in harness; others tried to drown their sorrows in this or that, and one man actually landed in the river by mistake. Still others bent on seeing things explored the surrounding country as far as Vanconleurs. It was a long and great day and everyone did as his fancy dictated.

By Monday morning the snow had almost disappeared. We were divided into groups, armed with picks and shovels, and marched to the scene of our new activity. Our first task was to excavate bases for barracks and to transfer some lumber to the building sites. But few of the men had ever done excavating before, and then only at Kelly Field, most of the men being mechanics and clerks. The more politic ones grieved over the fact that war compelled them to disturb the beautiful surface of mother earth with such menial instruments as picks and shovels. The first few days produced some effect on the earth's surface, and more in the way of blisters on our hands. But it was our duty, and being among the first 200,000 of the A. E. F. to land in France, we had to expect to help in the construction work. And work we did. Nobody ever worked harder. An important compensating feature in construction work is that one can see his results grow, and our results grew rapidly.

During the first week at Ourches, another squadron—the 465th Aero Construction Squadron—arrived, fully equipped with all manner of construction equipment.



Street Scene in Ourches



639th Billets and Headquarters - Ourches



River Meuse after a flood - Ourches



French Artillery passing thru Camp from the Front.



Cathedral at
St. Maixent



Market place - drill
ground - St. Maixent

For thirteen weeks the 639th and 465th worked side by side, and always with the best of good will and co-operation. We found them capable and agreeable companions. A few days later, a company of the 119th Machine Gun Battalion arrived to assist us, but they remained but a short time. This company later distinguished itself as part of the 32nd Division.

Barracks and hangars were put up in record time, and by April 1st the field had been near enough completed to receive the first of its quota of observation squadrons. The 1st Aero Squadron arrived first, and a few weeks later came the 12th. As the barracks were completed, the 639th and 465th gave up their cheerless billets and moved into the board barracks, much to the glee of all concerned. It was pleasant at the field. The camp site overlooked the now beautiful green valley of the Meuse and the partially wooded hillsides.

With the arrival of the two observation squadrons, and later the meteorological men with their small toy balloons and the pigeon men with their traveling "coops" and flocks of homing pigeons, interest in surroundings and in the conduct of the war became intense. Furthermore, the squadron had now actually accumulated eight motor trucks, a touring car, and several motorcycles, so that every man obtained an opportunity either as chauffeur or as part of a "loading detail" to see much of the surrounding country. Some went close to the trenches, others to the far Alsace front, and many got to Nancy, Toul, and Bar-le-Duc.

That planes were now actually working over the front lines with our field as a base inspired us to greater effort. It was a tangible evidence that we were accomplishing something. Daily the ships of the 1st and 12th would fly over the lines to take photographs of the enemy's positions or activities, or to act in liaison with the Infantry or assist the big guns in regulating the direction of their fire. When they came back from a trip, those of us who could would gather close to the pilot or observer and listen to the story of his day's experiences. When planes returned riddled with bullets it brought the actuality of it all home to us very vividly. The 1st Aero Squadron was equipped with biplace Spads, while the 12th had to get along temporarily with old A. R.'s. None of us will forget the days when ships never returned from a trip, or the days when aviators were killed accidentally on our own field; how quiet and sad the camp was on such days!

But there were days that were full of excitement; such as when a Boche ventured too far into the American lines and was chased by our Nieuports, or when the allied anti-aircraft batteries opened up with a barrage around a high-flying Boche, only to puncture and dot the sky with hundreds of balls of smoke. On such occasions we would yell as though it were a baseball game. Also, we would wear our tin derbies to protect us against the falling shell fragments. Then there was

the day when Lieutenant Barnaby in endeavoring to fly out of the valley near the mess hall struck our tin house, gave Canaday, its only occupant, the surprise of his life, and caused the plane to turn upside down; and the day when we heard the rattle of a machine gun overhead, only to see a Boche plane fall in flames. How curious everyone was that day to go to the scene just to see what a dead German looked like. And who will forget how Lieutenant Thaw in "taking off" skimmed the top of Coale's tractor, tearing off the steering wheel and causing Coale to duck for cover; or how Rhodes was saved from a watery grave by brave little Eddie Connor; or the days of the big drives, how crowded the roads were with miles and miles of camions and artillery and soldiers. Who will forget the false alarms of air raids, when we were ordered to work with our tin derbies and gas masks handy; or the night just before we left Ourches, when the batteries opened up on a supposed German raider. It was too interesting to rush for a dugout. And then who will not recall the happy days when the water tank had to be filled in St. Germain; or the days spent on McGovern's wood-cutting detail or "summer outing" camp; or the Sundays in Vancouleurs, the baths in Toul, the mademoiselles in St. Germain, the diving board on the river, the "cheap" confections one could buy in Ourches, rolling the bones after taps, and stud poker? But who wants to remember excavating bases for barracks and hangars in a cold rain on a Sunday, or splitting solid limestone rock in the dugouts, digging trenches for a pipe line, digging an ammunition pit, hauling rocks off a steep slope by wheelbarrow to the rock crusher before the narrow-gauge tracks were laid, peeling spuds for Hogan, groping at night along streets kept dark to deceive the Huns, the morning after pay day, corn willie, blistered hands, sore backs, etc.?

But to get back to the earlier days: On March 27th we moved into the barracks, and great was the rejoicing. A few days later we moved into our new kitchen. The original kitchen was but an abandoned vehicle shed, at one time part of a winery. It was a good makeshift, at that, but it was unpleasant to have to stand in line and eat in the rain. Our officers ate with us, although they found a dark store-room for shelter and a barrel for a table. Our new barracks were set deeply into the hillside and camouflaged with boughs. In the barracks we were all together and were brought into intimate association with one another. Here we spent the happiest days and nights of our army life. Here we became buddies and confided to each other our past histories, our ambitions, and plans. Here we wrote our letters, before tables were placed in the mess hall. Here Holley ran a small but well stocked canteen for us, so that we were well supplied with American cigars,

cigarettes, canned fruit, and chocolate. For lights we worried along with candles, although electric lights were installed the week we moved away from Ourches. All the windows were draped with black curtains at night, that no light might penetrate to the outside and give a possible Boche raider a clue to our location. On several occasions we anxiously awoke to hear a ripping and tearing and crashing, to find that the wind had ripped off our roof and left us exposed to the rain.

Daily, after supper, or before, the men would wander to town, each to his home to a friendly fire-place and a free meal, or to his favorite "old standby," either Lucy's café, where the biggest woman in town moved around with the grace of an elephant, or to the little grocery to fight off the temptation of buying at the owner's price, or to listen to tales of the war. Then there was the "tabac" store down by the bridge, frequented by those who thirsted for knowledge or a pleasant chat with a chic mademoiselle.

Many of the men won promotions at Ourches. The hard work and trying conditions soon brought out the true character and worth of each man, and it was told us that if a man would not shirk such unpleasant and heavy duties as construction work involves he would be valuable anywhere and could hold a promotion. It was work that developed character as well as muscle, and even though promotion came slowly to some, their records at Ourches were always big factors in determining whether or not they could hold a promotion.

As the glorious month of May drew to a close we saw our days at Ourches grow shorter. The wildest speculation was indulged in as to what our next step would be and whether it would be a continuation of construction work or a chance to become a service squadron like the 1st and 12th. The Y. M. C. A. by this time had erected a hut and started entertainments, the Red Cross put up a large building, a real bath house was built, and electric lights and

running water installed. But there also came an order to move. Such is army life; you get settled, then acquainted, everything runs smoothly, and in comes a G. H. Q. order to move on. Not that one minds the moving if the change brings more excitement or more useful work, but the anxiety is wearying.

On the 23rd day of May, we received orders to proceed to Amanty, headquarters of the first bombing group. That evening the men gathered at their favorite "hangouts" and discussed what the future might hold in store. All regretted to leave the best camp in the A. E. F. It was the best, and we don't say it because we built it. It was not stuck in the woods nor in a mudhole, and it was close to a small village, a good river, and what is most important, close to the big war—as close as a flying field could hope to be. From the flying field we could see the quarries at Commercy, the road to St. Mihiel and Verdun, the line of observation balloons behind the trenches, our planes flying over the lines and back in daytime and the star shells at night. Always we could hear the thunder of artillery in action, the roar of planes overhead, and see the endless streams of troops bound for the front.

Now we were to move even further from the war, to Amanty this time, about fifteen kilometers to the south of us. On the morning of the 24th we climbed into trucks and were off. About twenty men were ordered to remain at Ourches with Lieutenant Hansell and our transportation equipment for two weeks longer, to finish hauling lumber, gas, etc. On June 9, when we made our next move, these men rejoined us with the trucks and equipment.

Amanty

The camp at Amanty was hidden by a forest, making the outlook from the barracks rather dull. However, our work was to be of a higher class than heretofore and that was worth a lot. We constructed a hangar, worked in the machine shop as mechanics, drove



A. R.'s in Collision Near Ourches.



Mess line at noon



Effect of a Bomb --- Colom-bey



Barnaby's plane after hitting the Tin Hut



Coals Plane dodger --- Meuse in flood



Building the 639th Quarters



639th Quarters and Dug-Out

OUR CHES



trucks, and overhauled airplane motors. It was here that the "flu" epidemic found us and caused us to patronize sick call in crowds. At one time, sixty-seven of us had the flu and the barracks were turned into a sick ward. Happily, it lasted but a few days and no one suffered seriously. Here, also, some of the men received their first opportunities to ride as passengers in airplanes, and many were the wild letters written home in description of the experience. Hopes of the would-be aviators rose high while at Amanty. The Y. M. C. A. at Amanty was a "stunner," with big Jim Goodheart in charge; pool tables, piano, phonograph, lounging chairs, magazines and newspapers, and a counter where there were plenty of cookies, hot chocolate, and smokes. There were movies, vaudeville, and a real live American girl to talk to.

Pleasant as were the few days at Amanty, we didn't regret it when orders came to proceed to Chatillon-sur-Seine, for with the orders came the rumor that at last we were to train as airplane mechanics, and perhaps later return to the Front with planes. With light hearts, we packed our bags and started for our new home in our own trucks.

It was an ideal day, but very dusty. The journey was of some 120 kilometers, and lay through Neufchâteau, past Domremy, the birthplace of Joan of Arc, through Chaumont and Chateau Villain. Hogan and his "can-openers" started ahead of us. It was already after noon when, after passing through Chaumont with still several hours ahead of us and a gnawing sensation in the region of our stomachs, we came upon the very welcome sight of Hogan's truck drawn up alongside the road, and his "can-openers" guarding a table loaded with bread, jam, and corned willie, and a steaming G. I. can of coffee. No meal was ever eaten with greater relish, and even corned willie himself was honored by a second round. So unexpected was this handout, and so much appreciated, that we voted never to call our cooks "can-openers" again.

Chatillon-Sur-Seine

It was six o'clock Saturday evening, June 8th, when the leading elements of our camion train rolled into Chatillon-sur-Seine, bearing a very hungry, dust-covered bunch of 639ers. Chatillon is a town of about 5000 inhabitants, located in the Department of Cote d'Or, 80 kilometers northwest of the historic city of Dijon, and 70 kilometers southeast of the once famous city of Troyes. A short distance beyond the town limits, in full view of the ruins of the chateau of the dukes of Bourgogne, we were soon to settle for a more protracted period than we had anticipated, and much less desired. Our greatest ambition at that time was to return to the Front as soon as feasible with our own airplanes and pilots. Thusly, we thought to accomplish the greatest good and most effective work to ruin the Boche.

Chatillon is a prominent name in French history, the

dukes of Bourgogne having selected this town for their abode from the 10th to the 15th centuries, making it the capital of their territory. Commerce and industry thrived under the Bourgognes, until the havoc of continued wars, oppressive measures, and excessive taxation finally destroyed the weaving industry that had previously been so lucrative.

Even today, several large factories are in operation there, three of them having devoted their entire facilities to the production of munitions throughout the entire period of hostilities. The town proper comprises two distinct districts—the Chaumont, or newer section, and the Bourg, or ancient section, the latter replete with important scenes of great historical interest.

The River Seine, which has its source 30 kilometers distant, separates before traversing the town, one stream passing through the main section of Chatillon. One of the most scenic spots in the vicinity is the source of the River Douix. It flows from under a cliff of solid rock, 100 feet in height.

Strange indeed must have been the impression made on the French people of Chatillon by our men, bedecked with the dust of a day's travel. It was necessary to drive through the principal streets of the town to arrive at the aviation field, which was located on a higher level than the town, about one kilometer southeast of the Bourg section of Chatillon.

The mess sergeant, with his crew, had arrived as a sort of vanguard, and several of his helpers were already exploring the town as our camion train drove through. A decidedly superficial observation of the town on the part of the late arrivals drew rather favorable comment, but everyone was anxious to get settled before devoting serious attention to the burg. Hence, it was with intense satisfaction that the boys, for the most part unrecognizable, a result of the white dust, an inevitable sequence to a day's ride over French roads in dry weather, clambered off the camions, shouting for assignment to billets and something to appease the appetites that had been for the most part neglected during the course of the day's travel.

It required but little time to learn from the men of the 89th Squadron, the only squadron already at the Post, who had anticipated our arrival at least two months previously, that there was located there a very large Infantry Officers' School; though the aeronautical school was still a small feature, boasting only four hangars housing 24 A. R. airplanes and an Adrian barracks, quarters for the 89th, and a circular hospital hut, utilized for a mess shack. A rather dilapidated tent served as a "Y," where Webster did his utmost to satisfy the wants of the boys.

After an exchange of ideas with the men of the 89th, prospects among the men of our squadron for real homes with the Chatillonais we thought were very discouraging if the boys at the Infantry School were half as active as were the 639th at Ourches. However,



Lower portion of Camp



Wash day

Ourches
on the
Meuse



Lieuts. Hansell and Snow



Street scene



Packing up at Amanty



A stop enroute, Amanty - Chatillon



Hogan's dusty "can openers"

we assumed an optimistic view of our new environment and were determined, as we had acquired the habit from McBride of Missouri, to be shown, or to be content only with the result of our own investigations.

Once separated from the greater part of the French real estate we had so involuntarily acquired, the mess sergeant barked out a summons for chow, which consisted, that evening, of the customary short order Army menu—cold corned willie, pickles, bread, and the inevitable coffee. Even this prosaic bill of fare received unusual attention, so hungry was the bunch after the fatiguing day's journey.

Chow finished, inadequate accommodations necessitated sending all except 40 of the men over to the Patronage Barracks, where several companies of Infantry students were quartered. The Patronage inclosure comprised several large, antiquated buildings, typical of simple French architecture, and several Adrian barracks, one of which was assigned for our occupancy.

Dark had already settled before we arrived at the Patronage inclosure, and after each man had carted in three or four bunks, then recovered his barracks bag from the general confusion before locating definitely for the night, the hour was too late to permit an exploration of the town, so the majority of the men "hit the hay" to enjoy a much needed rest. Those who deferred filling their bed sacks with straw immediately after it arrived, were "SOL" when the fact dawned upon them that they had neglected to do so. For these, there was no alternative but to pass the night as comfortably as possible on the hard boards.

Practically everybody was feeling as fit as ever the next morning, and the Patronage detail (as those of us who billeted there were known) marched over to the field, garbed in fatigue clothes, to get breakfast and commence work on the foundations for our barracks, which had been very quickly laid off by Captain Fritz. Several of the boys that morning inaugurated the custom of dining with the doughboys, which afforded them good eats and leisure time to jaunt over to work. Inasmuch as our first day in Chatillon was a Sunday, only half the men were detailed to work in the forenoon, the remainder replacing the morning workers in the afternoon. Thusly, everyone had opportunity to "once over" the town, comparing observations that evening.

The bunch, with Buck Atwell on the job, succeeded in erecting a small tent, which served temporarily as a kitchen, and a larger one, utilized for supply and orderly room. The latter was devoted to this same purpose during our entire sojourn in Chatillon, going to salvage only when we packed our bags and made ready to quit the place.

That first Sunday, several had already cultivated the acquaintance of some of the town celebrities, Countess de Big John and Madam Sho Sho figuring more prom-

inently on the list than the others. The ruling in effect that all men be in by nine o'clock was an innovation hardly appreciated, after enjoying the liberties which Ourches had afforded us.

The Aeronautical School at Chatillon was originally intended to be but a minor feature of the Second Corps Schools grouped there. The object for which the Aero School had been established had in view the final training of aerial observers prior to their assignment to active service "over the lines."

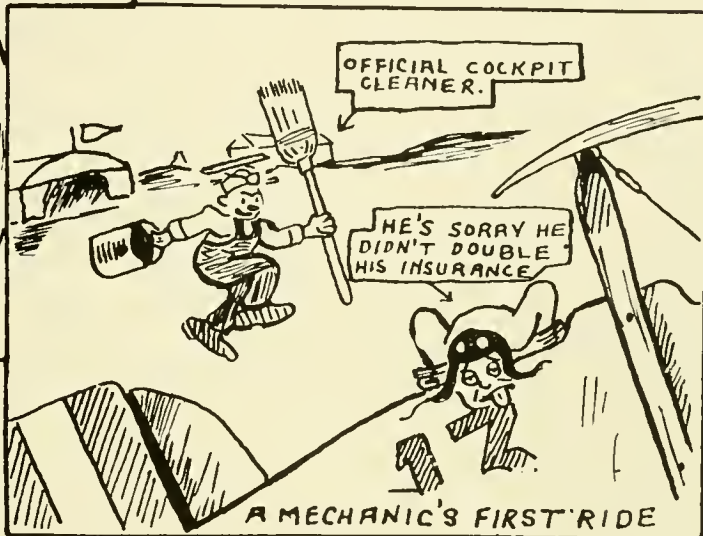
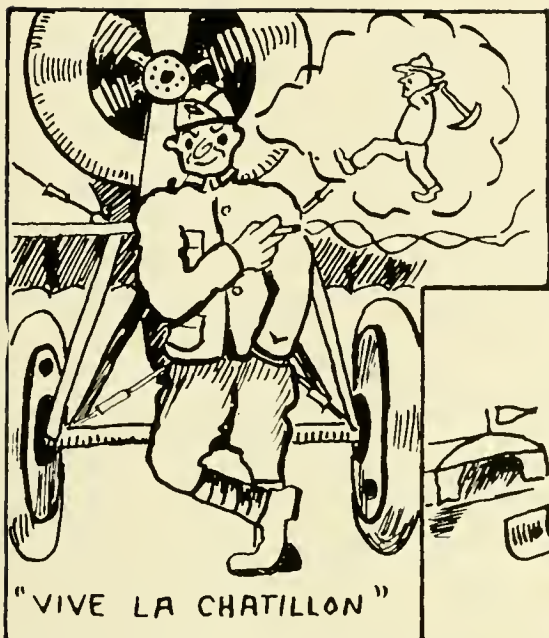
The course offered comprised Aerial Photography, Artillery Reglage, Aerial Gunnery, and Infantry Liaison; three weeks of good weather sufficing to complete the final training, provided the aspirant had successfully qualified in all these important branches, and favorable weather conditions had prevailed during that time. Practically speaking, it might have been properly termed a "Finishing School for Observers," inasmuch as anyone capable of filling all school requirements in the various topics could be depended upon to go successfully on missions over the lines.

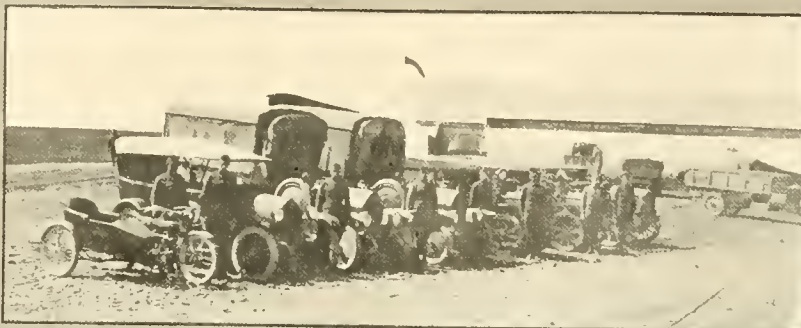
Eleven officers comprised the first class of graduates, which fact offers an idea as to the capacity of the School as we found it on our arrival there. Four hangars, a supply hut, a Swiss hut for a radio office, a Swiss hut for headquarters, two Adrian barracks for student observers, and one for officers' mess, and three barracks occupied by the 89th Squadron, were the only buildings which had been erected prior to our coming.

Plans for extension had been formulated, and we were to be instrumental in assisting to materialize the first part of them. On Monday, June 10th, work on foundations and construction of our barracks and mess hall commenced in earnest, the entire work being completed, save for the installation of bunks, on the 14th, having required only four days to prepare foundations and to erect three Adrian barracks. A detail built and installed bunks on the arrival of material a few days later. That our Ourches experience had not been amiss is evident from the excellent results obtained here. Those who at Ourches had played a heavy roll in the drama of "Licking the Kaiser" donned their togs again, while with the same picks and shovels and "Irish Capronis," but with a new incentive (that of obtaining a service squadron basis "toute de suite"), they arrived at objectives with greater speed than they did up Front.

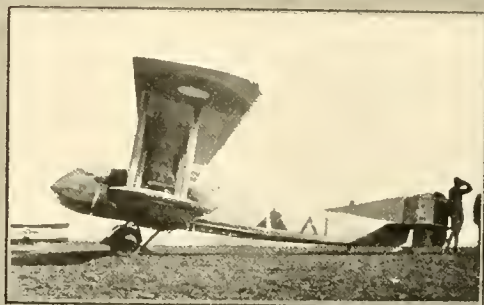
June 15th, picks, shovels, and brouettes were returned to the supply tent without a semblance of regret, and approximately a hundred men were assigned to work on the flying field. The squadron was lined up and classified according to previous experiences, the nature of the work to which each was assigned harmonizing with individual adaptability. Some found themselves very much at ease in the machine shop, E. & R. shop, radio department, armory, and others on airplane crews; all to work in conjunction with, though for the present

Chatillon sur Seine





639th Transportation Dept.



Caudron Bomber



Summer days at
Chatillon



Canvas Hangar



2nd C.A.S. Transportation Dept.



Downfall of a Sop

under supervision of, the members of the 89th Squadron, until such time as 639's capability to assume full charge should evince itself. At that time, the 89th expected to return to the Front with their own quota of airplanes and pilots, when we were to succeed them in every department on the field. Though our men qualified quickly, the 89th did not make its departure, plans developing differently and the continued expansion of the school required them to remain. Our new work was to consist in keeping planes in commission. Captain Falk informed us from the start that a plane was either in commission, or not, and our duty was to avoid the "not" as consistently as possible. To realize this, it was sometimes necessary to pull a block or two on a motor, grind valves, and keep the motor and ship in perfect "flying" condition with a minimum loss of time. Work, thoroughly executed, would preclude the possibility of serious accidents due to mechanical causes.

It was with regret we learned two weeks after our arrival at Chatillon that Lieutenants Hansell, Mulholland, and Gillett were, at their own requests, to return to the Infantry. The Squadron presented each of them with a gold signet ring, in expression of its esteem and regard. All three succeeded in returning to the scene of real activities, Lieutenant Mulholland earning the privilege of displaying a wound chevron, due to an encounter with a stray piece of Boche "H. E." Lieutenants Snow and McKinley remained with the outfit, the former being assigned to the Post Supply, while the latter acted in the capacity of Post Censor and Intelligence Officer until placed in command of the 89th Squadron in January, 1919, previous to its departure for "Home."

Making friends among the Chatillonais proved a facile matter, some of the boys meeting fair Frog maidens, others assuming the obligations of providing smokes for just so many additional subjects of President Poincaré and supporters of the tri-color. Eating course dinners where a permit to do so was required, buying bread "sans ticket," were quickly enacted without the so-called necessary permit or "ticket" by those who knew a little French, and likewise by those who knew it not so well. Prime favorites with the hospitable people of Ourches, the 639ers were soon strongly entrenched in the affections of their newly made Chatillon friends, and reciprocal courses in French and English were established in short order. Chateaus were not requisites for those who wished to master the difficulties of the English lingo, the echoes, in a soprano voice, emanating from mere "somethings" that might be described as "Holes-in-the-Wall." If the mademoiselles progressed as rapidly as did our men, Chatillon would speak English as extensively as French, after the signing of the Peace Pact.

About a month after our arrival at Chatillon we witnessed the first fatal accident at the school when

Lieutenant Robbins and his observer were burned to death after a fall following a forced landing at the Infantry School.

The obsequies were held the next afternoon, and we witnessed our first military funeral in France. Work was declared off for the day and both squadrons formed in a procession. A Fiat truck, sides dismantled, and covered over with white cloth, draped in black, served in place of a caisson. The procession formed in front of the Hotel de Ville, the French undertakers making a very droll appearance in their high-top hats covered with black oilcloth, as they busied themselves preparatory to the march to the cemetery.

Leading the procession was the Mayor of Chatillon, followed by some of the prominent Chatillonais and French officers. The various uniforms of the French Officers and Veterans of 1870 contrasted greatly, affording a real interesting spectacle. Then came a detachment of Infantry—the firing squad—followed by the pilots and observers from the school.

The truck followed, heaped with floral pieces almost concealing from view the caskets draped in Old Glory. Following this were our two squadrons and many French civilians.

After the usual simple but impressive ceremony over the grave, a fellow-aviator flew over the cemetery and dropped flowers on the grave of his unfortunate comrades.

Our work on the field had offered numerous opportunities to take trips in the planes, and interesting indeed is the experience of the first ride above the clouds. Those awful forebodings prior to the "taking off," only to be pleasantly disappointed by finding the ground leaving one and the objects becoming smaller and smaller, without even the slightest ill effects, are now pleasant memories. But, if the motor had failed or the ship had fallen into a nose spin, what then? Then a pleasant whizzing through space for an indefinite period. Finally, after a few tight spirals to lose altitude, with the ground looking up over the side, came the descent, a successful landing, and the conviction that flying is the only thing, with a desire to mount again at first opportunity. It was not long until frequent flights became a part of the daily routine and all thought of hazard was forgotten.

By July 10th, our Squadron had not only taken over several airplanes, but was in full charge of two hangars, with the 89th Squadron in charge of the other two, responsibility being evenly divided in hangar number five.

Work on the field offered everybody an equal opportunity for promotion and the number of non-coms increased monthly. Chatillon is ample evidence of the degree of success attained by the members of the Squadron in the various departments to which they had been assigned. The lectures given by Captain Falk were of real benefit to the men of the Squadron,



The old wash stand



The snail & lobster



639 th quarters at Chatillon



Road to Camp



Pay Day



Camp from the Air

all profiting in some measure by them, as the continued improvement in the work on the field clearly indicated.

Though "beaucoup" pep was necessary in the work, we also found much time with but little to occupy ourselves. If a ship was out on a mission or not on schedule, the crew might be seen dozing in the sun under the wings of an aeroplane, while some others were boiling clothes, utilizing a "blow torch" against the side of a bucket to furnish the heat.

Intense interest was aroused by the arrival, almost daily, of a strange plane from some other field, coming for a replenishment of "essence" or stopping over for the night while on a long ferrying trip. Practically every type of airplane from a French baby Spad and English Sop Camel to a Handley-Page bomber and Caproni bomber made a call at our field. When either of the last mentioned type sailed in for gas or oil, everyone was as scarce as possible, as it signified almost a full drum of "essence" and beaucoup "huile" entailing beaucoup labor.

Whenever a plane made a forced landing forty kilometers or so away from camp, and wrecked up sufficiently to necessitate dismantling it, the crew proceeded to get their blankets and make ready for a night out in some field near some live town. The salvage trip then assumed more of a picnic aspect than a work trip. A plane was always an attraction to the people in the vicinity where it landed, and when the mechanics arrived on the scene they invariably found a crowd of Frogs there to greet them. The work of tearing down and loading a plane on a trailer was of short duration and usually not very difficult, the men then proceeding to "once over" the town and its offerings. Just such trips caused many to study French, "billet-doux" becoming quite popular. No one failed to indulge in a real home-cooked dinner when out on these trips, the people showing our men wonderful hospitality at all times.

Late in August came the 20th Company, 4th Regiment, Motor Mechanics, who were assigned to crews on the field and in the shops under our men. Their advent marked the beginning of a substantial enlargement of the school, the plans adopted providing for an increase in its training capacity from 15 students per month to 180.

Sopwith training airplanes arrived in large numbers about this time, the number of planes on the field having shown a decided increase in accordance with the general extension plans. About that time, "Liberty 1000" landed at our field en route to the Front and caused considerable excitement and interest among the men. After repeatedly hearing so many unfavorable reports anent the Liberty motor, it was indeed a treat to realize that we already had 1000 of these splendid ships playing their part in giving the Boche his due.

In September, the 157th and 370th Squadrons arrived from England and commenced immediately to materialize some of the proposed developments. The new-

comers were rather disappointed on learning of the construction work that lay before them, but set to work determined to make the best of it. Then it was we felt that we "had it" on the new bunch. We had spent all our time in France; had labored up on the Toul Front, and now we were capably acquitting ourselves of the duties of a Service Squadron, our previous work and present occupations warranting us the privilege of watching the "other fellow" do his bit with the instruments of torture—the pick and shovel.

They assisted in erecting additional barracks, hangars, and shops, while 639ers regarded themselves as having graduated from such duties. We certainly had had our full share of such work. Complete machine, E. & R., and overhaul shops were built, a power house installed, and newer and more commodious quarters constructed for the Photo, Radio, and Training Departments.

The number of hangars increased from 5 to 15, housing a total, at one time, exceeding 100 planes. Many of our men shared in producing for the Engineering Department one of the most enviable reputations for efficiency among the Air Service schools and instruction centers in the A. E. F.

By the end of August, the positions of responsibility in the diverse departments on the field were evenly divided between the 89th and 639th Squadrons, a fact in itself an excellent tribute to the caliber of men in the 639th. The 157th and 370th worked in on the field after the construction work had been completed.

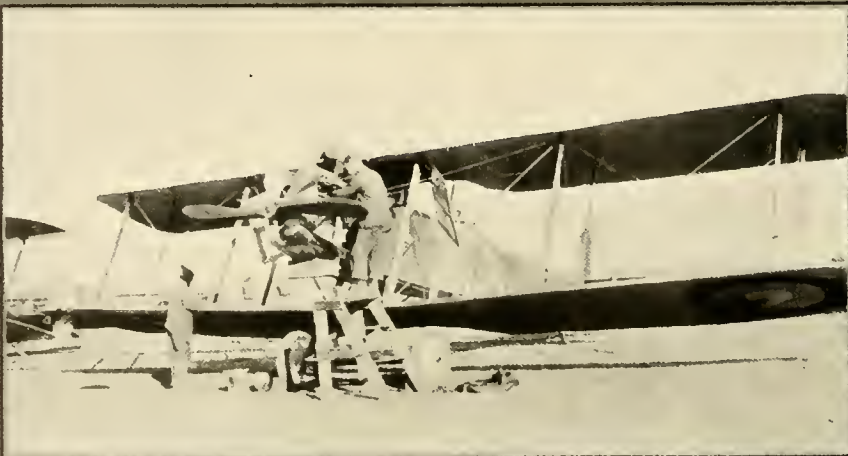
Each succeeding month witnessed additional promotions, and by November practically all ratings authorized a Supply Squadron had been given out. Unfortunately, the efforts to have the squadron changed to a service basis had not as yet met with success, thus depriving many men of deserved ratings which a supply organization was not permitted to make. This condition, however, gave birth to a new clan—"The Non-Chauffing Chauffeurs"—and some who had once sat in an automobile were now privileged to sport the wheel on the right sleeve. Norton, who made the P. M. detail famous with the morning and afternoon collations from the officers' mess, which he provided for the members of this distinguished detail, eventually had this distinction conferred upon him. Another member of the famous P. M. detail finally attained the rankness of "H. P." Buck Atwell, after he had relinquished the "Top Kick's" berth, received the title of "Chauffeur" or "Knight of the Bath," and from that time, until his premature departure for home in December, confined his efforts to making the boys comfortable in the bath house. We also lost Temple, Arlington, Shields, Stevenson, Dorney, and Sheiler, who were transferred and sent home after a siege in the hospital. Stevenson accidentally received a bullet in the leg. Shields's injuries were due to a propeller striking him. Bill Brandt, Steen, Childers, and Traw were transferred to



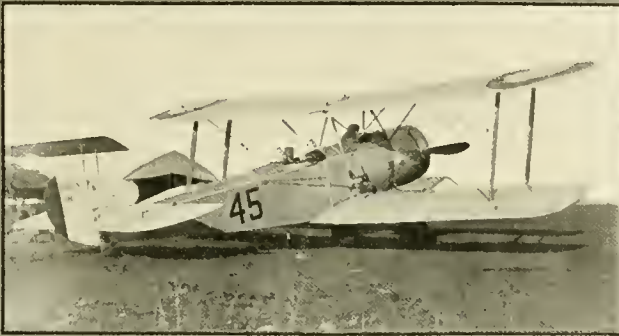
American built DH4, with Liberty Motor



Caudron (French) bi-motor Bomber



A.R. Training Plane



Sopwith - observation



Morane monoplane



Liberty N° 1000



Salmson - observation



Caproni Tri-motor bomber



15meter Nieuport



Col. Benedict in a racy SE-5



First Liberty at Chatillon

the 1101th Squadron. Brandt, we regret to say, was reported to have died suddenly at Lemans while awaiting orders home.

It is with justifiable pride that we entertain the thought that not one of the fatal crashes on our field occurred in a plane having a member of the 639th for crew chief. We had the lowest percentage of accidents for so large a number of flying hours, as compared with the records of the various training centers of the A. E. F.

On November 1st "DeHaviland 4" planes, equipped with Liberty motors, began to arrive at the field to be utilized for training purposes. They proved a vast improvement over the Sops and A. R.'s, which, from thence on, began gradually to disappear, Liberties replacing them as soon as the slower planes were worn out.

The high efficiency of the Engineering Department under Captain McLeod's regime, the ingenuity exercised in equipping its shops, the skill of its personnel in maintaining the ships, and the spirit of loyalty, harmony, and sense of responsibility, were a creditable reflection on the men of our Squadron, who filled the majority of the responsible positions. The work performed by our men was directly instrumental in the development of a feeling of confidence on the part of pilots and observers, to secure which was a severe test of our efficiency as well as conducive to their best efforts in the air.

The almost unbroken line of ships on the field was another evidence of the merits of 639's mechanical ability. If a ship were not in flying condition, the prevalent custom ordered it several feet in the rear of the line till necessary repairs had been made. In a short time, a change of a wheel, or the replacement of all or a part of a wrecked landing gear, was speedily effected. Efficiency and speed in such minor details enabled the greater number of ships to be in commission all the time, earning a reputation for the Squadron and for the school, too. Occasionally, some incidental work demanded recognition, as was the case after the unexpected rain and windstorm one night in September. A storm broke without sending any harbinger, and when the wind had ceased its howling and Pluvius called "time" we took stock of the damage done. Practically every barrack in camp was minus several sections of roof, while sheet iron plates were scattered about everywhere in the vicinity of the circular huts. The "Y" tent was blown down and torn considerably, as was also the orderly tent. The morning after, details were busily engaged restoring roofs and pitching the two tents that suffered so severely in the merciless gale. It was at this time that the orderly tent was changed to a location between our two barracks, where it remained during the remainder of our sojourn in Chatillon.

Though much work was accomplished at Chatillon,

it was here that we had our greatest amusement. In July, the first group of Permissionaires from the Squadron hied unexpectedly off to Aix-les-Bains in quest of whatever a "leave" might offer a Yank. From that time on the men became more familiar with the ways of the French, this knowledge improving as we neared our second service chevron. Since the first leave, our delegations have visited practically all the leave centers, including St. Malo, Grenoble, Allevard-les-Bains, Nice, Monte Carlo, Monaco, Lucon, and Mentone. The recollections of Dijon, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, and some of the smaller cities are fixed in the memory of everyone, each for a very different reason, ranging through the entire eligibility list from Yvette to Marguerite. Each returning permissionaire might write a most interesting volume all his own of his experiences and no two would read similarly. No one had forgotten Heinrich's loquacity during the two weeks succeeding his return to the "simple life." We all learned how he met the Duchess, his irresistible, taking manner captivating her on their first meeting. He told us, also, how he attended a banquet at the Chateau of the Duchess which Secretary of War Baker and General Bliss honored with their presence, and that when the Secretary asked him for a match, how munificently he acted on that occasion when he said, "Here, Secretary, keep the box." After this hobnobbing with the aristocracy, we know why he captivated the affections of a famous opera prima donna. Of course, all the men did not enjoy the same prestige, but all succeeded in making pleasant acquaintances and learned much of France's most attractive parts. Heinrich himself, on his second leave, pursued an entirely different policy from that of his first "permission." He contended that his hobnobbing with the "bluebloods" on his first leave had exhausted his financial resources, so for his pocket's own benefit he eschewed the high-brows and enjoyed himself more, at less expense to himself, on his second leave, without any excessive search.

Every man easily found the sort of diversion most attractive to him. What the Squadron personnel didn't know about the gay "London House" or "Berthouxs Inn" at Lyons does not exist. The "Pension des Artistes," where the comely French movie stars and young artists make their abode, was penetrated by E. deGray Read and Galtes. Very likely the "de" in Read's cognomen was the powerful influence that overcame staid European conventionalities, gaining admittance to these precincts, inasmuch as "de" is tacked on to the monickers of the aristocracy on this side of the Pond. On the return from a 14 days' absence from "la Belle Chatillon," the attractions of Rosie's Cafe, or Hotel de la Poste, waned and they didn't seem to be the "nice" sort of places we were at first inclined to think them. Once returned from a leave, the greatest desire was to start off on another, the required four months passing as four years.



A line of Liberty - DH4s.



DH4 Landing



A group of Sopwith's



English F.E.8 - Bomber



Nieuport on her back



Caudron training plane



Fatal crash of a Sop



Clerget crankcase on shop dolly



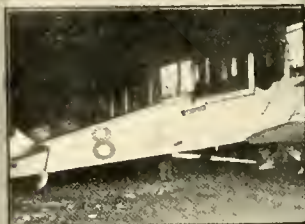
Test shed -- Bill Paul's hang-out



A group of 639ers



186 th



50 th



99 th



96th



639th Office and Supply Tent



Bloom



Y.M.C.A., Barracks and Mess Halls



Norton & Weisblum



Combined 639th & Hdqtrs Detachment Office



Atwell

The well established "Y" erected with the general expansion program proved to be an agreeable surprise. Though Mr. Webster provided amply for us in his dilapidated tent, the influx of the three additional squadrons warranted the construction of the excellent "Y" accommodations we afterward enjoyed. For a short time we had Miss Mann at the "Y," who inaugurated the hot cocoa custom. Her sojourn at the field, however, proved of short duration, work in Paris calling



The Old "Y."

her there. Fortunately, the cocoa custom survived to the end.

Entertainments were provided at regular intervals, the local talent periodically providing shows of real merit. Divisional shows also favored us with their offerings from time to time.

A baseball league was established, in which we were represented, having returned home only once on the short end of a score. These games provided auto trips to Montigny, Vauxhalles, Courban, or to other towns where our opponents were stationed. The trips were a source of real pleasure, Murphy and his transportation gang providing trucks to carry the large band of rooters which accompanied the team on all trips. A combination team composed of men from the 89th and 639th frequently met the strong officers' team which boasted several ex-college and league players in their lineup. These games were always nip-and-tuck affairs, the enlisted men, however, scoring the victory every time.

Week-end auto trips were made to Dijon, Troyes, and Auxere, in recognition of the fine work accomplished on the field. That these trips were full of amusement is indicated by the general wish to be numbered among those selected for the next ride.

By November, no squadron was producing better results nor holding more of the responsible positions on the field than was the 639th. The Transportation Department, with one of the best records in the A. E. F., was virtually personneled by men from our outfit. Headquarters depended on our clerks and stenographers

to assume charge of that department, which they did very creditably.

Then "Boastful Willie" decided that the jig was up, telling us so with finality on November 11th. What happened that morning will be remembered forever. A half hour after the good word had been received, 639th's settlement bore a more forlorn aspect than the "Deserted Village" itself, the bunch heading for town en masse. That the 639ers played a prominent part in the celebration may be ascertained from the fact that several of us figured in little reckonings after the general hilarity had subsided. But everyone was doing his best that day, and we carried the same enthusiasm into the merry-making that characterized our daily tasks; hence, our exceptional accomplishments on the occasion of the armistice.

Though hostilities had ceased with the armistice, the same spirit that had imbued the men in their work was as noticeable as previously, no one relaxing his efforts to maintain the same high standard of efficiency in all work undertaken.

November saw the Thanksgiving issue of "Contact," our squadron paper; the second edition appearing as a New Year's number. The merits of the sheet may be judged from the fact that the Chief of Air Service requested copies of all ensuing issues of the paper; also any cuts of general interest we had used and still had in our possession. These were to be utilized in the official history of the Air Service for official Government records. A thousand copies were sold of the second number. Rhodes, the Editor, however, experienced some of the difficulties of the regular newspaper scribe. Many libel suits were threatened, but finally dropped when informed that "Contact" could not possibly pay any damage suits returned against it.

From November 11th, on, there wasn't a dull moment for any of us around the barracks. Occasionally some of the fellows would join in the social whirl and return after an undeniably pleasant evening spent at Rosie's Inn, or perhaps at the Hotel de la Poste, while still others found amusement in visiting the "Sign of the Red Horse" (Cheval Rouge) or "Big John's" dugout. There were those, too, who devoted their evenings to the mastery of the difficulties of the French language, while the fair instructor simultaneously labored to overcome the difficulties of English. Each man had his particular rendezvous where he could always call for his "œufs" and "pommes de terres frites" without fear of disappointment.

We could not forget the strong man stunts performed after a social, or a dizzy whirl at popular Rosie's or one of the other emporiums. The way those stunts went over cannot be forgotten, nor can the spontaneous readings from Shakespeare go unappreciated. The boys certainly knew the town, but we can't say more about it, due to the silence each observed concerning his achievements there. All had real rendezvous, but

refused to let too many in on them, thus spoiling their own opportunities.

In spare time, or on holidays, the men could be seen hieing off in all directions, St. Colombe and the smaller neighboring towns offering a welcome to many of the 639th men.

On January 12th, our old friends of the 89th started the first lap of the journey which we all hoped to make as "toot sweet" as possible, to "God's Country." The 639th then became the pioneer outfit on the field and the

departure; but each succeeding day found us as impatiently waiting as on the day previous. Dame Rumor had everyone on the "qui vive" during the last month there, and it seemed as though our orders would never come.

One hour of drill constituted the day's labor, while most of us tired striving to dope out some means of agreeably occupying the remainder of the time. All excess equipment was turned in during these days and general preparations for departure were in order. "Y"



2nd Corps Aero School from Above.

places occupied by them were due recognition of their qualifications.

Here it was that the wild rumor artists realized the wonderful field of action that lay before them. Daily the Mexican athletes had either sailing orders for the Squadron or some "straight" or "inside" dope that assured our departure by the end of January. Some were even deploring the fact that we would be deprived of our right to don a second service stripe.

Late in January, the work of the school having terminated, orders to return to the United States were requested for our Squadron, and then the real anxiety began. All were aware that each day might bring our

entertainments during these days were staged frequently, but the majority of the men preferred association with their French friends, as they anticipated leaving them soon, perhaps never again to see them.

March 5th, excitement exceeded all bounds when we received official notice that we had only two more days in Chatillon. Some men immediately set to work, packing up their barrack bags, while others seemed almost skeptical, fearing that the cheerful news was only a dream. The supply tent looked comparatively bare after all excessive equipment was turned in and served to confirm the good news.

March 6th, the men, with the co-operation of Lieu-



All aboard



Dijon



Shleier & Coole & Holz enjoying it.



Lieutenants Snow & McKinley
on a glacier near Chamonix.



Aix les Bains



Lyons

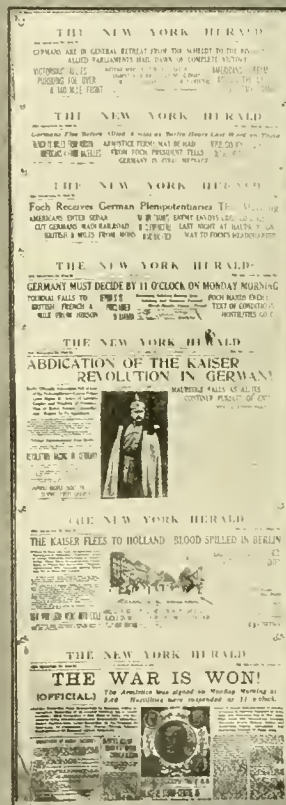


Schenk.

Bucks, NCO's, and Loots on Leave

Mt. Revard
Inclined Rwy.





Armistice Day
in Chatillon



Grease hounds



Radio Station



DH4 after landing in a fog



High fliers



K'K'K.P. Row



Hot Water

— CHATILLON —



The first issue of "Contact"



Rotary Motor Test Block



French life in
Chatillon sur Seine





639th Mess Hall at Chatillon



639th Cooks and K. P.'s.

tenant Mitchell, the Engineering Officer, rigged up a fusilage and gave an unprecedented parade through the streets of Chatillon, which is described at length on another page.

En Route, Chatillon to Marsas

The morning of the 7th blanket rolls were prepared, barrack bags packed, and baggage transported to the station to be loaded on the cars that were already waiting to receive it. Most of the day was spent in making the rounds of our numerous friends to bid them a final adieu. It seemed as though each man had been adopted by some fair "Marraine," following the popular French custom. Old wines were brought out after an apparent undisturbed rest of some years and opened, in order that the best of friends might drink together before parting. All were implored to write "souvent" and besought not to forget their friends as soon as they had separated from them.

At eight o'clock the Squadron, in full marching order, formed on the road in the rear of the line of barracks and executed a "squads right" for the last time in the good old environment that served so long a time as our home. The doorways along the streets were filled with people who were to have a final glimpse of us as we marched, singing, along the route to the station.

We arrived "a la gare" about 8:30 and piled into our "40 hommes—8 chevaux" Pullmans, eager to be off on the most desired of all journeys—most desired because it was the beginning of the end of our military career.

Lieutenant Mitchell was at the station and bade each man a personal farewell. That afternoon the members of the Squadron had presented him with a pair of field glasses and a gold pin in token of their friendship for him and in recognition of his efforts to further the

interests of the men. By ten o'clock we saw the last of Chatillon and were then ready to consider sleeping. The men then occupied themselves striving to determine the best means of arranging their bed sacks, which they found piled up in the cars on their arrival at the station. It was decided to arrange the bunks adjacent to one another, the boys sleeping "sardine" fashion, i. e., with the feet of one in close proximity to the head of the other. For a time some of the boys were greatly perplexed in their efforts to arrive at a satisfactory solution of the sleeping problem. Hot coffee had been prepared and the boys "fell out" to enjoy this prior to "setting" themselves for the night's rest, if rest were to be possible in so crowded a condition. By the time we had pulled out of Chatillon the sleeping difficulty had solved itself, as the boys hit the "hay heap" one by one, and a visit with Morpheus en route became a reality. However, it cannot be contended that sleeping under those conditions was analogous to sleep of a real beneficial nature, because when we awoke the next morning fatigue had not been wholly dispelled. Bunks were rolled up and equipment suspended from the ceiling and from the walls through the medium of numerous nails that had been placed there for this purpose. Everyone was fully awake bright and early, waiting for succor from the cook-car. The night's travel had brought us as far as Dijon, a city known to practically every member of the Squadron. Many had found rare enjoyment there on week-end trips, while everyone who had been on leave had made Dijon a factor in his itinerary.

A number of the boys hit direct for the Red Cross canteen at the station, where their healthy appetites were soon appeased by the kindly, good looking, real



En Route to Marsas.

American girls. A few others (ask Rhodes and Galtes) even perpetrated a morning social call at some of the nearby hostleries where they had formed "friendships" with some of the "fair ones" of the Rochefort country.

About eight o'clock the Squadron "cuisiniers" served hot coffee and sandwiches of the "cold beef" and confiture variety, the boys returning to the cars well satisfied for the present. Shortly after this "petit déjeuner" the train signalled departure, everyone climbing aboard anxious to cover more distance as quickly as possible.

All the boys were settled comfortably enough in the cars during the day, some sitting in the doorways, while others remained standing, gazing out of the open windows, enjoying the ever-changing beautiful landscapes. An hour out of Dijon and we saw Beaune with its immense American University colony, which several of us were anxious to attend, but failed to receive the appointment.

Each car provided its own impromptu entertainers, time passing tolerably fast with little diversions and spontaneous bursts of drollery. Eats did not come as frequently as our appetites warranted, and fortunate indeed were those who had prepared for such a contingency, bringing an ample supply of sardines, cheese, jam and French bread, and even eggs. The generosity and good-fellowship in every car permitted no one to gaze hungrily on the scene, everyone profiting by the preparedness of the farsighted ones.

By nine o'clock, the eve of the second day on the road, the interior of each car resembled a sardine can. In spite of the crowded conditions, sleep proved feasible. Some cars displayed hammocks suspended from the ceiling, as some of the fellows ingeniously contrived to rig up their "shelter halves" sailor fashion. "Tiny" Kennedy thought to utilize his shelter half in that fashion, but decided on completion of the work that he was either too heavy or the shelter half too weak for the ordeal; so he flopped on the floor, where he risked no spill.

For one of the "far-end" men to proceed to the door after dark to "once over" the ever-changing environment was quite an interesting accomplishment. 'Twas necessary to rise, and either fall or dive as far as possible toward the mid-section of the car, recovering one's bearings after removing someone's knee or elbow from one's stomach. The method of procedure on the return was analogous, some displaying great skill in judging distance, landing in the majority of attempts directly on their own hay-heap.

Travel a la "40 hommes—8 chevaux" on this trip was a decided contrast to our trip under similar conditions over a year back, when we went from Brest to St. Maixent. On that trip conditions were considerably more crowded and sleep then was utterly impossible, general opinion concurring in severe aversion to French travel methods. Our year's experience had

inured us to "war conditions" and with our straw-filled bed sacks along, our return coastward was a pleasant contrast to that awful journey "frontward" in January, 1918.

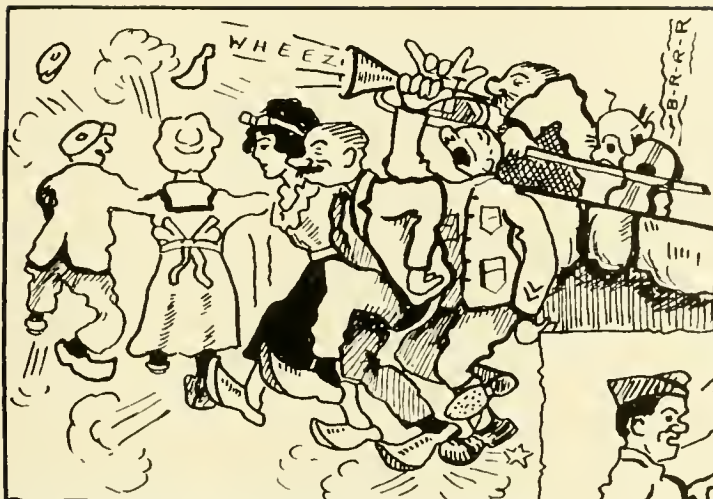
On the morning of March 9th we arrived in Chateauroux. The night had passed in comparative rest, so the bunch quickly "piled off" and formed a line for coffee in front of a French canteen. This beverage was appreciated, as was the information that we were to "lay over" there for several hours. The wise ones lost no time in exploring the town, their reports on returning to the cars causing many to regret their procrastination. It was true, however, that many of the fellows left Chateauroux in a far more jovial mood than they had entered the burg early that morning. All left Chateauroux, however, with a very favorable impression of the place, for various reasons.

The country traversed on this day was quite pleasing. The scenery presented a very agreeable view. Eats, as on the day previous, did not come quite so often as the majority could have relished without pampering their soldier's appetite. Individual foresight again precluded the possibility of anyone's enduring any hunger at any time on the trip. By nine o'clock, the majority of the cars were darkened. The quiet did not prevail, as usual, till a considerably later hour. One night had sufficed to inure the boys to the "sardine" mode of bunking. For that reason everyone enjoyed a good night's sleep the third night on the road.

We were rudely aroused at five a. m. to enjoy some hot coffee, which was certainly appreciated, in spite of our disturbed slumbers. Monday, the 10th, found the lunks rolled up earlier than usual, possibly due to the untimely awakening. The doors and windows were opened to admit the best weather we had had since our departure from Chatillon. Enthusiasm was rampant, inasmuch as everyone was anticipating the end of the journey some time on that day. At practically every station the French "flunkies" were bombarded with queries as to how soon we should arrive at St. Andre de Cubzac, our destination. The farther we traveled the later became the conjectured hour of our arrival at St. Andre, so we decided to ask no more questions.

Chow on the third day was consistent with that of the two preceding days. Thrice during the day the boys lined up for sandwiches and coffee, utilizing their own supply of eats in addition to those provided. By three o'clock we had crossed the Gironde and were moving slowly into the railroad yards at Bordeaux. Though we expected to leave Bordeaux "toute de suite" after completing another collation consisting of "hash" sandwiches, we were disappointed on that score. A "hot box" was discovered on the baggage car, and after about twenty Frenchmen had completed their very cursory inspection, it was decided that it would be necessary to replace the car with another one. This necessitated the removal of the contents of the car,

Mars St. André



THIS IS NOT A BOLSHEVSKI MEETING—
IT'S A FRENCH STAMPEDE.

WHAT'S THE MATTER—ENCORE
SOUS? COMBIEN FOR THE
SANK EGGS

CAFE DE
AVIATING
PRICES

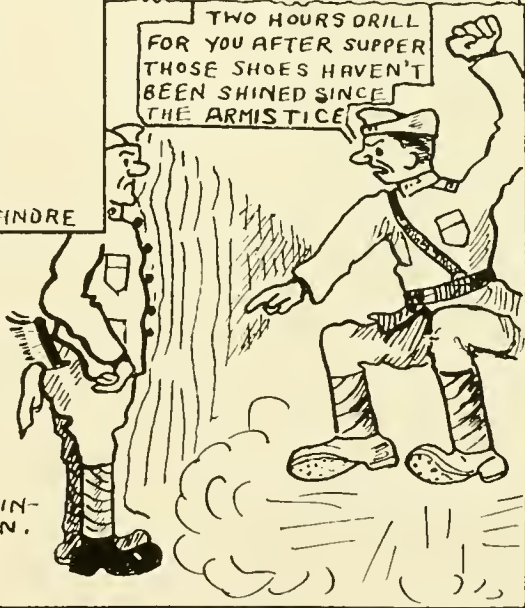
THE GUERRE IS
FINIS—BUT SHE
DOESN'T
KNOW IT

CES'T
LA GUERRE



SLEEPING ON TWO BY TWICE OVERNIGHT AT S. I. ANDRE

TWO HOURS DRILL
FOR YOU AFTER SUPPER
THOSE SHOES HAVEN'T
BEEN SHINED SINCE
THE ARMISTICE



DAILY IN-
SPECTION.

transferring them to another that had been switched up for the purpose. The encomiums heaped on the French inspectors might more properly be termed opprobriums, for the boys did not enjoy the prolonged delay. The work of transferring the baggage was accomplished in comparatively short time and everyone was anxious to leave Bordeaux as soon as possible. When we did start we were minus our baggage car, as a locomotive had in the interim been coupled to the opposite end of the train. Realizing our situation, the switch engine was coupled to the baggage car and followed us up as closely as could safely be done. The crew on our engine heard the whistling and yelling of the boys and brought the train to a stop. The pestiferous baggage car was then coupled on and we were on our way again by six o'clock.

Marsas and Embarkation Camp

Everyone was in readiness to detrain on a moment's notice, but after a ride of two hours' duration we arrived at St. Andre only to receive the information that we had ten kilometers farther to travel. The congested conditions of St. Andre and its environs compelled us to billet farther up the line. About 9:30 we detrained at Cavignac and, after piling up our bed sacks, we "fell in" to march three kilometers over to Marsas, where we were to be billeted. The 157th, which accompanied us, did likewise, but proceeded on foot over to Cezac, which had been assigned for their billets. The march through the darkness under full equipment proved to be somewhat of an ordeal after three days and nights on a French "Soldier Pullman." The customary characteristics of the 639th "on the march" were decidedly lacking that night. Occasionally someone would commence a song, but his enthusiasm invariably failed him as his pack emphasized its presence. The European kilometer, as a linear measure, evoked contempt from a Yank when he considered the superiority of the mile. However, those three kilometers we traversed, hiking from Cavignac to Marsas, were apparently longer than any American farmer's six miles.

It was a fatigued lunch that came to a halt in the vicinity of the field kitchen located temporarily alongside the road in Marsas. Lieutenant Snow and the vanguard, consisting of Weisblum, Bee, and Knowles, who arrived three days previous, had prepared some coffee. Even this sugarless beverage, with a piece of bread, was appreciated by all. By midnight the various detachments had been marched off to the billets to which they had been assigned. No one lost any time in preparing a place to "flop" for the night—in the majority of cases, on the hard floor.

Once again we found ourselves living in the homes of the French people, but this time under far pleasanter conditions. Many of the boys met the "Patron" that same night and were obliged to accept of his proffered hospitality in the form of some very fine wine.

We were the first Yanks to be stationed in the

vicinity of Marsas and the treatment we received from the people was above reproach—a decided contrast to the environment at Chatillon. Marsas is a hamlet of perhaps eighty inhabitants, located thirty-two kilometers from Bordeaux in the Department of Gironde. It is in the heart of the "Vin blanc" district, the vineyards covering miles and miles of territory. Settlements in this section of France were quite different from those to which we were accustomed in the eastern part of the country. The houses were located a considerable distance apart, each boasting a fairly large acreage devoted to vineyards.

Our routine here consisted of morning and afternoon drill, though shortly before our departure the afternoon period was devoted to athletic activity. The change proved very popular with the boys, inasmuch as it afforded them ample opportunity to decide whether they had retrograded to the class of "has beens" or "come-backs." It is safe to venture that the great majority qualified in the latter category.

Discipline tightened here and formations were the prevailing vogue. The men in the different billets came in formation for all meals, or whenever the presence of the entire personnel of any billet was required at some particular place. In proceeding to mess, formation was necessary. Shoes, both field and russet, were kept scrupulously clean and polished at all times. No one readily forgot the impromptu inspection in lieu of retreat when what we thought was a real shine merited two hours and twenty minutes of extra hiking after supper. The penalty subjected to consisted in covering a prescribed route twice in one hour. This was, however, impossible to do, even should the lunch double time both circuits.

The Q. M. treated us exceptionally fine and the mess sergeant by requisitioning the services of Bill Hogan, "a bear" of an ex-cook, and mess sergeant, improved the cats considerably. Effective precautions were taken to assure irreproachable cleanliness of mess-gear. This served to further the enjoyment of chow and satisfy the many inspectors on that score.

Rigorous inspections were held every Saturday, everybody carefully preparing for them. The general improvement in discipline, drill, and appearance was quite marked after our first fortnight in Marsas. After four weeks in our Gironde environment the majority of the boys, to utilize their own expressions, were "sitting pretty." The French friends of the 639th were counted within a six or seven-kilometer radius of Marsas. The 639ers were favorites at Ourches and Chatillon; and then at Marsas, experiencing no contenders, in addition to being the first American soldiers there, they found a hearty welcome from the start, which they retained throughout their sojourn there. Many a bottle of ancient "Vin blanc" was brought out after years of undisturbed rest. The people would accept no remuneration for this hospitality, offering it



Where do we go from here



Fifth avenue — Marsas



The Sergeants get beaucoup francs



Changing Billets



The Corporals are there too, but get less



Bed sacks — Marsas



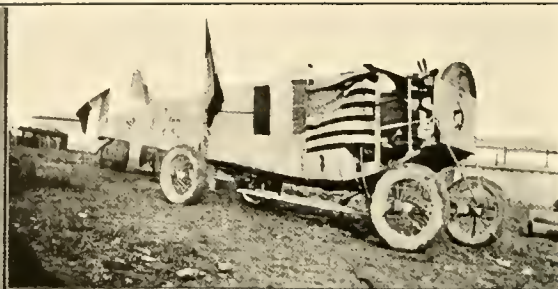
When do we eat? — Marsas



Say, Ah! Crowds waiting to see Doc Gain



Packing up at Chatillon



The monster of the "Great Parade"



"Traveling bath at Marsas



Captain Gain



Captain Fritz



The "Pershing" review near St. Andre



A day in tents near St. Andre



Chocolate & Cigarettes



Street Scene in Marsas

through motives of pure friendship. Tobacco, cigarettes, and occasionally candy, of the issue variety, served to reciprocate the kindness.

During our stay at Marsas it was not found necessary to appoint M. P.S., a very creditable reflection on the character of the Squadron personnel. Access to cafes was had throughout the day until 9:30 in the evening. Inebriety was, however, practically a non-entity.

For once, practically every man in the Squadron joined in the social whirl of French rural society. The weekly dances, given under French auspices at Holley's billet and over "a la gare" at Gauriauguet, were largely attended by 639ers. These affairs invariably proved a revelation and a real scream to the boys. One could hardly imagine or easily describe the dances such as those French executed. It was certainly a ludicrous spectacle to witness; a small hall, overcrowded with French whirling dizzily for a moment, then tearing around in skipping fashion. In reality, it was merely a contest to see who could tramp on the greater number

of feet with the least damage to his own. The boys at first essayed to dance, but experience soon taught them that the spectator's role was the preferable one. The closing dance, however, was the one most appreciated. That three-piece orchestra (cornet, violin, and bass) inevitably ground out a jig for the final number on the program. The Amexes usually participated in that number, as it consisted in hopping from one foot to the other. Most of the comely demoiselles within the dance radius (and they came from miles around) made the "connaissance" of the 639ers.

For this, and other reasons, we had contented ourselves with our new environment and were reconciled to an indefinite stay in Marsas. But we were greatly surprised when, on returning from morning drill on March 7th, we received orders to proceed on the morrow to the French Aviation Field at St. Andre de Cubzac. Here we were to bivouac for the night, proceeding to Genicart the following day. Genicart was the embarkation camp for the Bordeaux area.

Immediately following dinner, men from each billet



Preparing for a Review at St. Andre

marched to their quarters and prepared themselves for departure. The French, who had learned to know us well, were greatly disappointed to hear that we were leaving them.

By supper time all was in readiness for departure. The boys set out after supper to bid an revoir to all their friends. Amexes went in every direction that night to see for the last time their newly made friends. Even the chateau at Gauriauguet received two 639ers, offering several of their choicest "old" wines with their an revoir. Of course these were appreciated. Though "taps" was blown at the usual hour, a great number did not return for sleep until the "wee sma'" hours.

At 8:30, the morning of April 7th, the Squadron was on the camions ready for the last view of Marsas. L'institutrice, who had shown a keen interest in the Amexes, had all the children assembled in the schoolyard to wave "adieu" until our camions rolled out of sight. Some "fair ones" followed on bicycles as far as the Route Nationale.

At eleven o'clock the squadron descended from the camions at the French aviation field at St. Andre. But little time was required to assign the men to tents. Everybody then commenced to explore the camp and locate as comfortably as possible for the night. The tents recalled the days we had spent at Kelly Field, though we were content to know that the repetition was for one night only. We were to have been reviewed there by General Pershing, but the plans were changed.

In the evening the boys took a jaunt into town to "once over" the place, many having previously not been afforded the opportunity to visit the town. All returned to camp "de bonne heure" to get a good night's rest in anticipation of the hike on the morrow. The cooks worked all night preparing sandwiches for the hike.

The bunch awoke the morning of the 8th, ready for the march though poorly rested after a night on the hard boards minus a bed sack. Everybody assisted in loading the baggage on the camions, a method that expedited considerably that tedious job, usually meaning hard work for only a few.

It was observed that several camions in excess of those required for baggage transport had been assigned to the squadron. By the "rank" elimination process, only the privates remained to make the hike on foot, according to original orders. After all the camions had departed the privates fell in, and, led by Capt. Fritz, were off on what they thought was to be a hike to Genicart. But twenty minutes were required to proceed from the Aviation Field to the M. T. C. park at St. Andre, where a halt was called. Capt. Fritz interviewed the officer in charge and two additional trucks were provided, to the great delight of the "Bucks". After an hour and a half of travel through beautiful surroundings, we arrived at Camp No. 1,

Genicart. The awful hike having been avoided seemed as if it had merely been bad nightmare.

Shortly after our arrival at Genicart we were comfortably located in clean barracks. Each man, after the wont of 639ers, proceeded to familiarize himself with his new environment. The new camp was agreeable enough, but we were informed that we were to leave the following day for Camp No. 2.

After a night of excellent rest, we marched over to Camp No. 2 on March 10th. We immediately entered the mill, and "mill" that ordeal certainly was. The following day, when a number of our men were assigned to the "delouser" for duty, we realized what a farce we had participated in the day previous. Rookies that we were on our arrival, the delousing ordeal was certainly a miserable process for most of us; though when our men commenced to put through the newcomers the next day the more ludicrous it all seemed to us.

The men were assigned to various occupations, all affording considerable spare time. None were supplied with those delicate instruments, the pick and shovel, for which consideration we were truly grateful.

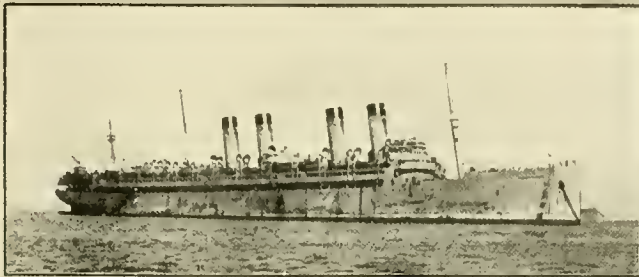
We were here under orders calling for permanent duty, though not "permanent" as is ordinarily inferred. The all important question was "when do we leave?". But we had no official information on that score so were reconciled again to the watchful waiting policy.

"Dame Rumor" again cast an effective thralldom about the squadron while our "bull" artists adhered servilely to their principles. Some had us on the boat a few days after our arrival at Camp No. 2; others set our departure for a specified time in the near future. The sagacious ones, however, prepared themselves as usual for the development of the reality and paid no heed to the bewildering rumors.

As it developed, we were at the Embarkation Camp for about a month, performing our various duties. A large number were assigned for work in the "mill" and thus helped "decootieize" about 40,000 homeward bound men. Others were in the headquarters as clerks, guides, inspectors, etc. The time went rapidly. Genicart was a camp of daily changes, an endless stream of men entering to be deloused and leaving for the boat. Bordeaux was only a few kilometers south and many of us made several trips there and added to our store of knowledge of French city life. Bordeaux proved a wonderful city and we counted ourselves fortunate to be given passes so frequently.

Back to the U. S. A. Again

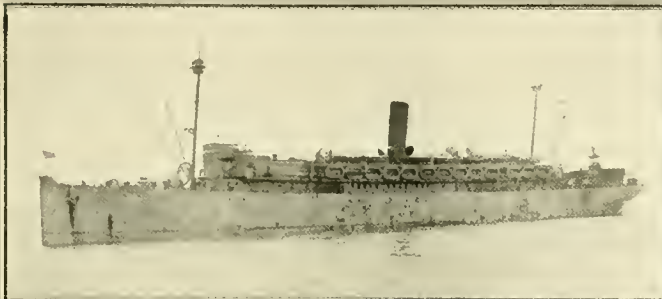
The great day arrived with a bang on May 8. We were relieved of our duties, again deloused, inspected, given emergency rations and orders for home. Never was there a busier lot of men and early on the 9th everything was in readiness to move. That afternoon we marched to the docks in a broiling sun. Our ship was the S. S. Sierra, formerly of the Oceanic Steam-



The U.S.S. Agamemnon took us over



Rolling the last pack in France -- (Genicart)



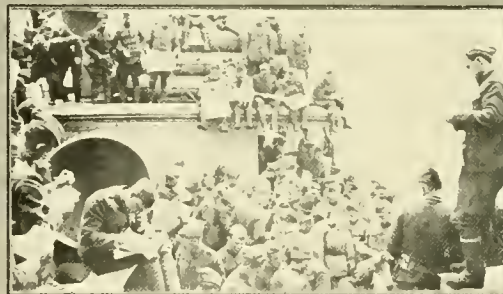
The S.S. Sierra brought us back



In one end and out thru the other



On the Sierra -- Balmy weather



New York Bay -- Real Newspapers



New York Bay, May 21, 1919



Stockwell, Norton, Burns
at Garden City

ship Co. This time we didn't mind the crowding because we had plenty of light and deck freedom. The journey lasted 13 days and was for the most part quite delightful.

To make a long story short, we landed on May 21 at Hoboken, and, after running the gauntlet of a number of Red Cross, Y. M. C. A., K. C., and J. W. B. representatives who showered us with candies, tobacco, handkerchiefs, etc., were marched aboard the ferry boat Newburgh and sailed across to Long Island City, where we took a train to Camp Mills.

What a delight to ride in an American train again; real American comfort, real American men and women at the stations. We spent the night at Camp Mills. The next morning we went through another delousing process and then marched to Garden City and entered good barracks once more. Telephones, telegraph, and the mails were kept busy connecting us with our friends. At Garden City our records were brought to their final form, our pay was computed, and by June 6 all of us had been discharged and were on our way home. The officers were discharged a few weeks later.

OFFICERS AND RANKING NON-COMS

Knutson Mc Ardle Murphy — Holz Phoebus Glynn Bolter McGovern



Varney Weisblum Lt. Snow Capt. Fritz Capt. Gain Burns Frazer

EMANUEL FRITZ, CAPTAIN
Commanding Officer

OMER O. GAIN, CAPTAIN
Medical Officer

WINTER N. SNOW, 1ST LIEUT.
Supply Officer

EBERHARDT J. BOLTER, MASTER ELECTRICIAN
(A. M.)
Chief of Hangars and Ships

IRVING B. WEISBLUM, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
Squadron Sergeant Major

EDGAR G. VARNAY, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
Post Supply Sergeant

EDWARD J. MURPHY, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
(A. M.)
Truckmaster

LLOYD H. KNUTSON, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
(A. M.)
In charge Machine Shop

EDWIN K. HOLZ, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS (A. M.)
Magneto Expert

PERCY H. PHOEBUS, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
(A. M.)
Asst. in charge Hangars

WILLIAM R. FRASER, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
(A. M.)
Asst. in charge Hangars

THOMAS L. TAYLOR, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
(A. M.)
Asst. in charge Hangars

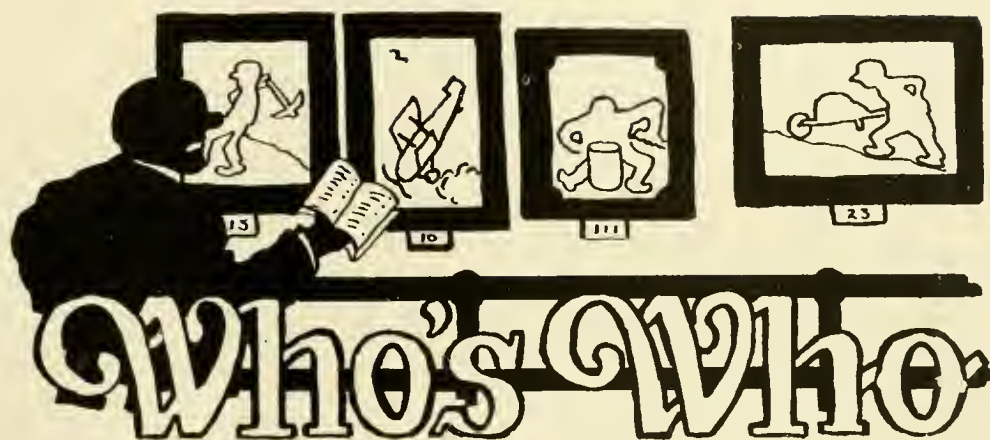
JAMES A. MCGOVERN, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
In charge Police and Maintenance Dept.

RAYMOND J. GLYNN, SERGEANT 1ST CLASS
Asst. Post Sergeant Major

CALEB L. YORK, SERGEANT
First Sergeant

JOHN B. BURNS, SERGEANT
Squadron Supply Sergeant

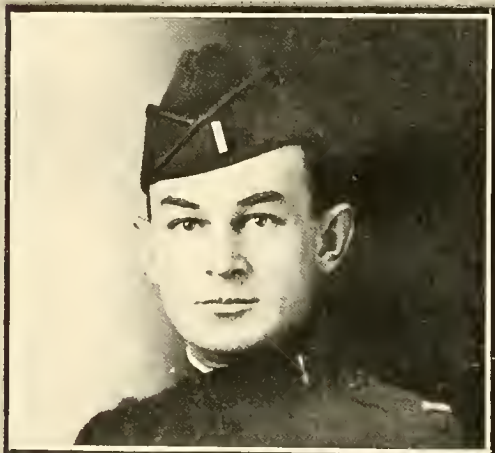
PETER F. MCA RDLE, SERGEANT
Mess Sergeant



CAPTAIN EMANUEL FRITZ



Captain Fritz.



Lieutenant Snow.



Captain Gain.

Captain Fritz took command of the Squadron at Kelly Field, Texas, on December 24, 1917, and remained with it continuously until the Squadron was demobilized, June 6, 1919. At the time of his appointment he was a First Lieutenant in the Field Artillery Reserve Corps, being subsequently transferred to the Air Service.

He has untiringly devoted all his time and efforts to the Squadron to make it a strong and efficient organization. That he was successful in this is attested by the many compliments paid the Squadron from time to time. It may be said of him that he knew each of us individually and always looked out for our welfare, comfort, equipment, and pleasure.

Captain Fritz hails from Baltimore, but plans to make his home in Berkeley, California, after his own discharge, as a member of the Faculty of the Division of Forestry, University of California.

FIRST LIEUTENANT WINTER N. SNOW

Lieut. Snow was assigned to the Squadron on December 27, 1917, at Kelly Field. He was at that time a Second Lieutenant of the Infantry Reserve Corps. He served with us until demobilization and thus served only three days less than the "Skipper". He was our Supply Officer after Lieut. Hansell left, and was also Assistant Post Supply Officer at Chatillon. His quiet, genial and gentlemanly manner made him many friends. Lieut. Snow's home is in Mars Hill, Maine. After his discharge he plans to complete his law studies at the University of Michigan.

CAPTAIN OMER O. GAIN, M. C.

Captain Gain, although not assigned as a Squadron Officer until March, 1919, was nevertheless looked upon as one of us after his arrival in Chatillon in June, 1918. As our Medical Officer he knew all our aches and pains and troubles. He was a most conscientious officer and was always on the lookout that sanitary conditions were correct. He intends, after discharge, to return to his family and practice in Dublin, Texas.

CAPTAIN JOHN M. HANSELL

Captain Hansell joined us at Kelly Field when a First Lieut. of the Infantry. He remained with us until June 24, 1918, when, at his own request, he was returned to the Infantry. However, fate willed that he drift into the Transportation Corps as a Regulating Officer. When last heard from he was at Coblenz, Germany. As Squadron Transportation Officer, he made himself many staunch friends. His home is in Tulsa, Oklahoma.

1ST LIEUT. LEO. G. MCKINLEY

Lieut. McKinley joined us in March, 1918, at Ourches, and served until January, 1918, when he was made Commanding Officer of the 89th Aero Squadron. As Squadron and Post Censor, Lieut. McKinley knew all our secrets and our hopes and desires. But he kept them to himself. His censorship was rigid but exceedingly fair. His home is in Keokuk, Iowa, where he practises law.

1ST LIEUT. FRANK E. GILLETT

Lieutenant Gillett joined us at Kelly Field in December, 1917, and remained until June 24, 1918, when, looking about for more action, he was returned to the Infantry at his own request. At Ourches he was Post Adjutant. He was able to see some real action with the 30th Infantry during the last days of the war. His home is in Alpine, Texas.

2ND LIEUT. EMMETT P. MULHOLLAND

Lieutenant Mulholland joined us at Ourches in March, 1918, and served there as Assistant Construction Officer. Being originally commissioned in the Infantry, he was restless for real action, and therefore requested to be returned to the Infantry. He left us June 24, 1918, and in October, following, he was severely wounded during an engagement in the Argonne Forest. He was still in the hospital in December, 1919, and reports that he must undergo another operation. Our regards and best wishes for a speedy and permanent recovery go out to him.

2ND LIEUT. WILLIAM B. RUGGLES

Lieutenant Ruggles joined us at Kelly Field. He was then in the Infantry Reserve Corps, and every day in the Air Service made him more impatient to get back to the Infantry and see some action. Consequently, he left us in March, 1918, but fate kept him at an

Infantry training post at the rear, and it was only toward the end of the war that he was able to see any action at the Front.

Other Officers

Among the early officers who were assigned only during the period of organization, 1st Lieut. C. G. C. Christie is the best known and served the longest—Nov. 10 to Dec. 24, 1917. He succeeded Lieut. Charles W. Marshall, who was with us from Oct. 19 to Nov. 10. Both these officers were commissioned in the Signal Reserve Corps, Aviation Section, and both were popular with the men because of their interest and efforts on behalf of the Squadron.

Capt. Robert E. Souther, M. C., accompanied us overseas, but was detached upon our arrival at Brest. He was our Medical Officer for about three weeks and during that short time endeared himself to many of us for his ability and kindly interest in our welfare.

Other officers who remained with the Squadron but a few days or weeks were:

Lieut. Bagley, S. R. C., at Kelly Field until Oct. 19.

Lieut. Lewis, I. R. C., enroute Kelly Field to Garden City.

Lieut. Little, I. R. C., enroute Kelly Field to Garden City.

Lieut. Ross, I. R. C., enroute Kelly Field to Garden City.

Lieut. Birkhead, I. R. C., enroute Kelly Field to Garden City.

Lieut. Hall, I. R. C., enroute Kelly Field to Garden City.

Lieut. Dove, I. R. C., enroute Kelly Field to Garden City.

Major McKee, M. C., Medical Officer, Ourches.

Captain Spaulding, A. S., Construction Officer, Chaptillon.



McKinley Mulholland Seifert Hansell Snow



R.M.Burns Stackhouse Galtres C.F.Smith Glynn Dolly
Byrne J.B.Burns Shannon Weisblum Terminiello



Czysy Phillips Madison C.R.Morton Reynolds
F.Paul Mc Ardle Sparks Bloom

RUELL M. BURNS

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, October 19, 1917. Age, 19 years.

A typical Bostonian, stout and good natured, possessed of a desire for music as well as for beans. Several times during his stay in France his piano playing was enjoyed by officers and enlisted men. There was something about this gentleman's personality, together with his humorous sayings, that won him many friends in France, including the fairer sex, who enjoyed his Scotch songs and impersonations. His letters from home were his greatest pleasure, while he regretted that he could not purchase his favorite drink, "Bevo". He was the Colonel's stenographer at Chatillon, and did work of the same nature at St. Andre.

ASA MATLACK STACKHOUSE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, December 8, 1917. Age, 18 years.

A confirmed booster for the Empire State. Known familiarly to Squadron members as "Stack" or "Matlack". Acquired distinction as understudy to "Honest John" of Supply affairs when John turned his efforts to literary work. For a time served in the capacity of mail orderly and survived the ordeal. Struggled hard to familiarize himself with French, and strove hard to utilize it, with variable success. Found notoriety as the hero in the "Contact" novelette "The Amour of Asa". Proud to have been a "Buck" in Uncle's aggregation, because men of the calibre of Plato and Cato the Younger were "Bucks." Anxious to return to Hamilton to resume his collegiate studies and to see "Girlic" again.

WILLIAM F. GALTES

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, November 14, 1917. Age, 20 years.

"Peck's Bad Boy"; slim of stature; long on the cats. Insisted that he worked as hard as he could with the pick and shovel at Ourches, for which he received continual call-downs. Spoke French fluently, thereby finding "homes" for himself and his friends. Acted as interpreter for the Squadron at St. Maixent, Ourches, Chatillon and Marsas. Had ability to write. Served as Associate Editor of "Contact" and of the Squadron Book. Afraid of cold weather, mud and rain. Dislikes publicity, but enjoyed the mail call. Worked in the "Information Bureau" at Chatillon, where he gave considerable time to the study of aeronautics. Had a great liking for France and hopes to return some day.

CHARLES F. SMITH

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 16, 1917. Age, 22 years.

All men make one great mistake some time during their career, and this was true in the case of "Smuck" who contracted rheumatic trouble a year too soon. Had

he waited a year he might have been favored with a discharge soon after the signing of the Armistice, but we are pleased that he miscalculated for it gave us the pleasure of his company. He was often referred to at Ourches as the "pen-pusher" with the pick and shovel, but Charles left his mark upon old Mother Earth while there. His last days in France were marked by a return to his old line, a position being given him in the office at Headquarters Detachment.

RAYMOND J. GLYNN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 3, 1917. Age, 22 years.

"Beau Brummel" is what we'd have called him if he hadn't come to us with the curtailed monnicker "Ray". Early received sergeant's chevrons through his clerical ability, and continued the good work at headquarters wherever we were stationed. A strong supporter of the "Klerks' Klub" and always in company with some of them. Ray developed a weakness for the mademoiselles of La Belle France but failed to give them the encouragement many of them would have liked. Nevertheless, a capable one-hand French parleyer. Claimed that demobilization could not come too soon, for many reasons.

JOHN A. DOLLY

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 22, 1917. Age, 22 years.

An old railroad man, whose work in the Army entitled him to the rank of "High Pvt." John, with a smile that was all his own, managed to keep warm at the orderly room fire. His ability to consistently duck the labor crew at Ourches, and for a long while at Chatillon, was due to his ability and his power to perform with the pen. The official poster of the Guard and K. P. detail. At one time acting sergeant major. Served on "Contact" editorial staff. Possesses literary promise.

PAUL J. BYRNE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 16, 1917. Age, 26 years.

Another gentleman from New York, but lacking in the "thoity-thoid" street dialect. From the time the Squadron was organized, until its demobilization, it was Paul's pleasure to entertain. At Lucy's in Ourches, at Chatillon and the "ball", in Marsas, his voice was heard. He also sang his way into the hearts of the "Maids de Lyon" when on leave. He had the degree of P. M. (powder monkey) at Ourches, where a safety tunnel was constructed. During our last days at Chatillon, he, with Ranaban, composed several parodies that were sung many times previous to our departure from that town.

JOHN B. BURNS

John appears in two pictures. His write-up is on another page.

WILLIAM J. SHANNON

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 3, 1917. Age, 22 years.

A native of Chicago and the proud possessor of many sisters and brothers. Bill's correspondence was limited to the family—too young to be allowed to roam. Quiet, wise, and very observing. Knew the ins and outs of all of us. Bill, early in the game took to clerical work, thereby ducking the pick and shovel detail. Dodged with extreme cleverness all K. P., guard, and similar detail. Never let go of his temper. A keen follower of all sports. Was the recipient of many letters, packages and newspapers. In civil life was a bank clerk and hoped he might be able to assume his former responsible position. Gives promise of a great business career.

IRVING B. WEISBLUM

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 15, 1917. Age, 19 years.

During our first days at Kelly Field, this young Brooklynite was seen wearing a suit of "civies" in the chow line. The trousers had a large hole in the seat, and a cap of bright green adorned his head. In France he spent a few of his holidays in Dijon and met a friend in the Marine Corps. As a member of the advance billeting detail to Marsas his first day was spent working hard shoveling coal. He was contented with office work and had little use for airplanes. He took pleasure in letter writing and was one of the most consistent in that respect in the Squadron. Took and successfully passed the examinations for the grade of M. E. Held down with considerable ability and tact the difficult job of sergeant major. Because of his interest and conscientiousness, had every man's record complete, correct, and up to date. Because of seniority, was also called the acting first sergeant, though he did not exercise all of the duties.

NICHOLAS TERMINIELLO

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 21 years.

Came from "Noo Yawk," as he called it, and in his youth he passed his leisure time in the vicinity of Columbus "Coicle." Was made a Corporal early in the game, and held down that rankness with considerable credit. His experiences ranged from pick and shovel details to squadron cartoonist through the various stages of grease hound, mechanic and clerk. Despite his earlier work, his hand retained all its civilian nimbleness, as the cartoons in this book, all but a few of which are his, will show. Some day we expect to see him appear on the funny pages of our Sunday papers. He was elected cartoonist for *Contact* and for the Squadron Book by unanimous vote. A good, sociable fellow, full of pleasantries, and the owner of a good sense of humor, with the added ability to express it in cartoons. "Home, my girl

Marie, and Columbus 'Coicle' for me 'toot sweet,'" says Nick.

ALEXANDER CZYSY

Entered the Army at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, October 3, 1917. Age, 25 years.

This soldier did his bit in the Army. Pick and shovel at Ourches gave Alex his first dose of real work. After that it was permanent K. P. "Fine eats, all you want 'em" was his favorite greeting to the boys as they approached him for coffee. Played poker so that he might be a good citizen—also to learn to speak English fluently. Always quiet, never offended, no matter how much we joked with him. Enjoyed singing his own melodies, something he brought with him from the "Old Country." At Marsas, when off of kitchen police, he drilled and took pleasure during spare moments in playing Russian Billiards.

JOE A. PHILLIPS

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 13, 1917. Age, 18 years.

"Ole Kaintuck" was the monicker Joe usually carried around, and if you can accept his assurance, the "Blue Grass" State is the only real God's country on the west side of the pond. So clever in the culinary art that he was awarded cook's chevrons. A true friend of all hungry or voracious members of Pershing's "Fighting Force." Lost considerable weight, due to worry, when informed of the havoc wrought by the "prohibs" in his natal state, and promised to re-enlist for foreign service unless the folks at home used better judgment and reconsidered their rashness. An authority on real "moonshine" and wanted only to return "toute de suite" to where he could loaf or work.

ALFRED S. MADISON

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 19, 1917. Age, 18 years.

"Dolly" was the name bestowed upon this Iowan, who spent practically all his time while in the Army in the kitchen, where he learned to "ball 'em out" under the supervision of the many mess sergeants. A large juvenile with rosy cheeks, who concealed the fact from everyone that he was a pianist but played his way into the heart of a mademoiselle at Marsas. "Dolly" enjoyed his one-day-on-and-one-day-off job. He wanted to fly, but flew nothing but Army chow while with us. It didn't take much to make "Dolly" blush. Intends to re-enlist and learn flying.

CLYDE R. MORTON

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 11, 1917. Age, 19 years.

"Major" was a Southern gentleman from somewhere in the Carolinas. Always used on the tough details. Anything such as carrying water made him tired. Delighted in using his strength to make short cuts, thereby earning a rest. Hated all the morning calls because back home he never had to get up in the morning. Consented to serve in the kitchen in order that we might

receive real seasoned food. Clyde extended the boys an invitation to visit his home "where you can rest, eat, and do what you want, without having to come to attention."

WILLIAM F. REYNOLDS

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 14, 1917. Age, 25 years.

If there was anyone at any time who had a desire to put on the "gloves" he would find "Red" always waiting. Had we ever been in a position where we would have been obliged to engage in a "hand to hand" combat with the Boche, Michigan no doubt would see "Red" parading with many medals. His work at Kelly Field, Garden City, and Ourches, found him in the cooking establishment, where he made a specialty of cooking flap-jacks. He worked in various departments at Chatillon, and on one occasion prepared a dainty chicken dinner for Captain Fritz, which the Captain never received.

FRANK PAUL

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, September 21, 1917. Age, 20 years.

"Cook" to us all, and ever ready to give all that the Quartermaster would allow the kitchen. Spent many weary hours learning recipes so that he could turn out cakes, cookies, biscuits, and well cooked meals. Because he served us much "corn willie" is nothing that we hold against him. Most of the K. P.'s disliked Frank because of his exactness. The Squadron as a whole was much indebted to him, both for his efforts and results. Frank was finally able to go to Italy on pass, a trip he had been trying for, for many long months.

PETER F. McARDLE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, October 16, 1917. Age, 28 years.

This gentleman was transferred into the Squadron shortly before our departure from New York, his home town. He had the misfortune of crushing his foot while at Ourches and spent a short time in the hospital at Toul, where he made the acquaintance of a few American nurses, which brought a little pleasure to his then miserable life. Was crew chief at Chatillon, and later mess sergeant. One of the top-notchers for letter writing, and gave enjoyment to many telling stories and singing comical songs. Was one of the neatest soldiers in the Squadron and posed occasionally for the camera man.

BOYD SPARKS

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 16, 1917. Age, 19 years.

A native of Kentucky and a nephew of "Dad" Crance. At various intervals he worked in the kitchen, where he rightfully belonged. Chatillon found him on the field working with the best of them. The boy was a "hum-dinger" for work and had an agreeable disposition which he wielded wheresoever he went.

FRED R. BLOOM

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 23 years.

One of the old-timers. Said to know the Army game through and through. Pleased at the thought of being able to sport two service chevrons — somewhere in Conn. Fitted solid with the mess sergeant. Claimed that the Aviation branch of the Army had too many high fliers for him; preferred the Navy for that reason. At Chatillon, he held forth upon the flying field, attending diligently to the wants of his "Sop."

EDWARD T. JULSON

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, September 21, 1917. Age, 29 years.

"A task cannot be well accomplished unless it is given considerable thought," and Edward was a firm believer in this motto. No matter what he did he always first thought very much over it. Poker was a game that he liked real well, and more than one game was delayed and not completed on scheduled time because of the fact that Julson was playing. When Heinrich, Leaming, and Edward, were on leave, Edward was the last of the trio to drink to the health of the Dutchess and shake the hand of Secretary of War, Baker. He was never known to throw francs away.

JOHN L. ALLEN

Entered the Army at Canandaigua, New York, March 6, 1918. Age, 24 years.

A salesman, both by nature and by occupation. His line was an old one, but John never lost his smile or his nerve. Held the rank of chauffeur, through ability. Spoke French "influentially" and got away with it. Had more mademoiselles on the string than any stock company. Palled around with Dowdell, another motor gas youth, a town and camp favorite. Always looked for long trips or hearse driver's job, which gave him a chance to mar the photographer's view. Made good in the Squadron as an entertainer, giving frequent impersonations of the "hicks" back home.

JAMES WHOOLEY

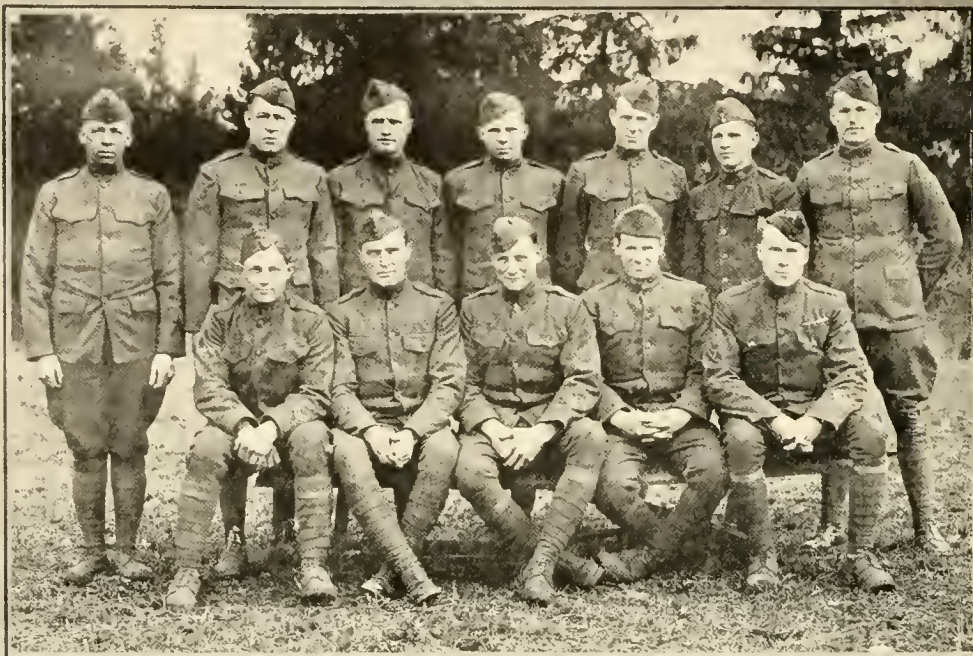
Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 2, 1917. Age, 21 years.

A chauffeur of the first quality, having held down a truck seat ever since the Squadron started active duty at Ourches. He had many interesting stories to tell about his many trips to the surrounding cities and camps. He was one of our first to visit Paris, going with his truck and spending a couple of days there. While at that city he used one of the main thoroughfares for a garage. His truck was always in commission, proving that he was a good mechanic.

MICHAEL J. DOWDELL

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, November 24, 1917. Age, 21 years.

One of the original "gas hounds" of the Squadron, a regular fellow and an excellent chauffeur. Known



Julson Allen J.L. Whooley Dowdell Murphy Coale Jones S.D.
 Stephens Hogan Thomas Norton Paine



LeBlanc Ranahan Hull Shove Williams Sherby
 Miller Roberts Rattan Tyrrell

to his friends as "Mike" or "Joe". Made sure that his hardest job would be an easy one. Quit driving the touring car because the officers insisted on making long trips. Preferred the truck for he was then sure of his meals. Never had to spend "jack", and there was always someone around to put him to bed. With his happy smile and ready supply of smokes, Joe was a true friend of the "Gimmeites".

EDWARD J. MURPHY

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 16, 1917. Age, 21 years.

"Ed" was one of the oldest and most capable non-commissioned officers in the Squadron. At Ourches he was placed in charge of the Transportation and held the same position at Chatillon. Known to be one of those "non-coms" who was always looking out for the true interest of the Transportation and its men. Always in for a good time that did not interfere with business. His trip to Germany was a purely business trip. Sure it was. Made the Transportation Department of the Squadron a strong and efficient department. "Ed" was in the King's Army and was wounded at Arras. Later he forsook the King, moved to America and a few days later enlisted in the American Army. A hard worker and a good manager.

JOHN H. COALE

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 14, 1917. Age, 18 years.

What would his neighbors in Baltimore think if they saw John Harvey traveling around the wilds of France with the assistance of crutches. It was not because of advanced age, but because he had the bad luck to sprain his ankle twice. His experiences in France were of a varied nature and he turned out satisfactory work at each place. He had a narrow escape at Ourches, where he was a tractor expert, when Lieutenant Thaw passing over in a plane knocked the steering gear off the tractor Harvey was driving, necessitating Harvey's sudden departure under the hood. Good natured and fond of children. Was a member of the firm of "Holz & Coale" in the photographic business at Chatillon. Once a student of Captain Fritz' in Baltimore. Had the pleasure of meeting his brother while at Chatillon.

SYLVESTER D. JONES

Entered the Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, September 20, 1917. Age, 22 years.

The silent man of the Transportation. A good worker, real mixer. Agreeable and friendly. A Squadron booster. Believed that everyone had a lot of good in him. Supported the "Gimmeites" and enjoyed leave parties. Availed himself of School Transportation to visit as much of France as was allowable. Held the good will of everyone and was often asked to spell the name of the town he hailed from. A tireman by trade and did vulcanizing at Chatillon. A real fellow.

WILLIAM J. STEPHENS

Entered the Army at Fort Severn, Georgia, November 10, 1917. Age, 21 years.

"Whiskers" was the first motorcycle driver in the outfit. With Ourches as his supply station, he "took in" the surrounding country. As a driver he was a "whale". While at Chatillon he stole trips to Germany, Troyes, Dijon, and other towns. Was a born mechanic, hence he never worried about motor troubles. Passed his cycle and side car for a Packard truck for the reason that life at the 2nd Corps Aeronautical School was too soft to drift far away from. Along with Murphy and Dowdell he led the life of "Reilly" at Transportation Headquarters.

WILLIAM J. HOGAN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 4, 1917. Age, 24 years.

"Chaufeur Bill" or "Hash" was with us from the start. Next to the Quartermaster "Hash" had served out more corned willie than any other mess sergeant in France. While at Kelly Field Bill sure fed us in wonderful style, but when we hit France the Q. M. hit Bill and he in turn nearly killed us. His favorite pastime was "bawling 'em out." "Treat 'em rough," said Bill, "and you have it all your own way." As a worker and good fellow there were few who had anything on him. At Kelly Field, Bill wrote to his home newspaper, also to one at Albany and one at New York City. "Over There" his acquaintances were numerous, though Bill favored the cafe waitresses. On numerous occasions he gave exhibition clog dances. While a member of the Transportation he toured France. "This experience is worth a lot to me," said Bill, "when I get home I'll call the bluff out of any of them who start shooting the bull." At Marsas, where there were no trucks to drive, Bill returned voluntarily to the kitchen, much to the delight of the mess sergeant and the Squadron and the C. O.

FREDERICK C. THOMAS

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 19, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Another so-called "baster" in our ranks, or at least "Red" Stehr called him that. Probably no member of the Squadron saw more of France, or at least under such pleasing conditions (a softly cushioned seat of a Cadillac) than did Fred. Early in his career as chauffeur he guided a truck through miles of mud, but later the touring car fell to his lot. His common excuse for being absent at reville was that he had a late trip the night before. He was one of the "Gold Dust Twins", Ted Smith being the other. Regarding his experiences at Ourches he never tired relating stories regarding the numerous wild times he spent in search of "coo-coos".

THOMAS F. NORTON

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 18, 1917. Age, 22 years.

A "bean-eater" by birth, but a "non-chauffing chauffeur" in Uncle Sam's fighting machine. A clever exponent of the staid tendencies of the city from which he hailed. Gained distinction at Ourches and extinction at Chatillon, later "coming back" stronger than previously through his able management of the Transportation Office, a job requiring beaucoup tact, necessitating so many pleasant refusals of officers' requests for unnecessary transportation. "Tom" divined quite speedily whether 'twas business or "joy ride" that actuated a request. Made the P. and M. detail famous and a pleasure, taking on weight himself through the medium of the officers' mess, unknown to them. A real supporter of the principles of Epicurus and a well liked all-around good fellow in spite of his work as editor in chief of the Squadron Book, to which office he was selected at the Squadron Smoker. He wanted to return to "civies" as soon as possible to enter politics and enjoy freedom once more.

PAUL D. PAINE

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 4, 1917. Age, 21 years.

A proud product of Chicago who had but one ambition, and that was to get home. Paul was in charge of various details, later being assigned to the Transportation. It was a pleasure for him to be the Colonel's chauffeur. This afforded Paul the opportunity to visit many interesting places in France. Oftentimes he presided at the piano. On the first night when the little French piano arrived at the "Y" tent in Ourches he was especially busy with the ivories.

CAMILLE J. LEBLANC

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, November 25, 1917. Age, 21 years.

With twenty-nine others, he was transferred into the Squadron at Chatillon, and he brought with him a fluent flow of the French language. He was with us only a short time when given a berth in the Transportation Department, where he had no trouble in making good. His services as an interpreter were appreciated, as he was responsible for the arrangement of many good times. He played cards occasionally and was successful at a game of "Hearts" which he played at a fair maiden's home in Marsas.

JOHN F. RANAHAN, JR.

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, November 25, 1917. Age, 21 years.

John F., Jr., hailed from Islip, New York, and to his town we owe many thanks for sending such a man to France. He was a prominent figure at each entertainment and song fest the Squadron had. Worked with others on the pick and shovel detail at Ourches, and later in the Transportation at Amanty and Chatillon. He, with Paul Byrne, composed several parodies that were enjoyed, especially in the parade which was held the evening before we left Chatillon. Lemonade

and milk, we are glad to state, were strong enough for "Rannie" during his time with the A. E. F.

CECIL R. HULL

Entered the Army at Fort Lawton, Washington, May 16, 1917. Age, 22 years.

"Bones" was a chauffeur for the simple reason that it gave him a seat at all times. Carried his tools in his moleskin coat so as to have them handy at any minute. Drove a touring car that was held together with rope and soap. Always on the lookout for late parties. Did very little hard work while at Ourches. Hit the trail and stuck to the water path, with a bucket. At times a frequent exhibitor of gymnastics—usually around ten p. m. The oldest soldier in point of service in present enlistment, having "joined up" April 2, 1917. Intends to re-enlist.

HARRY S. SHOVE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, December 14, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Harry joined us at Chatillon and was put to work on the field where his ability on motors allowed him to transfer into the Transportation. This department placed him on the motorcycle, where he was at his best. While there he had opportunities to pay his respects to various cities and towns, also to acquaint himself with the camp celebrities. Always anxious to receive mail in order that he might know how he stood with those back home. Retired early, so as to read newspapers and magazines and avoid mischief. Had quite a collection of sweet snapshots, of which he was very proud.

THOMAS M. WILLIAMS

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 2, 1917. Age, 26 years.

Upon entering the Army this man would roll one way as well as another, but constant exercise and Army rations soon removed some of his extra weight and he was able to make a respectable appearance. Speaking about automobiles, this man could give positive dates about almost every make. It has been his pleasure in the past to ride upon the front seat with the best of them. Motors were not new to him when he arrived for duty upon the field, and in "Chi" he will undoubtedly tell them as much about airplanes as he told some of us about autos. One fault "Uncle Tom" had was his inability to keep silence in the ranks, his greatest pleasure being that of talking.

FRANCIS J. SHERBY

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 17, 1917. Age, 23 years.

This product of the "Bay State" at one time had the distinction of being the most popular man in the outfit, as he was mail orderly and that person was always popular. But he soon graduated and during most of his stay in France held an exalted place upon the front seat of a truck, behind the wheel, from which position he was able to obtain a pretty fair view of a

considerable amount of France. While holding this high position he won his stripes, of which he was very proud. When Shierly had "Doc" Gain out on a trip he always knew that he was supposed to "step on her."

JOHN P. MILLER

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 16, 1917. Age, 23 years.

"Scotti" was as chic as they make 'em. It would break his heart if his neatness were overlooked. Was a cook at Kelly Field before the name of "can-openers" was given that delegation. When at Ourches he swung his pick with the best of them, going to work with a crease in his overalls that cut the grass. Chatillon found him on the plane, and later on the Transportation roster. Found enjoyment in preparing for inspections and learning French. Took it very much to heart when his name was not called at mail call. Was forever boasting Brooklyn and New York.

WILLIAM B. ROBERTS

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, September 29, 1917. Age, 21 years.

Most of us are satisfied now that this war is over, and much has been said about the possibilities of our being present in case of another war, but "Pepper" is of another frame of mind. He wants just one more war, and that with the Chinese. He has a particular liking for this race of people, so he told us one evening in France. This citizen from Greenpoint also had another friend, a fireman by trade, of whom he often spoke. But putting aside his enemies and the troubles they caused him, he had a few pleasures, the greatest being the day he joined the Transportation.

THOMAS E. RATTAN

Entered the Army at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, August 30, 1917. Age, 21 years.

When the name of this gentleman was mentioned we naturally thought of the large cotton fields of Texas, where Tom resided as an agriculturist. Tom played cards occasionally for pastime—and francs. Liked to talk of his work on airplanes in England, British discipline, and the difference in the mess that was placed in his mess kit at Chatillon. Upon the field his favorite ship was No. 27, and one day it became necessary for him to use a lasso to pull the ship down. He worked as a chauffeur and assisted in the kitchen at Marsas, where he did his work willingly and well.

PARK H. TYRRELL

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, November 6, 1917. Age, 18 years.

"Tid" was one of our live wires, always taking part in anything that required pep. Shortly after our arrival at St. Maixent the dampness and "Tid" did not agree, so he spent most of his time while there in the hospital, much to the advantage of those members of the Squadron who were occupying beds in the same hospital and were billed for "light diet". At Ourches

he ate with the officers and can tell the folks back home how hot apple pies were relished on the Western Front. Shakespeare was his favorite. At Marsas, and later at Genicart, he served in the capacity of Squadron presser.

IRA C. WAKEFIELD

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 6, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Ira first came into prominence when as one of "Hogan's hash hounds" he boiled radishes. As an assistant in the Supply he gained many friends by his genial and altruistic ways. At Ourches, Ira swung a pick as hard and as long as any of them, and was a star at baseball. At Chatillon, the Radio heard of how back home in Maine, Ira had been a telegraph operator, so claimed his services. Ducking Liberties and Sops got on Ira's nerve to such an extent that he was forced to take a leave. Conscientious, a hard worker, and quiet (except when someone made a disparaging remark about the Maine Central).

EDGAR G. VARNEY

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 16, 1917. Age, 24 years.

The only man in the outfit from New Hampshire. Was made famous by his winning smile and clever dances and songs. His characteristic position was running up to an incoming outfit to see if there were any New Hampshire men in the company. "Ed" was a third lieutenant, missing out on his commission because the war finished too soon. Made a successful clothing merchant in the Squadron. His greatest ambition was to work on Van Every's farm after the war. Traveled extensively while in France.

AARON COPELAND

Entered the Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, September 29, 1917. Age, 27 years.

Aaron is not a professor of languages, but he certainly should have been with his mastery of German, French, Yiddish, Arabic and English. He claims Switzerland as his former residence and had the title of "Admiral of the Swiss Navy" conferred upon him while in the A. E. F. He was a busy gentleman upon our arrival at Brest, and later at St. Maixent, parleying with the French people. At the latter place, he acted as interpreter for the laundry man. Enjoyed himself always, but especially during the Jewish holidays. Not only did he prove himself a utility man, with reference to his linguistic abilities, but also showed that he could adapt himself to many kinds of work connected with the Squadron, such as helping John Burns in the Supply, as serving as officer's orderly, doctor's assistant, etc.

RICHARD F. BEE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, October 19, 1917. Age, 28 years.

"He was as busy as a bee" could well as applied to this individual. After meeting the convoy escorts on the way to France, it was a pleasure for Dick, and



Wakefield Varney Copeland Bee
Zesinger Knowles Sennott J.B.Burns



Weeks Johnson Westby Quinn J.W.Paul
Holz Cudworth Knutson Widger

other former telegraphers, to try to read the messages that were sent from the wireless stations. This product of Medford, Massachusetts, also kept the women at Ourches busy cooking dainty meals for him, as he had been blessed with a "bon appetit." On Sundays, he occupied his time parleying with the mademoiselles of Vaucouleurs. Most of his time in the Army was spent in the Supply game, where he demonstrated his ability as a clerk. An ambitious young man, and a hustler.

WILLIAM R. ZESINGER

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 7, 1917. Age, 20 years.

Bill hails from South Bend, Indiana, and hit our squadron at Kelly Field in December, 1917, arriving from the lines at Kelly Field after doing his share of guard duty amidst the sandstorms. He fell in love with the "Top" when placed on duty at Garden City, New York, after answering sick call that morning. He spent a short time in the hospital at St. Maixent, but later enjoyed hot apple pies on the Western Front. At Ourches he received passes to Toul, Nancy, and other places of interest. At Chatillon, his ambitions turned towards aerial gunnery, and his services as aerial gunnery instructor brought him deserved promotion.

ERNEST A. KNOWLES

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 6, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Although his home is in New England, he is not the gentleman who entered the Maine woods some time ago with nothing on but his birthday suit. At Ourches, he was ill for some time, but after leaving that station he enjoyed his stay in France, and on occasions he surprised the multitude with his Biblical readings. He did good work in the Supply department at Chatillon, even though he never answered the telephone calls, and showed those in charge that he had had previous experience at that work. Another man with good ambition and energy.

HENRY P. SENNOTT

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 18, 1917. Age, 20 years.

This non-chauffing chauffeur hailed from somewhere on the Atlantic Coast. He was a type of "good soldier," due to the fact that he got his early training at Fort Slocum where he learned that it was advisable to keep his own counsel. He took delight in relating the history of the 26th Division. His work in the Squadron was pick and shovel, supply work, and as gunnery expert in the Armory. It was his good fortune to be sent to the Aerial Gunnery School at Tours. This was a vacation that pleased him. He favored the French families with his real American smile and gold tooth. At Ourches, he won a medal and almost the heart of a fair maid who sold cigars to him daily.

JOHN B. BURNS

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 17, 1917. Age, 27 years.

"Honest John" was the cognomen wished on the above subject, and no one ever assailed its appropriateness. A real genius, inasmuch as he acquitted himself of the duties of supply sergeant to the equal satisfaction of the C. O. and the men, a seeming impossibility. Had no enemies, although he argued with every man in the outfit. Was responsible for the first literary activity in the Squadron, when he published the "Daily Squeak" at Ourches, serving later on the editorial staffs of "Contact" and the Squadron Book. He got the best the Quartermaster had in the clothing line, and always knew when the Q. M. received a shipment. Passed a successful examination for grade of sergeant first class, but the vacancies expected with a change of organization did not materialize.

LEON I. WEEKS

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 20, 1917. Age, 21 years.

This gentleman was with the Squadron when we left Kelly Field and was later known in the A. E. F. as the "Iron Burner," due to the fact that he was a blacksmith and possessed an iron grip. He had the misfortune of losing some of his equipment while celebrating in one of the cars on our way to the Front. He was fond of boxing and clever at the game. On one occasion he mistook the waterbag for a man he was after and sparred with the innocent lyster bag for several moments before he realized his mistake.

OSCAR G. JOHNSON

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 5, 1917. Age, 29 years.

Oscar ranked next to "Abe" Boller when it came to receiving mail, but the out-going bags did not contain as many of Oscar's epistles as it did those from "Abe." The only cause we can think of is the fact that Oscar is a "benedict". He showed his ability as a machinist at Chatillon and was a champion at the game of billiards at Marsas where he met and defeated the best of them. Very quiet and seldom committed himself, but occasionally said, "I wish I were home."

LLOYD V. WESTBY.

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 18, 1917. Age, 19 years.

This gentleman was among the large number that were transferred into the Squadron at Kelly Field in December, 1917, shortly before we entrained for Garden City. He was one of the first men to do transportation work at Ourches, driving a truck at first and later working in the shop. At Chatillon he worked in the machine shop and through hard work increased his rating and pay. After this took place he let us know that he was prosperous and smoked nothing but cigars

when they were obtainable. M Genicart he was one of the sergeants in charge of the "cootie mill."

NICHOLAS S. QUINN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 16, 1917. Age, 26 years.

This gentleman had the distinction of having more friends than any other member of the Squadron. Through his knowledge of guns and mechanical ability he was offered a position as an inspector of arms, with a good salary and "stay-at-home" job, but turned it down in order to go to France as a soldier. He was anxious to fly, even after having been in an airplane accident, which, fortunately, resulted in no one being injured. Especially quiet, but can tell his friends of a few good times he had while in the service. During his spare time he did barbering and raked in some extra francs.

JOHN W. PAUL

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 17, 1917. Age, 25 years.

"Bill" had his trials and troubles and quit the Army a wiser boy. He was always willing and ready to get the other fellow's point of view. Bill labored with the best of them at Ourches. At Chatillon he hit the ball hard, making good in the machine shop. This certainly was his "regular line" and he seemed the most pleased man in the outfit, even though he did remark at times that he wished he was back in the Artillery. He was a movie fan, consistent letter writer, and was fond of drilling men.

EDWIN K. HOLZ

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, September 8, 1917. Age, 26 years.

This man knew motors pretty well and aided in the transportation at Ourches by his consistent supervision. Assisted in and later took charge of the magneto room at Chatillon. He played the picture game for all it was worth and during his spare moments was seen studying. Owner of numerous souvenirs, among which are many notes receivable. However, Ed is on the long end of the sheet. A man of strong moral character. Select as to friends and in the manner he spent, or held on to his money.

GEORGE T. CUDWORTH

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 15, 1917. Age, 22 years.

This product of Assonnet, Massachusetts, though young in years, tried to appear and have the wisdom of a man. At cards he would call, provided he had four of a kind. As for Iron Crosses, it was not uncommon for him to lay down fifty francs for a single specimen. And as for trips to Paris, he helped himself. "Rouge" can tell exactly what the French itch is like, as he had a little experience with it at one time. Having spent a part of his life in Boston, he enjoyed a mess of beans and allowed no one to reproach the Hub-of-the-Universe.

LLOYD H. KNUTSON

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 15, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Cozad, the home of Knutson, was never heard of by any member of the Squadron previous to our meeting "Knut." During our stay in France, the little town of Cozad was well advertised by its agent, Knut. It was his pleasure to tell how he supervised the harvesting of hay and grain, and instead of using the command "Double time" he substituted, "Come on a runnin'." He worked as a cook at Ourches, and also as mechanic in the Transportation Department. He was later in charge of the machine shop at Chatillon. Billiards and cards had a strong appeal to Knut.

JAY K. WIDGER

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 23 years.

When this man arrived at Kelly Field he selected the kitchen at his home. He knew little of the culinary art but was willing to learn. Lemon extract to flavor meat gravy was one of his first experiments in cooking. He was fond of kicking the "Top" out of the kitchen. On leaving the States, he left the "Water Burner's Union" and fell into line with the rest of us. Arriving in France, he saw a possibility of getting something more to his liking, and when the Squadron began doing service work he was again associated with his old companions, motors.

JAMES W. TRUSSELL

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, December 8, 1917. Age, 38 years.

Here is represented another man with a "Dad" prefix, who was transferred into the Squadron in August, 1918. We often thought that this soldier camouflaged his age a trifle in order to do his bit in the great war. He enjoyed his spare moments, after the signing of the armistice, in the manufacture of canes. No doubt you will see several former A. E. F. men sporting one of "Dad's" canes on Fifth Avenue. Has traveled much and is very well read. Finds pleasure in talking to the boys on motors of any kind, particularly on tractors.

IRVING ACKERMAN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, October 23, 1917. Age, 19 years.

A young New Yorker thoroughly trained in England on the motors. Entered the Squadron at Chatillon-sur-Seine. Never had been higher than a private, though he would a pilot be. Had eleven flying hours to his credit, also beaucoup francs. Was a member of the firm of Ackerman and Ladenson. This firm had a corner on their line of goods—profits anywhere from fifty to one hundred per cent; but neither member could pass at inspection. A firm advocate of permanent special duty. Had all the qualifications of an officer, excepting the bars, though these, too, has he sold.



Trussell Ackerman Warrick Yohe Cochrane
Phoebus Reifert Demmon Pilgram Jessup



Umlauf Imhoff Hicks Crance Taylor Curren
Vensky G. Allen Boller Forman Hallinan

ELVIN WARRICK

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 13, 1917. Age, 21 years.

Toledo, and neighboring towns, will hear many interesting stories from Warrick, who, in drawling tones, we believe will tell of his experiences in France. This gentleman had many narrow escapes while on the field and on furlough. He was one of our best chess-players and was fond of literature. His enlistment into the Army took him from home for the first time and he has no doubt profited a great deal by his experiences. Morally, he was the best of men, and was satisfied with coffee as a stimulant.

THOMAS F. YOHE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 17, 1917. Age, 21 years.

As a linguist, this man could not be beaten. His vocabulary contained countless new words, and as for speaking French, he was very fluent. Let it be said of Tom that although he gained the dislike of the privates at Kelly Field, he was not a bad soldier in France. His ingenuity afforded much amusement, for he constructed our first aeroplane long before we crossed the sea, and always had something original with which to entertain the boys. As a cup winner, he took first prize for "ground time," frequently getting more time on the ground than in the air. "Bum dogs" was his nickname at one time, but upon our completion of pick and shovel work at Ourches, the "dogs" came around. While residing at Chatillon, he operated an ammunition junk shop, causing his neighbors many a sleepless night, expecting to be blown into eternity every time Tom moved his barrack bag. He spent much time and effort on the pots and kettles at Marsas and Genicart.

CLARENCE E. COCHRANE

Entered the Army at Camp Travis, Texas, September 20, 1917. Age, 24 years.

Very few men of the Squadron knew that Clarence had a half interest in a "quick lunch" cafe back in Oklahoma. Cooking was an art he seldom spoke of, for he knew that at one time, had it been known that he was a skilled kitchen mechanic, he would have been assigned to do his bit in the kitchen. "The Squaw Man," as he was known to his friends, is one of those happy continually jumping individuals, forever on good terms with every man in the Squadron. Had a great liking for hard work and plenty of it. Was fond of "bunk fatigue" and his upper berth was occupied by him on an average of 14 hours a day.

PERCY H. PHOEBUS

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 4, 1917. Age, 20 years.

The largest problem any member of the A. E. F. ever had confront him, provided he knew this gentleman, was, "Who named him Percy, any way?"

Surely, although he has caused no trouble, we do not consider it an appropriate name for him. He is small in stature, but possesses an abundance of importance. We never could understand how "Petit" was placed in the second platoon with men all taller than himself. He was among the first in the Transportation. Worked on the field at Chatillon. Was a good booster for Hackettstown. An admirer of mademoiselles and soft drinks.

LAWRENCE REIFERT

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 13, 1917. Age, 20 years.

Toledo sent a man who assisted the Squadron in many ways. A fair maid of St. Germain taught this soldier to parlez vous. He did a great deal of carpentering when the camp at Ourches was being constructed, and later proved himself capable at Chatillon, assembling, aligning, and rebuilding airplanes. He was quiet, fond of literature that was instructive with regard to his daily duties. A sociable fellow and popular among the rest of the men of the outfit.

ERNEST DEMMON

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 15, 1917. Age, 20 years.

A quiet, persistent worker. Earned his two stripes and always did a good day's work without kicking. At Ourches "Dem" was to be found carting hangar beams all over the field, much to the delight of the lazy ones. During our early days upon the field at Chatillon, it was a common sight to see this soldier as he passed among the ships with his pail of "dope," leaving his mark upon every plane before he left. Learned construction of planes thoroughly, and took an interest in his work.

HENRY W. PILGRAM

Entered the Army at Camp Dodge, Iowa, September 21, 1917. Age, 21 years.

When we think back to the evening previous to our departure from Garden City, and the wrestling matches held at the barracks, we think of "Pill," who met and floored all who came his way. He worked hard, with never a complaint, at Ourches, on the excavating and construction of the hangars. He was fond of good times and anxious to make friends, which he had no trouble in accomplishing, as he was one of the most popular fellows in the outfit. At Chatillon, he worked in the Engineering and Repair Department, and by conscientious work gained his stripes.

CLIFFORD JESSUP

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, August 12, 1917. Age, 23 years.

Whether this gentleman was the same quiet individual back in Iowa, or whether the horrors of war were the cause of his silence, is not known. But we have applied to "Jess" the saying, "By their deeds ye shall know them," and can say that he always did his work well,

regardless of what his duties were. He worked as a carpenter in the construction of the camp at Ourches, and later in the E. & R. shop at Chatillon. He is fond of his good times, and enjoyed more than one while in France. He is an authority on airplane propellers.

ALFRED UMLAUF

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 31 years.

"Al," as he was known, showed the boys that he had the goods. His work at Kelly Field in the kitchen and at various places in France always met with the favor of all. At Kelly Field he started a small bonfire in his tent one nice summer evening and was given an unexpected shower bath by a man who acted as fireman. He was a good mechanic, carpenter, and a painter of no mean ability. His work was an asset to the Squadron. "Al" was one of those fellows who always favored prohibition.

JAMES F. IMHOFF

Entered the Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, November 6, 1917. Age, 29 years.

"Jim," as he was known in the A. E. F., possessed many good traits, among which we may mention that he was a conscientious worker. He was always on the job around the barracks, but no matter how busy always found time to listen to news that the war would soon end, while after the signing of the Armistice he welcomed "going home" news. He was a constant patron of the movies and other entertainments, and made many calls at the "Y"—especially when there were any female canteen workers present. He almost won the heart of one of the fairer sex in Chatillon.

ROY L. HICKS

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 14, 1917. Age, 19 years.

The boy with the "mean left." Worked in all of the several occupations in the Squadron. At Garden City, for some misdemeanor, Roy was detailed to wash the barracks windows, also to do the same going over on the boat. As there were no windows to be washed on the boat, Roy felt as though he was "putting something over." Liked whatever he was told to do, for no matter how mean a job it was Roy always found something funny about it. Took great enjoyment in sports. Believed in open criticism and shunned all non-coms. Was first in mess line and first for seconds, always.

BOYD CRANCE

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 16, 1917. Age, 38 years.

"Dad" to the boys. "Handy man" to the orderly room. Barber when broke. Downtown student of French when hungry. An authority on the history of Kentucky and railroading. Believed that the people

back home committed a sin against the A. E. F. by placing the U. S. on a "bone dry" basis. Claimed that this impediment to one's rights might easily be overcome by a little nerve. Always a hard worker. Hated all non-coms; wouldn't be one if he could. Liked inspection, as it afforded him an opportunity to show up.

THOMAS L. TAYLOR

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 14, 1917. Age, 22 years.

The town of Colby, Kansas, sent a good representative when they sent "Tom," who became a member of the 639th Aero Squadron at Kelly Field shortly before our departure for "Over There." After our arrival at Saint Maixent, "Tom" worried considerably for fear that the Squadron would never do service, and that he would be S. O. L. His quiet attitude and willingness to help others won him many friends. No doubt he will tell his friends back home how he won a leather medal in a sleeping contest at Ourches; also of the enjoyment derived from buying and smoking cigarettes in France—things that he cannot do at home.

ERNEST CURREN

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 11, 1917. Age, 20 years.

An artist of nature, surrounded by beautiful French models. Who could ask for more? Such was the pitiful lot of Ernest when he came to France to fight for home and liberty. Nevertheless, he made the best of it and saw a thing or two. Long hikes to him were nothing, and undoubtedly he saw much of interest while away. As to sleep, this man was a past master at that art; "Early to bed and late to rise" was his motto. His artistic abilities gained him popularity as a brass shell decorator, and it was a common sight to see him drawing designs for his friends to pound out. He once won a watch in a raffle, which was more luck than most of us could boast of. He was the original inventor of the bunk cabinet for the head of one's bunk, this being copied by his comrades who built like conveniences.

GUSTAV VENZKE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, November 21, 1917. Age, 27 years.

The smallest man in the outfit, and transferred into the Squadron from the 229th Aero Squadron at Garden City shortly before our departure from that station. He gained some publicity after the first publication of "Contact," as "Battler" was advertised as one of our top-notch pugilists. It was "Battler" who sang the first song at the Squadron Smoker and surprised the audience with his melodious baritone. He was always in trouble when it came to getting anything like a correct fit in the clothing line. "I'm Tying the Leaves so They Won't Come Down" was sung by Venzke with great success before a large and appreciative audience one night in February.

GEORGE C. ALLEN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, December 15, 1917. Age, 28 years.

George was ever willing and ready to listen to anyone's complaints, and was very sympathetic. These qualities have enabled this soldier to enjoy his life in the Army. At Chatillon, he favored the "Y" during Miss Mann's presence. Worked on the field during our entire stay at the 2nd Corps Aeronautical School, where he "picked up" a great deal of experience on the Liberty motors. A good mixer. Never enjoyed his sojourns in the kitchen, but made the most of them, as he was anxious to put on a few extra pounds.

EBERHART J. BOLLER

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 2, 1917. Age, 24 years.

"Abe" proved himself a soldier, but not a sailor; during our voyage from Hoboken to France he spent many a sleepless night. One commodity that cost "Abe" considerable francs in France was stationery. It was his daily duty to correspond with some fair maiden in the vicinity of Wausau. He undoubtedly can give the mail service of the A. E. F. a boost by presenting his statistics. His cackling laugh was appropriate, especially when we were quartered in billets at Ourches and Marsas. Due to training and ability, this man won the coveted M. E. berth in our Squadron—something we were all glad to see him win. Although not possessing a remarkable voice, he enjoyed singing "K-K-K-Katie."

LOUIS FORMAN

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, November 16, 1917. Age, 18 years.

Though Louis never put the steel into a "Hum," he had his troubles with barbed wire entanglements, going over the top quite often. While at Ourches, he labored all day with the pick and shovel and favored our little tramway with beaucoup overtime. This, the soldier claimed, was worth what he had enjoyed. At Chatillon, as a member of the Top Kick's squad, he sure beat the Army. An elegant speaker on the charms of the Pacific Coast, though he did not hail from there. A continual smile, a frozen hand, and a flowery tongue.

WALTER HALLINAN

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, October 8, 1917. Age, 23 years.

"Butts" was so quiet that his presence was overlooked by many. Never a growl or dissenting word from Walter. At Ourches, with the pick and shovel brigade he did more than his bit, and was usually to be found on the heavy end of a job "rearing to go." In charge of Barracks No. 6 at Chatillon, Walter worked hard at all times, so that his "charge" was always prepared for inspection. Forever anxious to obtain newspapers, so that he could follow the doings of his three brothers who were in khaki.

FRANK E. FRANEK

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, September 17, 1917. Age, 22 years.

When Chicago sent this man to the Army little did she realize to what extent she was about to impose upon that organization. Nevertheless, we were made aware of the fact that he had entered the Service, for he settled in our midst. We often thought that things must be rather quiet back home with him away, as his powers of speech were continually receiving training. Upon the flying field his frequent call for "a little help on 16" became a by-word, and he was not speechless upon the day when he found his best russet shoes, which he had taken to the hangar to be cleaned, filled with soft soap and graphite. Often upon his return from town just previous to taps being blown, his voice would rise above all others in the barracks as he gave vent to his "hot dog" yell and acclaimed to all who might listen regarding the wonders of "Chi."

EDWARD J. KENNEDY

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, September 22, 1917. Age, 26 years.

No doubt the Commanding Officer looked up this man's record, as Edward was one of those selected to do M. P. duty at Ourches. This gentleman will undoubtedly hold many an interested audience in "Chi" telling of the trench life and his "Nieuport" on the Western Front. "Tiny" was not an appropriate name for a man of his size, but he was probably christened thus because of his splendid attendance at sick call. On November 11 he was among the first of the 639th Squadron to let Chatillon know that we had received the good news and were going to celebrate the victory. Cheerful rumors were welcomed by him at all times.

CALEB L. YORK

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 11, 1917. Age, 21 years.

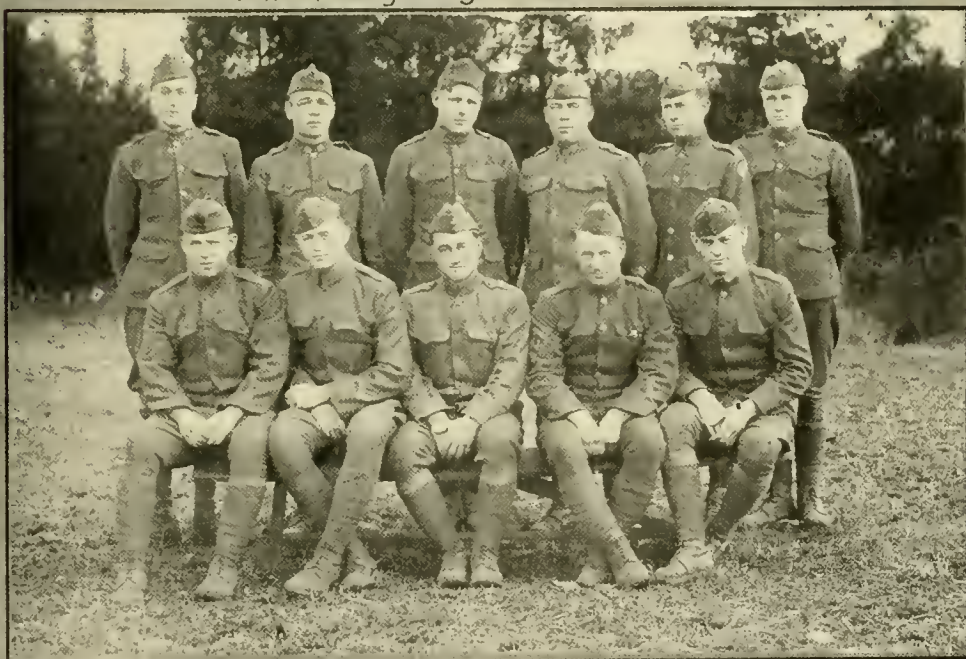
A "Hoosier" by birth, but anything but that in the literal sense of the word. Earned his nickname as "Screw-driver" at Ourches because he dropped one of those articles into the differential gear while repairing a camion, and then forgot to remove it. Rendered excellent services in the capacity of chauffeur, airplane crew chief, and lastly, as Top Kick. Possesses a bear of a voice for that job and made the most popular and the most useful Top Sergeant the outfit ever had—a man among men. Is a wonderful entertainer, and was the village cut-up back in Silverwood, Indiana. Spent several years at Purdue to satisfy his ambition to become a veterinary. Accomplished beaucoup with the Frog lingo, but always remembered the "girl he left behind." Belonged to the category who could not hid "au revoir" to the khaki too soon.

JAMES J. KLEMA

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, October 26, 1917. Age, 22 years.



Franek Kennedy York Klema Pavlik
 Waddell Fugleberg Fraser Judeikis



Millett Schultz Armstrong Van Every Morris Barrans
 McGovern, RRMorton Parks Whitworth Redman

Little did "Jay Jay" think when he left Cicero with his cards, "J. J. Kloma, After the Kaiser," that he would be taken a prisoner in the Battle of Chatillon on the day the Armistice was signed. However, he was not detained long by the "Germans." J. J. was down to weight shortly after our arrival at Ourches, the cause of which is still a mystery in many minds. He was entertained by friends in Pagny-sur-Meuse, and entertained the Squadron by rendering vocal selections on several different occasions at Chatillon. He also possessed the talent of a poet.

FRANK PAVLIK

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, September 18, 1917. Age, 23 years.

"Pav" was one of the best soldiers in the outfit. When nature endowed that soldier with the shoulders she did it was done for a purpose, said purpose being to be assigned to nearly all the heavy details. Quiet, unassuming, and willing to do whatever he was told. Pick, shovel, and wheelbarrows helped to put him in condition for the hard labor at Chatillon. There he labored on the field and did good work. Hailed from Chicago, and was more than anxious to return there.

CHARLES F. WADDELL

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 5, 1917. Age, 29 years.

Another Chicagoan, and like a few more of our old-timers, had the moniker "Dad" conferred upon him while in the Army. Shortly previous to our departure from Garden City, New York, this gentleman was very sick and for a day or two it was doubtful whether or not he would be able to make the trip with us. Although the Squadron was held in quarantine at St. Maixent, "Dan McCarthy" saw a good portion of the city. Ourches saw him as a tractor expert, while at Chatillon he was chief of one of the hangars. In the parade in Chatillon "Dad" held down the pilot's seat in the mounted fuselage. He expected to re-enlist.

PAUL FUGLEBURG

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, November 22, 1917. Age, 19 years.

Here we have before us one of the firm of Connor & Fugleburg, souvenir manufacturers and distributors. Speaking of persons with extensive linguistic abilities, this man on occasions had them all beat. He could give more details concerning percentages than any mathematician. Regarding the making of bunks, he had us all beat; about three swings and a couple of jabs and his blankets were spread and tucked, ready for his later return and a good night's sleep. Although a mechanic on the field, this young man could doll up in a tailored uniform, cap placed jauntily upon one ear, go to town, and win a salute from any rookie. Cannot be convinced that the M. P.'s won the war.

WILLIAM R. FRASER

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 6, 1917. Age, 29 years.

One of the hardest working boys in the outfit. Willing to entertain at all times, even if he had to eat glass to do so. Famous for his capacity and ability to eat glass. A soldier who had received the full reward for his work. Had seen active service in the kitchen at Kelly Field, St. Maixent, and Ourches. One of the only three real cooks in the outfit. (Made fine cakes.) Opposed to prohibition and made arrangements to go to Kentucky with "Dad" Crance. Had the knack of finding a "home" and holding on to it while in France. Built and flew an airplane in Canada, and, therefore, joined the Air Service soon after war was declared.

CONSTANTINE G. JUDEIKIS

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 2, 1917. Age, 27 years.

It is a saying that "large bodies move slowly," but this cannot be truthfully applied to Constantine. Many who worked with him in the excavating game at Ourches often remarked that he did more than his share. His pick was busy from morning till night. While there the non-coms did not have to inform him that each swing meant one more knock on the Kaiser's head. He was always contented and often remarked that any place he hung his hat was "Home Sweet Home" to him. He always wore his overseas cap tilted to one side like many other "reckless aviators," and practised the French custom of economy always. Quite often, when many were borrowing francs and sous, this gentleman was flush with them.

REGINALD C. MILLETT

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 16, 1917. Age, 19 years.

This elongated specimen of humanity first saw light in Boston, which city he will always claim for his residence. Varied have been his experiences since entering the Service, especially so in France. He can never be forgiven by a few for the night he piloted the weary guard relief over the hills at Ourches amid a roar of big guns, and finally landed them upon the banks of the Mense before he became wise as to his whereabouts. At Amanty, as supervisor of the Squadron details, he also had his troubles. All the French maids fell for Reggie and the rats liked him so well that they ate his clothing, necessitating a visit to the Belgian girls for repairs. "Stringbean" was his Army nickname.

LAWRENCE E. SCHULTZ

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 13, 1917. Age, 28 years.

An authority on the steam engine. He took delight in explaining the advantages of the American-made locomotive over those of foreign countries. When put on any kind of technical job, it would take him but

a short time to master it. Was fond of relating his past accomplishments. Spent much time in studying motors, as he was of the opinion that the future of the automobile would be promising. Was well versed on all labor problems and often remarked that "he was sorry he did not attend Officers' Training Camp."

GEORGE E. ARMSTRONG

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 25, 1917. Age, 17 years.

Ability, dormant. There were few jobs in the Army that appealed to George. He never lost a pound in weight, as he knew the combination to every mess hall and availed himself of the same. He broke more pick, shovel, and rake handles than any other man in the outfit. There were only two calls that appealed to George—pay and mess calls—and he always took special care to be present, fearing that somebody might get something on him. Felt that his vacation in the Army built him up, and after the signing of the Armistice, anxiously awaited the homeward bound transport.

RIPLEY VAN EVERY

Entered the Army at Camp Lewis, Washington, November 5, 1917. Age, 29 years.

Gained prominence in the Squadron at Chatillon through his promotion and subsequent article in "Contact." Continually wore a smile, and, although a trifle phlegmatic, did his work well. He possessed the mildest disposition of any man in the outfit. "Rip" or "Van" hailed from Rupert, Idaho, to which place he was affectionately attached. He often promised that he would give anyone a job on his farm, and this strongly appealed to Sergeant Varney. Rip proved to be a banker of exceptional promise.

FORREST L. MORRIS

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 13, 1917. Age, 26 years.

Music hath its charms, and so had Morris. He was one of the most agreeable men in the Squadron and an exceptionally good bugler, for which we had a just right to be proud of him. On state occasions, his notes did justice to the event. Filled in, in several of the most important positions in the Squadron. Was a previous Service man, whose training proved to be of advantage to many. Believed that he had worn the khaki long enough and wanted to get back to railroad-ing. Was a consistent worker for the best interests of the Squadron.

WILLIAM T. BARRANS

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 27, 1917. Age, 22 years.

School teachers are usually of a retiring nature, and this was true of Bill. One of his greatest pleasures while in Chatillon was that of retiring to his upstairs bunk and indulging in a period of reading or writing. This individual was also somewhat of an electrician,

but was not popular as such among the boys, because he occasionally got his wires mixed, resulting in darkness for the rest of us until fuses could be located. Had ambition to be a pilot. In speaking of the most exciting incidents in his Army career, he told of the night he had spent on the upper deck of the Agamemnon when the lifeboats dipped in the sea and caps were of necessity placed over the smokestacks to prevent the water from running down them and putting the furnaces out.

JAMES A. MCGOVERN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 17, 1917. Age, 19 years.

"Commander-in-Chief" of the Police and Maintenance. He was also the non-commissioned officer in charge of the wood detail at Ourches. "Mac" was by nature a man's man. He could kid them when necessary and "bawl 'em out" when circumstances warranted it. Always produced. The men enjoyed working under him, for when the job was finished one could quit, a rare quality in a non-commissioned officer. His one hope was to get back to "Bean Town" and see his own. He did not like France or French fires, but was always happy and ready to entertain. He was among the lucky ones in obtaining a "home" at Ourches.

RUSH R. MORTON

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 19, 1917. Age, 19 years.

"Soldier" was without doubt one of the most capable mechanics in the Squadron. His retiring disposition had allowed many to wear that to which Rush was justly entitled. This young man never complained, feeling that we were there to do our bit. If we got credit, all right; if we were overlooked, our conscience was in no way troubled. Always wore a happy smile which did justice to his pearl-white teeth. Rush had the credit of being on good terms with every man in the outfit.

JOSEPH J. PARKS

Entered the Army at Fort Douglass, Utah, November 1, 1917. Age, 26 years.

Joe's ability to handle the pick brought forth the interesting fact that he had been a miner out in the Butte district. This experience proved of value to him at Ourches, where for many long weeks we labored with such tools. A very quiet fellow and always ready to work. During his time off, he took pleasure in reading and taking long walks. Had many friends in the Squadron.

HENRY W. WHITWORTH

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 20 years.

A man of artistic nature. Handy with the brush when it came to decorating some object like a fuselage. Especially so regarding the one we drew through the streets of Chatillon on our last night there. As to his mechanical ability upon the field, he was proud of his

"A. R." and when the Liberty planes began to arrive he lost no time in getting one of them, that he might become acquainted with the mechanism of the motor at once.

GUY W. REDMAN

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 28, 1917. Age, 21 years.

It was well that France had a good supply of mirrors for sale while we were there, for without them this "guy" would never have been contented. Owing to the large supply, it was possible for "Red" to have one. He availed himself of the opportunity to look at his pleasant countenance frequently. He was among the "can-opener crew" at one time at Ourches, and later at Chatillon, where he also worked on the field and rendered good service. During his spare time he enjoyed boxing and ranked among the best in the Squadron.

VITO BUONO

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, September 23, 1917. Age, 23 years.

Just because this gentleman was commonly seen at Ourches with a hatchet and level, and was known there as the "level man," did not signify that he was a weakling and could not do manual labor. This he proved to many one day when he carried a four hundred-pound stone upon his shoulders, resembling the Atlas of old. At Chatillon he had the misfortune of losing a pair of breeches, and when "first call" sounded his cry of "Who stolla da britch" met with no response. The fact that General Orders would not permit him to visit friends in Italy peeved him, as he told us on several occasions.

HARRY M. WITTEBORN

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 24 years.

This man gained distinction on our ship across the sea as boxing match referee, and when the "battle royal" among the colored gentlemen was pulled off his job was a scientific one. As a rock excavator he had experience and undoubtedly could make good in the mining regions as a contractor. His ambitions, however, were realized when he was assigned to motor work at Amanty, and later at Chatillon. Old No. 1 plane was his pride and joy; also, its section chief was a personal friend. Harry will never forget the days he spent as section chief, grooming No. 48 after her daily bath in castor oil; nor will he soon forget his comfortable shock-absorber bed near the stove.

HERMAN HEINRICH

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, November 14, 1917. Age, 23 years.

A first-class tailor was Herman. The only return for his labors which he required was plenty of cash. Delighted in making the boys wait a week for their

best suit. Never a hard day's work did this native of Roumania do. Always plied the needle. Kept over half the receipts, turning the remainder over the Squadron fund. With his leaves and special religious holidays he had the Army beat. Didn't care whether the war lasted ten years or less. Spoke enough French and English to get by. Forever talked about cats, new styles, and San Francisco. Unconsciously, an entertainer of no mean ability.

WILFORD THOMPSON

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, May 4, 1917. Age, 20 years.

If we ever desired advice as to how farming was done in Michigan, this gentleman was consulted. He was one of the oldest in point of service in the Squadron and made good on the field, having had considerable experience on airplanes in England. It was his ambition to become a pilot. He spent several hours in the air and could tell some interesting tales regarding forced landings. He told us stories of France that we enjoyed very much. Enjoyed playing cards occasionally.

MORRIS ROLLO

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, October 8, 1917. Age, 23 years.

Morris hailed from Brooklyn, where early in life he accustomed himself to hard work and plenty of it. In the Army he worked hard. While at Garden City this future non-com went A. W. O. L., a thing he never regretted as he saw all his folks and those to be. Did penance for this act while crossing the pond. Was a leader at Ourches and Chatillon. Ambitious to learn motors, at which he made good. Enjoyed smoking and reading matter, especially mail. A member of the Brooklyn Club. Famous for his well developed muscles.

SAM RECCHIA

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, September 10, 1917. Age, 22 years.

A "Siamese" twin brother to Bluestein, and had the same misfortune as Buono, being unable to visit his friends in Italy. Sam was among the fortunate ones, however, at Ourches, in getting a home, and he readily grasped the lingo, which later helped him in parleying at Chatillon where he had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of several mademoiselles of that city. No doubt Sam gave the French people a good impression of the American soldier.

EDWARD A. JAGGLE

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 3, 1917. Age, 22 years.

A product of Chicago, the home of our one constant companion "Willie" (alias "corned willie"). This stationary chauffeur was once a pick and shovel artist, but claimed to know more about motors than the mere crude implements of torture. He was given a chance



Buono
Rollo

Witteborn
Recchia

Heinrich
Jaggle

Thompson
Stockwell



Webster Segar
Moncur Stehr

Crane

Wolff

Dahle

Lent

to prove his abilities by being given the position of stationary chauffeur on a Sop. This high position was attained by close application and hard work. Nevertheless, everyone has his failings, and among Edward's was that of rising at first call. To be sure, he possessed a shock-absorber and that accounted for many evils along this line.

CHELLIS W. STOCKWELL

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 18, 1917. Age, 30 years.

Too sedate to merit a décolleté monniker. A good fellow. A demon for punishment in the form of work, but assimilated it well. Early accepted his nomination to the ranks of N. C. O.'s. Saw a motor for the first time at Chatillon, and left there having learned many of the faults of "Frog" motors. Elected to the board of editors of the Squadron Book, rendering yeoman service in this capacity. Failed to weaken in favor of France's charms, waiting only for the restoration of his own individuality in "God's Country." Was at Amherst College for several years learning about bugs and every known species of insect. Also occupied some of his time at Marsas gathering "rare" specimens with the village curate.

RAY WEBSTER

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, December 8, 1917. Age, 25 years.

This man found recreation with the cards, being present at frequent games where he had more or less luck. As a mechanic "Dan" was "there", in proof of which it can be said that he spent no less than three weeks in pounding out a ring from a five-franc piece. One day while escorting a plane in from the field, he was thrown from the wing, but soon pulled himself up out of the mud none the worse for his experience. Upon the foot of his bunk in the barracks at Chatillon, some kind individual left a blouse containing "beaucoup" francs one evening, but it remained safely there until the following day when the owner arrived in search of it.

JOHN SEGAR

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, October 30, 1917. Age, 31 years.

A cigarmaker in civil life, and was fond of tobacco in any form during his time with the colors. He was even known to borrow francs to satisfy this desire. As a worker, John recognized no superiors. From his first day in the Army, this soldier always pitched into it without ever having to be told. Never did he receive a call down for laying down on the job. He was known to many as "Godfather" because of his kindness on numerous occasions. At Chatillon he took great pleasure in working on the planes. He enjoyed his smoke along with a game of penny-ante.

JOSEPH M. CRANE

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, November 24, 1917. Age, 19 years.

When the good Lord put this specimen on this broad earth he forgot something. Ambition was the forgotten ingredient, and for that reason this Iowan has been struggling through life, particularly the Army, endeavoring to dodge work wherever possible, and meeting with considerable success. Nevertheless, he is blessed with a good nature which covers a multitude of sins, and was never known to get mad (even on the night when he claimed his mattress of tin cans). Of lady correspondents he could boast many, and among his letters were to be found many of more than usual interest; in fact, he was never backward in flashing a particularly good one for the boys' approval.

VIGGO S. DAHLE

Entered the Army at Camp Dodge, Iowa, September 19, 1917. Age, 22 years.

As a minister's son this man fooled us by being an exceptionally quiet and moral young man. He liked to sing, but found it difficult to get anyone to harmonize with him. He had some ability as a writer, confining himself mostly to writing poetry. Arrived in France with the 376th Aero Squadron, was transferred to the 639th Squadron in August, 1918, and contributed to the Squadron's success by his careful and steady work. At Chatillon he slept near the bulletin board, where it was possible for him to lie upon his bunk and watch for the new guard and K. P. lists. We predict for him a great career as a poet.

JAMES E. MONCUR

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, November 10, 1917. Age, 20 years.

A representative of "Limy Land," but too good natured to take offense at any remark passed regarding the matter. One of his favorite pastimes was that of pestering his friend George, who declared that if the "limey" didn't leave him alone he (Moncur) would knock him for a row of "battleships". Whenever seen upon the street of Chatillon, he was always alone, unless accompanied by a mademoiselle, of whom he knew many about town. A kodak he also usually had along to snap all things of interest.

HERMAN H. STEHR

Entered the Army at Camp Grant, Illinois, October 2, 1917. Age, 21 years.

"Herman, the sausage maker," hailed from the Middle West and challenged all comers who had anything to say against Wisconsin. He was always well to the front of the mess line, in order that he might ring in for seconds. One of "Red's" greatest pleasures was that of sitting on the end of his upstairs bunk, allowing his muddy shoes to protrude out into the aisle that they might be cleaned upon the clothes of the unsuspecting passersby. At Ourches, his bunk beside the canteen was very handy to the supply of chocolate and canned goods. One night he barely escaped a shower bath from the bunk above. Those were the happy days.

ADOLPH A. WOLFF

Entered the Army at Newark, New Jersey, April 18, 1918. Age, 23 years.

Rough in name but very gentle in manners. Insisted that before entering our midst he was "Top Kick" in another outfit. Always managed to keep clean, no matter how dirty the work he was given to do. Not a lover of mechanical work, but preferred the Supply game, as it offered him a chance to pass out bullet punctured uniforms for dirty and torn clothes. He also enjoyed passing out number eleven stockings to men desiring number nines. As a society man he mingled with the select; in fact, the wealthy jeweler at Chatillon opened his home to him. As a singer, Adolph held some distinction, favoring us on many occasions with melodies familiar in years gone by.

EDWARD P. LENT

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, October 12, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Edward, who hailed from Virginia, was a strong admirer of tobacco. No doubt back in Virginia he helped himself to the weed in the tobacco fields and acquired the habit at an early age. It was his hobby, while with the Squadron in France, to get up about 3:00 a. m. and extract a Piedmont from his pill box, take a few inhalations, and then return to slumberland. He was neat in appearance and did his work well upon the field. He had the misfortune of missing a returning truck from Troyes while there on a week-end trip, and was obliged to spend the night in a French bed in that city.

ALEXANDER R. WALSH

Entered the Army at White Bear Lake, Minnesota, April 13, 1918. Age, 26 years.

His most characteristic position: reading letters from his wife or writing to her. Known as "Judge" to some of his friends. Joined the Squadron in August, 1918, and labored for many months in the Radio Department; then later in the Personnel Office at Genicart. Swore that he would re-enlist and soldier for the rest of his life. His greatest ambition while in the A. E. F. was to see his wife. His sobriety and perseverance gained a promotion. Took a great liking to good meals and a good place to rest. Because of his distinguished appearance as he sat behind his desk, he drew many salutes from students asking for information.

CHARLES HOLDERMAN

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, December 7, 1917. Age, 29 years.

Charlie was a plugger. Made good upon the field. Those who knew of his ability knew he would make good. Never known to talk, criticize, or snore. Agreeable and ready to assist in the repairing of motors. His specialty was motor repair work, at which he was a "corker". Enjoyed his long sojourn on the field as he was working around the Liberty motor. Had much to

tell about his experiences while on duty in the "cootie" mill at Genicart.

JOSEPH H. HICK

Entered the Army at Saint Cloud, Minnesota, April 8, 1918. Age, 24 years.

Formerly a member of the 376th Aero Squadron. Joe was transferred into our Squadron in August, 1918. Received his first mechanical training in the first Government Training School at the University of Pittsburgh. Always the same, morning, noon and night, with a ready smile and a cheerful answer. Liked by all but his enemies and we don't think he had any. Had an exceptional life in France, saving his pleasures for his return to civil life. Had all the virtues and very few of the vices to which we are prone. Was an expert picture salesman.

EARL SLABOM

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, November 7, 1917. Age, 18 years.

"Legs," as this New Yorker was generally termed, was born with humor and a grin, both of which he retained, to the amusement of the boys. His wit was original and good, which, when accompanied by his grin, brought us back to the vaudeville such as the U. S. alone can produce. While at Chatillon he was assigned to Hangar No. 13, being located near Buncy. Somewhere around eleven o'clock this young man would start from the field in order to get up an appetite for dinner. He certainly is to be credited with beaucoup bunk fatigue. Likes to play baseball. Tallest man in the Squadron.

ALVIN J. ROESCH

Entered the Army at Ada, Minnesota, April 8, 1918. Age, 24 years.

A former member of the 376th. Joined us at Chatillon. Here he worked on the field and was a pretty good man on motors. Sops and Liberties were his specialty. He went on leave once and returned with stories enough to fill a book. Regretted the fact that he overlooked the Officers' Training Camp. When the next war comes Alvin intends, with his experience, to wear beaucoup bars.

CARL MCCOLPIN

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, December 9, 1917. Age, 22 years.

"Mac" was such a quiet unassuming chap that one found it hard to get his history. Found great enjoyment in reading and smoking his very old pipe. Worked like a Trojan and was a good team-mate for any man. Hailed from Los Angeles and was won to the country west of the Rockies. Couldn't see where France ever earned the title of "Sunny" France. "Mac" was ambitious to learn all he could about the Liberty motor, as he intended to operate a garage with his brother on his return to the States.



Walsh Holderman Hick Slabom Roesch McColpin
Dube Adair Berdan Gilfoy



Ladenson Greim Zebian D.R. Jones Davis
Leaming Wagner Stickler Stone

CHARLES S. DUBE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, December 7, 1917. Age, 29 years.

The man of all trades. If it wasn't repairing barracks roofs, it was fixing the supply room or sharpening saws, after which he would repair our shoes for five francs. Busily occupied at all times. He enlisted as a chauffeur. Out-spokenness had its reward, but Dube had his opinions. Up at 4:30 every morning. Insisted that everyone else arise so as to be in time for reveille. No more Army for Charlie; going to be married, so as to evade the next war.

JOHN W. ADAIR

Entered the Army at Elk River, Minnesota, April 8, 1918. Age, 25 years.

Adair came from an agricultural country and was as slow as the slowest of them. At Chatillon, for a while, he held the position of Squadron barber. A consistent patron of the "down town" lunch-outs. Never enjoyed hard work. Always fought for a place at the head of the clog line; also favored the camera. Union Labor man at all times. At Genicart he found a "reel" continuous vaudeville show at his place of work—the mill.

FRANK BERDAN

Entered the Army at Granite Falls, Minnesota, April 9, 1918. Age, 29 years.

Frank was a hard worker at all times. On the field his time was spent studying airplane motors, at which occupation he accomplished much. His favorite pastime was washing clothes. Always a neat and ready soldier. Would not argue. Rarely talked. Believed that if he retired at nine o'clock everyone else ought to do likewise. A volunteer, from guard to K. P. There were very few men like Frank. Orated on the smoke and joys of Pittsburg where he attended the motor mechanics school.

JOHN T. GILFOY

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, December 9, 1917. Age, 24 years.

The man who has been all over the world. His home was anywhere he hung his hat, but before the war he showed a particular fondness for the South End, Boston. Short in stature but long in sight. He always had a story that would go you one better. Having been with the Sturtevant Airplane Company previous to his enlistment he had the jump on many of us when it came to field work. Best memory of any man in the Squadron, but it didn't always help him to recall parlor stories.

EMANUEL J. LADENSON

Entered the Army at Philadelphia, Penn., March 16, 1918. Age, 21 years.

Here is represented Ladenson of the "Hogan and Ladenson, Algerian Acrobats," who entertained the Squadron on its journey from Chatillon to Marsas.

Emanuel had the misfortune of injuring his hand when in the souvenir manufacturing game at Chatillon. He worked on the field at Chatillon and later as orderly, which position he preferred as it gave him experience and francs as a "second-hand clothing broker." He possessed a line of humor, was quick witted and always ready to entertain.

PAUL K. GREIM

Entered the Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, September 21, 1917. Age, 28 years.

This gentleman, more popularly known among his comrades as "Dizzy", was a typical Pennsylvania Dutchman. He delighted in amusing his friends with correct impersonations of that famous bird, the owl. No living man can give a better idea of how that bird can "hoot". "Dizzy" also proved industrious and gained distinction throughout the Squadron as a shoe shiner, earning for himself beaucoup francs as well as everlasting fame. One of his best companions was a plug of chewing tobacco, and it was always a mystery how he could bite off the desired amount as he lacked many teeth. At one time he held the exalted position of corporal, but owing to his transfer into the Air Service he lost it.

GEORGE J. ZEBIAN

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 14, 1917. Age, 18 years.

Fear of the pick and shovel was unknown to this young Pennsylvanian, because he alone knew the scientific method of leaning upon the pick handle. Being built for speed, it required no effort on his part to make frequent trips to the various show places about Chatillon on any pleasant evening. George possessed an unquenchable thirst for reading material, and no magazines were safe about the barracks unless nailed. Neither was it safe to disturb him too early in the morning as he belonged to the unbelievers in early rising. He was also popularly known as "Algerian".

DEWEY R. JONES

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 9, 1917. Age, 17 years.

He was one of a large group that was transferred into the Squadron shortly before our departure from Kelly Field, and can tell his friends back home how he swung a pick on the Western Front; also of his experiences on the Police and Maintenance details at Chatillon. This elongated being never won any medals for rapidity, but enjoyed sleeping and did a great deal of bunk fatigue while with the colors. Possessed a glib tongue which frequently kept him out of trouble.

FRED L. DAVIS

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 15, 1917. Age, 25 years.

"Parson" why so prayerful this evening? The ship won't sink. Albeit, the "Parson" continued to read diligently from the little book which he held within

his hand. Later, as we knew this man better, we marvelled not at his sudden bursts of religion. But let us speak of his love for the Army. He often told us that the Army wasn't half bad but it was the people in it. His good nature was very easily ruffled, particularly just before retiring or immediately after rising in the morning. When "Parson" put on his Sunday best and started out everyone knew that he had something special on for that evening. As a worker he was an expert electrician and did well at that vocation. He demonstrated his ability in the art of osculation in a capable manner in the "Y" on one occasion; an American blonde of twenty-nine summers was "the lady in the case."

WILLIAM G. LEAMING

Entered the Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, November 3, 1917. Age, 30 years.

"It's a boy!" While Bill was doing his bit against the Germans the stork paid a visit to Bill's home and left there a bouncing baby boy. While at Ourches he exercised daily with the pick and was among the first to receive Private first class chevrons, being made a corporal on the same day of the following year. At Chatillon he worked hard around the planes and no doubt will tell, in his modest way, of the aviating he did when in France.

LEROY F. WAGNER

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 16, 1916. Age, 19 years.

Wagner was among the unfortunate ones on our voyage to France, for upon arrival at Brest he was obliged to spend a short time in the hospital at that city. At Ourches he worked under the direction of "Hash" Hogan as a cook, and later in the same capacity at Chatillon. He also worked in the Radio Department, where he rendered good services. A real movie fan and fond of good times, but always moderate.

CHESTER M. STICKLER

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 22, 1917. Age, 25 years.

We now introduce one of our bank experts. Hailing as he does from Pennsylvania, you may know that he was a good talker, in addition to his training along the banking lines. In France he threw a pretty good line to some of the mademoiselles, especially so when he and "Smuck" took a little trip to St. Malo. Chester also had a tooth for good things to eat. It was a common sight, at one time, to see him coming out of town with a yard of bread under one arm and a slab of cheese under the other. He was also known to pay as much as deux francs each week for pork chops. One of his principal occupations was letter writing, until the Armistice was signed, and then post cards filled the bill.

DANIEL E. STONE

Entered the Army at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, November 16, 1917. Age, 29 years.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss." Attleboro Stone did not propel himself about with any great amount of speed, and for that reason acquired some moss in the form of a mustache and side beards, both detracting from his personal beauty and causing his near neighbors many a sleepless night. Dan always received an abundance of reading material from home. This he used as a foundation for his mattress. Supplied the boys at the hangars with the latest copies of the "Country Gentleman." At home Dan drank fresh milk, in France evaporated milk.

EDWIN E. CONNOR

Entered the Army at Fort Logan, Colorado, November 15, 1917. Age, 18 years.

The other partner in the firm of Connor and Fugleburg is here represented; although not of Jewish descent he had the capacity of making money during his spare moments. He was always busy manufacturing souvenirs to be sold. Notwithstanding his aptitude for work, Eddie also enjoyed short periods of pleasure. He would even travel as far as fourteen kilometers into the country and procure a chicken or rabbit dinner on a rainy Sunday. After one such trip he returned to the barracks in such an exhausted condition that it was necessary to put him between his blankets. Eddie's favorite ship was old No. 24. He came into prominence at Ourches as Life Guard.

CLARENCE M. LAKIN

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 6, 1917. Age, 21 years.

Cousins we all have, but it is doubtful if any among us can boast of more than Clarence. He was seldom known to mention an acquaintance back home without referring to that person as being a cousin, his relative in Florida being most frequently remarked about. It would be interesting to know what he had to tell his cousins at home about his cousins in Pagny-sur-Meuse. One fireside argument he would never yield to was the fact that sausage with sage was preferable to that without. As a mechanic he alone knew the secret of starting old No. 24 during her last days upon the field.

RUSSELL A. HOLLEY

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, July 28, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Lengthy and awkward, always at home, he it among the wilds of Montana or at some Broadway festival. Kelly Field seldom saw him except at Headquarters or during the early hours of the morning as he arrived from the city. In France, Russell acquired considerable fame as a canteen worker and photograph distributor, being very successful at both vocations. In taking charge of details he was also successful. His greatest piece of work was the hangar excavation in solid rock at Ourches, never to be forgotten by certain members of the Squadron. His aspiration to be-



Connor Lakin Holley Sutton Blough McBride
Gordon Weinzierl Bluestein Peters



Corcoran Reeder Cunningham Glendenning Johnston Francis
Patterson Gnehm McElderry Knight

come a high-flyer was never realized as the Kaiser quit too soon.

THOMAS A. SUTTON

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 7, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Kentucky kept us informed that she was still a part of the United States by sending "Corn-cracker" along with us. He was able to give us much valuable advice regarding farming in the Kentucky region, and also a few points on the "moonshine" business. At one time he was a member of the "can-openers" union, but graduated after a short course in the kitchen. When excited, with raised voice, it became necessary for us to stop our ears because of the shrillness of his tones. Long live the "Corn-cracker."

WILLIS C. BLOUGH

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, November 15, 1917. Age, 18 years.

Music hath its charms, but we can truthfully say that few of us were ever charmed by the hugh notes which this musician forced upon us. At Ourches his daily calls were sure to command attention and remarks of not altogether flattering nature. Outside of his attempts to "toot the horn" Blough was a mighty good fellow and enjoyed one streak of good luck while in France—that of meeting his brother on several occasions at Chatillon-sur-Seine, a pleasure such as few of the rest of us enjoyed while away from home.

HENRY B. McBRIDE

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, November 21, 1917. Age, 28 years.

Our first remembrance of "Mac" was at Kelly Field, adorned with a white felt hat which he cast aside for a real campaign bonnet. Again, we saw him at Ourches decked with a steel helmet because of the dangerous nature of his work within the dugout. About this time "Mac" and Rosie had an exciting trip to Vauconleurs, concerning which they had a great deal to say that evening. As a mechanic this gentleman became efficient and learned not to attempt stopping propellers while in action. "Mac" well remembers the eve of his departure from Chatillon.

FREDERICK J. GORDON

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 18, 1917. Age, 29 years.

"Shorty" was with the Squadron since its formation. Hard-boiled; telling what's what and why; always kicking. At Ourches his pastime was that of carrying around a paper and pencil, checking up all absentees. If he liked you, you were sitting pretty, for few of the boys had the nerve to run into "Tut's" tongue. Made beaucoup francs at Chatillon out of pictures. Took great pleasure in sports. Hard luck was his hoodoo, for it got him on board the boat, twice at Ourches, and in a baseball game at Chatillon. At Ourches, his midnight experience with Pvt. Canaday caused him to receive

sufficient wounds to warrant the wearing of a wound chevron. "Shorty" has no sympathy for the pessimist, claiming that to be cheerful in the Army you've got to be an optimist.

JOHN J. WEINZIERL

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 21 years.

This man came from the far-famed city of Bayonne, whose beauties he was never backward in relating. At Kelly Field his friend "Nick" enjoyed singing him that old familiar song entitled, "I Wonder How the Old Folks Are at Home?" In France "Johnnie" was always happy but forever wishing himself back home, and on that score he was not alone. At Ourches it was a common sight to see the men duck his details because he liked to see them work. As a mechanic he learned a few things about airplanes. His position as crew-chief entitled him to ride in the "rear", a pastime which enabled "Johnnie" to command "attention" back home.

SAMUEL BLUESTEIN

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, October 12, 1917. Age, 21 years.

Although a native of Brooklyn, since his entrance into the Squadron he was always considered one of the "Siamese Twins". He demonstrated his dexterity at Ourches as a "pick artist" and was among the first to receive the "High Private" chevrons. He also had the distinction of being the first to visit Paris, where he donned a wound chevron in sitting for a photograph. At Chatillon-sur-Seine when assigned to K. P. one day he was the victim of a conspiracy. It was decided that the last man to arrive at the kitchen was to wash the pans. Sam rose early on that morning but one of the other members of the K. P. crew hid one of "Sammy's" shoes and consequently Sammy had to wash the pans.

JOSEPH E. PETERS

Entered the Army at Camp Meade, Maryland, September 22, 1917. Age, 30 years.

"Shorty" was so full of fun that to be alone for an hour would hurt his feelings. Always welcomed by the boys, as he managed to keep them in good humor. He was among the last to retire and the first to arise, often getting up and starting a fire on cold mornings, long before reveille. The work at Ourches did not appeal to Joe, though his efforts were rewarded by a "High Private" chevron. Chatillon found "Pete" on the field, and how that boy did pray for a ship to be without its motor. Enjoyed reading the Philadelphia newspapers and writing letters. Made friends with the "Boche" at Camp No. 38 and managed to obtain some good souvenirs.

THOMAS D. CORCORAN

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, November 27, 1917. Age, 24 years.

A former 376th man. The proud wearer of one gold

stripe. Built like an ox, and looked it. Was quite a lady killer back home, so he said. "Cork" was easy going and would rather be bossed than tell the other fellow what to do. He was a private, but didn't care if he could only get home to his flivver and the girl. Worked rather than idle his time away on the field. Preferred a Liberty to any other plane because it was easier to keep clean.

ELMER R. REEDER

Entered the Army at Columbus Barracks, Ohio, October 28, 1917. Age, 28 years.

Among the last to arrive at Ourches on March 2nd was this gentleman. When we stopped at Vaucouleurs, Reeder decided that the rations provided by the Q. M. for the trip did not include all that his taste desired; so he detrained at that town, purchased refreshments, lost the train, and was obliged to hike it the rest of the way. At Chatillon he worked in the Transportation as chauffeur and had the misfortune of being overcome by the heat on one occasion, necessitating his having to stay all night at a nearby town. He was considered too altruistic when in charge of the bath house, rendering good service to everyone but himself. He was adventurous and can tell the Michigan farmers many interesting tales.

HARRY CUNNINGHAM

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 9, 1917. Age, 22 years.

A non-chauffing chauffeur who hung out at the Radio while the rest of the boys were working. During the summer when there were plenty of flying hours, you could hear Harry swearing away in the observer's cockpit. He was forever wondering why it was that he and a couple of the other fellows had to do all the work on that "blooming field." Glad to be a non-com as it kept him from guard and K. P. Smoked "Bull" so that his purse might grow. An ideal man for K. P. Hated Ourches because he had to work there like H—. With all his faults, the Squadron could stand many more like him.

GEORGE B. GLENDENNING

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 17, 1917. Age, 27 years.

A very quiet young man who had seen a great deal of the world. Hard worker. Fair in his dealings toward the men. The recipient of numerous boxes. Had an opportunity to visit the British Front and made the most of it. The possessor of numerous souvenirs. Studied advanced English so as to be able to orate upon his doings. A crew chief on the field, who willingly allowed his men to rest while waiting for a new motor.

DOUGLAS JOHNSTON

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, April 7, 1917. Age, 18 years.

This gentleman had experience in airplane work with an American Aero Squadron which received its training in Canada. Was transferred into the Squadron at Garden City, New York, shortly before our departure. He was one of the first members of the Squadron to go on leave, which was a "French" leave at Ourches. Did a great deal in the construction of the narrow gauge railroad at Ourches after his evening chow. Worked as a chauffeur at Chatillon and performed his duty well. Was always willing to argue with anyone on any subject at any time.

EDWIN FRANCIS

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, November 19, 1917. Age, 20 years.

An honest and sincere young man. Evidently received a strong moral training, which we are glad to record he had the nerve to hold on to. At Ourches he worked with the boys and for them, along with "Parson" Fred Davis. Very little manual labor did this future "Evangelist" accomplish. At Chatillon he proved to the Squadron that he had wisdom galore; this, by offering his services to the "Y" Secretary, Mr. Webster. Great indeed was his pleasure when Miss Mann arrived on the scene. Francis then had a real chum; also plenty of hot chocolate and cakes.

RICHARD H. PATTERSON

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 19, 1917. Age, 22 years.

"Dick" hailed from the Green Mountain State, which fact accounted for the ease with which he took up Army life. His stay in Texas took from him a great many pounds of superfluous flesh, while at Ourches it was the motorcycle for him. On arriving at Chatillon, having knowledge of telegraphy, he was assigned to the Radio Department, remaining there until our departure. Did a great deal of work in keeping the wireless in first class condition. Here, the boy was worked very hard but was able to stand the pace, and this did much to hold the Squadron in an enviable position.

JOHN GNEHM

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York, August 21, 1917. Age, 31 years.

"Faithful" John came to the Squadron at Chatillon as a mess sergeant. Hard as he tried to satisfy the boys it was no go. Sickness took him from the kitchen, probably caused by his fondness for raw prunes, and later we saw him on the Squadron detail doing his work each day in a faithful manner. This work proved too slow for John and he finally wound up as a clerk in the Engineering Department. At Genicart he labored in the "mill" and continually brought fresh rumors, thereby boosting the boys' spirits.

VIRGIL J. McELDERRY

Entered the Army at Fort McDowell, California, April 9, 1917. Age, 19 years.

Another Californian whose only desire was to get back to the land of sunshine and honey. Of an easy-going disposition, "Mac" fitted in anywhere in the Squadron life to the enjoyment of his friends. Was one of the oldest soldiers in point of service in the outfit. Did whatever he was told. Work on the field made him happy as he had ambitions to become a good motor man. Fond of reading, smoking, and other Army pastimes. Had travelled to many parts of the globe.

EZRA KNIGHT

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas, Kentucky, November 7, 1917. Age, 26 years.

We can thank this gentleman for keeping our faces clean at Ourches and Marsas, where he managed the Squadron tonsorial parlor. Quite often would he tell, in the presence of officers and enlisted men, how generously some one had tipped him, which was a diplomatic way to inform those who were next that he never took offense if offered a tip. The scheme worked well. During what was thought to be an air raid at Ourches he emerged with gas mask and helmet. Should be given a Croix de Guerre as a story teller.

PRESENT MEMBERS WHO DO NOT APPEAR ON PHOTOGRAPHS

RAY SCHENCK

Entered the Army at Fort Thomas Kentucky, November 13, 1917. Age, 22 years.

Ray was well liked by every fellow in the Squadron. At different times he held positions from "Top" down to private in charge of details. Was blessed with a personality that enabled him to mix with them all. Afraid of no one, yet considerate of all. A cracker-jack at drilling. Insisted that his platoon was the best drilled in the outfit. Always neat and happy. Had feet that simply would not keep still—forever doing the clog dances. Claimed to have seen enough of the world and uniforms, as he had served a turn in the Navy as well as in the Army. Was noted for his bow-legs. Had a "conference" with the medical Major at Ourches.

SAMUEL J. RHODES

Entered the Army at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, November 8, 1917. Age, 25 years.

When we think of Rhodes we think of "Contact" and his cheer leading on the evening previous to our departure from Chatillon. He was editor of "Contact" and deserves credit for the interest created. He was a convincing speaker and took pleasure in addressing audiences. Hard to convince him that he was in error. Liked the girls, and many of the French made-moiselles fell for Sam. Also took pleasure in playing poker. His knowledge of French was especially advantageous to him when on business trips and on leave. Although a lover of boxing he never participated in the sport, always taking a spectator's seat.

EVERETT DEGRAY READ

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, December 24, 1917. Age, 22 years.

This gentleman had at one time ambitions to be a pilot, to see how it felt to travel where there were no "traffic coppers," but unavoidable circumstances prevented him from being one and he remained on the ground. With his cute little moustache and the deGray part of his name, he could easily have passed in France as one of the nobility. He worked well in Chatillon, which was the first flying field he was on while in the A. E. F. Everett always favored the conservation of energy theory, and his one ambition was to return to civil life and freedom.

CHESTER REID

Entered the Army at Camp Upton, New York, September 23, 1917. Age, 26 years.

While in the National Army this man proudly donned the insignia worn by a corporal, but it was ruled by the "powers that be" that men transferred to other organizations at that time would lose their rating and this gentleman became one of the unfortunates. He liked to talk a great deal, but said little. Was the "other man" with Lent when they missed the truck carrying soldiers on leave at Troyes back to Chatillon. He related many times while in the Army of his experiences as an engineer.

WILLIAM J. LANE

Entered the Army at Fort Slocum, New York. Age, 32 years.

Spent most of his time in the Supply Department. Made several "business" trips to Paris. Not at all satisfied with the world as it is.

MEN WHO WERE TRANSFERRED FROM THE SQUADRON WHILE IN FRANCE

JAMES P. ATWELL

"Buck" stayed with the Squadron after its formation until honorably discharged in December of 1918. As an originator of new expressions he was a king-pin: "sunboint", "Nigger", "youse boids", and "play me dirty" being the most common. It was always the Sergeant's delight to lead. Ourches found him in charge of the Powder Monkeys and Cave Diggers. At Chatillon he was, for a time, Top Kick, in charge of "Van" and "Butt", and later was "Chauffeur of the Bath."

WILLIAM C. BRANDT

"Bill" hailed from somewhere on the Jersey Coast. A member of the original outfit, this soldier stuck with us until the Armistice was signed and then he was off to see Germany. As a laborer this soldier had few superiors, as Bill generally had outlined his plan of procedure the evening before. Bill died at Lemans when awaiting his turn to go home.

NELSON B. CHILDERS

A native of Oklahoma, who on pay day split his wages with the tailor. Nelson was always one of the neatest soldier in the outfit. His "old issue" was forever creased, and many requested of Nelson to be allowed to wear his "best" whenever there was a big time on. A member of our touring party to see Germany.

WILLIAM J. DORNEY

Bill entered our midst at Chatillon, where he worked on the field and in the Engineering Supply House. Here he became affected with ear trouble and had to leave the Squadron. It was with regret that he saw him depart, as his agreeableness was appreciated by all.

ROLAND PALEY

One of the thirty men who came to the outfit in August. Our strongest remembrances of him are those of a born Englishman who certainly did much to offset the prejudiced feelings some of us had for England. A quiet and willing worker, always accomplishing his "bit". He was fortunate in obtaining an honorable discharge soon after the Armistice. It was his letter, written from England, telling of the trials of a soldier going through the "mill", that informed us what was awaiting us before we hit the boat.

JAMES E. ROSENHEIM

"Rosie" was one of the boys who was a friend to everyone. His services were always of the best. Working early and late to accomplish all possible, his efforts were rewarded by the C. O. designating him to attend the Officers' Training Camp. We understand that Jim made good.

ARTHUR SCHIELER

The other soldier from Wausau. We lost Arthur on account of sickness. This misfortune left Boller alone to uphold the reputation of their burg. His work

at Ourches and Chatillon was commendable. Occasionally he has written the boys and always was anxious to hear of our doings.

AUGUST SCHLOSSER

Adopted by us on the eve of our departure for Garden City. Until our farewell from the States he was known as one of the "Gold Dust Twins". The "Wanderers" claimed August as one of them and thereafter he participated in all their picnics.

HAROLD SHIELDS

"Big Boy" entered the Squadron from the lines at Kelly Field. A native of Maine, who delighted in working hard. Harold never had the desire to be bossed about. The first man to sit on a disc harrow at Ourches. Worked on a ship crew at Chatillon. His ship was forced to land at Courban, where "Big Boy" was hit by the prop. This accident took him away from us and his loss was felt by all.

THEODORE P. SMITH

"Teddy" first saw the light of day somewhere in Pennsylvania. As an original member of this outfit Theodore desired to fly. Kelly Field was a dead hole for "Ted", though he did duck fatigue by playing football. As the war was drawing to a close this ambitious youth was sent off to flying school, where he earned his pilot's wings and a commission.

ROBERT J. STEEN

"Bob" applied his intellect and wit in trying to beat the officers, although on certain occasions he worked very hard. He hob-nobbed with the Medics, through whose influence he was marked "Quarters and "Light Duty." Resigned from the Squadron to visit Germany.

LOUIS P. STEPHENSON

"Louie" saw action with the Squadron from Kelly Field to Chatillon, at which place he was injured and sent home. As a "cave digger" this boy was a bear. Large were the rocks which his wheelbarrow hauled from the dugout to the road. Being crew chief on an A. R. served to stimulate the "High Private" to greater activities. His unfortunate accident was regreted by all.

EARL C. TEMPLE

A line man at Kelly Field whose habits soon made themselves known to the outfit. "Goosey Earl" certainly was a favorite. Ourches saw him driving one of the best Packards in camp. Shortly after our arrival at Chatillon the rheumatism got him so bad that he accepted the offer to go home, somewhere in Iowa.

LEE A. TRAW

An oil fiend from Oklahoma who was forever trying to josh the troops. This unsophisticated youth took it into his head to go and see Germany. Along with some more soldiers from the camp, to took the 8-or-40 to the front.



SUNNY TEXAS

Have you ever been in Texas, where the sun shines bright,
Where the sand flies high, and the mosquitoes bite?
One day it's hotter than the 4th of July.
And the next it's so cold that you nearly die.
You go to bed a night, and Oh, my! what a heat,
You'd almost prefer to sleep in the street;
But you awaken towards morning and shake like a pup,
There's snow on the floor, a storm has come up;
A terrible wind from the northwest is blowing,
Stinging your face, hard feeling bestowing.
The next day it rains and thaws out the snow,
A batter of mud is formed, a good foot deep or so.

The country all around is quite inspiring
With its prickly cactus, that gets no admiring.
Here and there an herb, and in places a shrub;
A waterless creek as deep as a tub;
All through the country no grass to be seen,
Tho patches of thistles are found nice and green.
The sandy land, with its large flat plain
Is enough to give a poor fellow a pain.
It reminds him of the Sahara so great,
Where nothing but camels can maintain a gait.
Sunny Texas, however fine it may be,
Couldn't have ever been made for me.

DAHLE.



Indoor Sports After Pay Day.

ISSUE DAY

I did my bit of fighting
Standing at the old tent door,
As an office boy and manager
Of my little Army store.

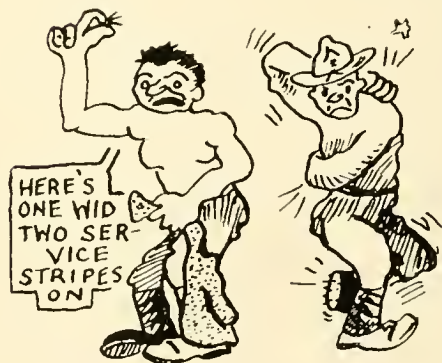
Here I handed out the clothing
And saw men's passions rise,
When they'd come back strong and argue
That I gave them the wrong size.

How strange indeed it seemed to me
These sizes were not true,
But I consoled the multitude
With, "I'll see what I can do."

I took the French shoes promptly
To the Quartermaster Corps,
And told them that the gunboats
Were surely made for Noah.

He said that that was all he had,
But expected other kinds,
So we had to be contented
With those hated twenty-nines.

JOHN B. BURNS,
Supply Sergeant.



WHAT TO DO

If you think you have the Coo-coos
Do not cry,
Boil your clothes and take a bath,
They will die;
They are cunning little fellows,
So they tell,
And they itch and bite, and scratch me
Just like hell.
Though I've belted 'em and flayed 'em,
Can you tell me just who made 'em?
In my heart I know it wasn't "Gunga Din."

—"A Rude Kipling."



Getting Rid of Surplus Earth at Ourches

LE CHEMIN DE FER d'OURCHES

Some towns of France are on the maps,
And some like Ourches not,
But Observation Group, First Corps,
Can't get along like that.

They needed stones to make a park,
And needed other things as bad;
So they settled on a railroad,
Built of all the things they had.

'Tis true the track is narrow gauge,
But all "Jerk" lines start small,
And it's built upon a slope so steep,
That the grade looks mighty tall.

The Captain was the engineer
Who planned out this new "Jerk",
And Orange was the M. S. E.
Who made the soldiers work.

They built it in the morning rain,
Clear up a smooth, steep hill,
And used it in the afternoon
Against old Kaiser Bill.

Altho' it's only rocks they haul,
It's all part of the game,
For all the war's not in a trench,
And some of it is tame.

All day the cars go up and down
To keep the hungry crusher fed,
For making big ones into small ones
Is no so easy as 'tis said.

The soldiers do their work quite well,
Ne'er thinking of a D. S. C.
And they make the rock piles dwindle—
As part of their job, you see.

And when this war is a thing of the past,
And the Boche is drowned in his guilt,
We'll all agree that the Chemin de Fer d'Ourches
Was the greatest road ever built.

MY FIRST RIDE IN AN AIRPLANE

As a large number of the men in the Squadron had been up in the planes and had told of their experiences, it was my desire, also, to "go up once" and see just what the sensations were.

I had pestered the life out of the Flight Officer time and time again, until one day he told me to be handy to the office and he would take me up. The next day was one of anxious waiting, for I expected at any moment to be called on the 'phone. Every time it rang, I said to myself, "Here is where 'Bevo' takes a flop." I was a real brave fellow up to the time I was assured that I was going to get my ride. Then I began to

ning around with a whirling sound that drowned out the voices of the mechanics who had been working on the 'plane. Then the blocks were pulled away and we taxied out to the "T," where we waited for the word "Go" from the officer in charge of the "T."

While sitting there waiting for the word, I was looking for a place to put my hands and feet, making sure that they didn't interfere with any of the controls. On receiving the flag, which was the signal to go, louder roared the motor and off we went, lumping and bouncing along, headed for the first hangar at terrific speed. About two hundred feet from the hangar I



Chatillon and the Camp as Bevo Saw Them

recount all the crashes, spills, etc., I had personally seen, and others I had heard about, and simultaneously wondered if anything might possibly happen to me. Now that my chance to flirt with the clouds had come, it had lost something of its novelty. However, the afternoon passed with no call for me to take my ride.

The next morning about eight o'clock the Flight Officer walked into the office, so I screwed up courage and asked him about my ride. He took me off my feet with the reply that he was ready and that I would find a flying suit in the flight office. It was too late for me to back down then and, rather dazed, I made my way to the flying field. There I received a flying suit, helmet, goggles, and everything that went with the outfit, and was soon ready for the word "go." To be frank, I was weak about the knees and blue around the gills during the few moments I waited for the Lieutenant. He soon arrived and we both started off.

He picked out a little dual control "Sop" and told me to climb into the front seat. I didn't question him, but did as I was told. The thought that came to me then was "safety first," and the first thing I did was to look for the safety belt. After locating it, I buckled it around me, and by that time the propeller was spin-

ning around with a whirling sound that drowned out the voices of the mechanics who had been working on the 'plane. Then the blocks were pulled away and we taxied out to the "T," where we waited for the word "Go" from the officer in charge of the "T."

Oh! what a feeling. I was all cuddled up in the seat, but after the 'plane straightened out I got up courage enough to look over the side on the city of Chatillon, below. At that moment I felt like a regular aviator and said to myself, "Flying is nothing—it only looks hard," but at that moment we went into a steep bank and I thought it was all off for me. I began to think of home and wondered who would take care of Mary Brodie if we crashed. Presently we straightened out and, following this little fright, we flew over fifteen minutes without a bank, dive, or loop.

Now we were far above the clouds, breaking through an open place now and then. I will never forget the scenery below. Roads looked like long, crooked strings, winding in and out, hidden in places by the woods only to appear again. The towns and villages appeared to be huddled together in small clusters, and the whole earth looked plain, as one cannot tell from the air just where the hills are. Interrupting my survey of the

beautiful scenery, the 'plane suddenly dropped, rendering a sensation as though the bottom and myself were falling through. It stood me up straight, my head bumped the top wing, and I sat back in my seat again. We were then on our way to the ground, but where we were going to land I could not tell.

We were rising and falling, banking and climbing, and about everything an old "Sop" can do. My health had been pretty good up to that time, but suddenly my stomach seemed to be up around my neck, and this after forty minutes in the air. I looked down once more and observed what seemed to be several small white tents below. We went into a dive, but I couldn't tell whether we were going down or sailing along on the level, so I just held on for dear life. Presently I regained consciousness and saw that we were about to land and that the supposedly small tents were the large hangars we had left some time before. We then circled the field and made a perfect landing, taxiing back to the hangar from where we started.

When the machine stopped I didn't know whether to sit there in the 'plane or get out. I was as weak as though I had just finished a long day's work swinging the pick at Ourches. However, I gathered what little pep was left me and climbed out, thanked the Lieutenant, and went staggering down the field like a sailor, just back from a six months' voyage, returning from a "wonderful" shore leave.

Now that I had had my first ride in an airplane, I was satisfied, though I can't understand to this day why a pilot wants to turn his 'plane on a cinq centime piece when he has the whole sky to do it in.

I was the happiest fellow in France to have my two flat feet on the ground once more, never again to pester the Flight Officer for a ride. It was "finis" me for airplanes.

R. M. BURNS, "BEVO."

A RECORD FOR SPEED

OR

COAXING A LAME STEAM ROLLER

In order to complete certain construction work at Ourches, it became necessary to have a steam roller. A machine of this kind was available but it was located at Vaucouleurs and must be brought to Ourches over the road and under its own power. There was but one man in camp, who, to our knowledge, had any previous experience in operating such a clumsy piece of machinery, and that was Schultz, an ex-locomotive engineer. Therefore, he was dispatched with an able assistant, Ted Smith by name, to navigate the iron monster over the nine kilometers of roadway separating our camp from Vaucouleurs. They managed, with some difficulty, to get the required amount of steam, and after a little more trouble the thing began to move upon the manipulation of the proper levers. But then their troubles commenced. One thing after another delayed their progress and after three days they pulled into the small village of Ugné. Here they left the balky brute by the wayside and returned to camp for more supplies, a distance of not more than three kilometers. With a fresh stock of fuel and other necessities, Schultz, with a new assistant, Harvey Coale, returned and got under way once more, hoping against hope that they might arrive at camp before the shades of evening fell. This pleasure was granted them, for without further serious trouble they managed to steam up the main highway into camp during the afternoon, with all colors flying and the whistle blowing to announce to all that they had finally arrived. They were received with much laughter, but they argued that they had had a good trip and had traveled slowly enough to enjoy the scenery.



Erecting a Hangar at Amanty.

THE LAST TWO DAYS AT CHATILLON

The 89th Squadron's placid departure on January 12th provoked considerable comment on the part of the members of the 639th. It was beyond our comprehension how an organization, so long established in the place, could take its final leave so undemonstratively and so utterly lacking in enthusiasm. On that occasion the 639th resolved that its departure should be a memorable event, both to the Chatillonnais and to the numerous Yanks at the Post.

March 7th was destined to figure as the "day of days" for the 639th Squadron. On the morning of March 6th, each and every man packed his barrack bag and discarded all excess accumulations. The quarters presented a somewhat deserted appearance after everyone had packed up. Invitations to dinner in town were numerous, many French people providing the equivalent to the "fatted calf" for this exceptional occasion. As some of them explained, they were about to lose those toward whom they had acted as "marraines," in accord with that commendable French custom. A "marraine" is a maiden, or not, fair or decidedly otherwise, who selects a soldier, and interests herself in his welfare. Usually the soldier receives from his marraine letters, smokes, and when practicable as is the case in the Armee Francaise, hospitality while on permission. It was their pleasure to take dinner "chez" their marraines at least once a week, a powerful influence to counteract the ennui that comes occasionally to those so far from home.

In spite of the general visiting on the 6th, the boys did not fail to consider plans for a final celebration that evening. A parade was decided upon. Sam Rhodes, Ranahan, and Paul Byrne were assiduously engaged composing words to be sung to familiar airs, while another bunch sought Lieutenant Mitchell and obtained his permission to utilize the fuselage of dismantled Sop. 21, and the field dolly for the occasion. The fuselage was mounted on the dolly and secured with ropes. Whitworth painted a dragon head on its nose and added such inscriptions as: "Nous allons partir pour l'Amerique toute de suite," "Au revoir Mademoiselles de Chatillon," "Fini Cognac," etc. Banners were made bearing similar wordings. Enthusiasm increased and everyone expressed his intention to participate in the parade.

At 6 o'clock, the men assembled in the Mess Hall to rehearse the songs and yells which had been adapted to the occasion. The noises from the Mess Shack could have lead one to imagine a student rally, but 'twas only 639ers preparing for their grand au revoir peerade. Inasmuch as the 157th was to leave on the same train, we invited them to participate in our demonstrations, and they accepted. Though the 157th was a "live" bunch, they couldn't equal the enthusiasm of the 639ers, and eventually took but a small part in the lark.

At 6:30 the bunch "fell in" on the road leading toward Chatillon, tarrying briefly to receive a final exhortation from Top-Kick York, who called on the men to put in all the "pep" they had. The "Fuselage Monster," gayly bedecked with various flags, headed the parade, with "Dad" Waddel in the pilot's cock-pit, and Harvey Coale occupying the observer's seat. The "Monster" was drawn by ropes on both sides by a dozen men. The Squadron followed in regular formation, a few of the 157th falling in with us.

Tom Yohe, whose "long suit" had always been exploding detonators or lighting signal flares at most



Main Exhibit in the Big Parade

inopportune times, rendered yeoman service on this occasion. With a large haversack loaded with signal rockets and flares, obtained through Tom's own peculiar ingenuity, he marched along with the gang, and sent up flares as the Squadron started off toward town, while everyone sang "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here," as lustily as possible. Occasionally a halt was called and the "sky-rocket" yell was given for the 639th, followed by another for the 157th. As we passed through the main part of Chatillon and everybody was singing with all his might, the windows and doorways on both sides of the streets became thronged with curious Frenchmen, who had not seen nor heard anything similar to this since the day of the Armistice.

It was with considerable apprehension that we approached the M. P. at the foot of the hill. But we were relieved when, in passing headquarters, a group of M. P.s looked on at the orderly riot with only blank amazement. If the M. P.s had any inclination to interfere they quickly reconsidered, after one look at the long parade. The farther the parade advanced, the greater became the enthusiasm, Yohe's pyrotechnics maintaining pace with the general progress. By this time the French population was fully aroused and cognizant of the fact that 639 was surely celebrating its departure.

By 7:30, the procession arrived at the Hotel de Ville and five minutes later filed into the "Jardin du Mairie" and halted while a large assembly gathered round to take in the "doings." "Dusty" Rhodes, Paul Byrne, Ranahan, and York ascended to the band stand.

Paul Byrne and Ranahan duetted, the crowd joining in and repeating the chorns. From "We Hate to Leave You" we went right through our entire repertoire several times, interspersing the songs with "beaucoup" sky-rocket and locomotive yells, which were ably led by "Dusty" Rhodes. These last were surely a revelation to the French and added to their astonishment. After the songs and speeches the march was resumed and continued up Rue de la Gare to Rue de Chaumont, thence down by the Hotel de la Poste, where a halt was called. Paul Byrne and Ranahan mounted the fuselage and again we exhausted our collection of songs and yells to the approval of the crowd of French and American spectators that had gathered. Yohe was on the job with a red and green flare that added considerably to the scene.

Interesting indeed were the expressions noticeable on the faces of the Yanks—officers and men, who were among the spectators. It seemed as if every face there registered envy, or at least deep longing; numerous remarks we overheard confirming our conjectures on that score. From the Hotel de la Poste, we proceeded along Rue de L'Isle to L'Eglise Saint Nicolas, minus any appreciable diminution in enthusiasm, though the noise possibly decreased in volume, inasmuch as the bunch by that time became quite hoarse, and the few 157th men who had started with us weakened before we were well started. All along the line of march, on the going and return trip, tobacco and cigarettes, of the "issue" variety, sometimes known as the "reject brand," were tossed to the French who chanced to be nearest. At the foot of the hill we found further evidence of the perfect co-operation and harmony existing in the Squadron, in the truck which we found waiting to help the "fuselage monster" up the hill and over the last hard stretch of road between town and camp.

On our return to the field the bunch lost no time in piling up the hundred boxes or so that had previously served as our personal lockers, and it then poured "essence" on the immense heap and touched a match to it. In Indian war-dance formation the bunch serpentine around the blaze, singing and yelling with all the vocal power that remained. The fire illumined the sky for miles around. When Lieutenants Watts and Wood were espied in the crowd, they were given cheers, followed by cries of "Speech, Speech." These affable "Loots" responded and both were profuse in their praise of the work and character of the 639th. They wished us all a speedy and safe return to "God's country," and civil life.

At this juncture, Yohe lighted a flare that illumined the sky for fully 20 minutes, while the men arranged themselves in groups according to rank. The rankst Sergeants 1st class and Buck Sergeants made up the first group, the Corporals and Chauffeurs the second, and the privates of both the "Buck" and "High" variety

the third. Each group in turn cheered for itself, the "Private" aggregation easily carrying off the distinction of having received the loudest acclamation. The three groups then cheered "ensemble," producing a surprising volume of noise.

An hour of celebration on the field left only a heap of smoking embers, the closing incident occurring when Ray Schenck auctioned off the ashes. Whether or not the highest bidder carried off his award is unknown.

Captain Fritz, who had followed the parade a short distance, unknown to the men, also occupied a very inconspicuous position on the field for the reason, we later learned, that he did not wish his presence to act as a restraint on the enthusiasm of the men. We were glad to know that he had witnessed the celebration, and enjoyed it immensely. It is a safe wager that no outfit, larger or smaller than ours, ever evidenced such unity and squadron spirit with so unbounded an enthusiasm. The affair was absolutely original, and will undoubtedly remain the only one such—a testimonial to the irrepressible spirit and initiative of the 639th Squadron.

The following excerpt from a letter received by Lieutenant Snow from M. L. Richebourg, in whose house he was billeted while at Chatillon, gives an idea of what the French thought of our celebration and indicates also how successful it was:

"Le lendemain de votre depart l'aviation a dit un grandiose adieu. On a promene par les rues un avion a qu'on avait enleve les ailes et couvert d'inscriptions; 'Finis Cognac,' etc., etc. Cela a fait la joie des grands et des petits qui ont suivi le cortege en applaudissant."

TRANSLATED

"The day after your departure the aviation gave an imposing farewell. They paraded through the streets with an aeroplane from which the wings had been removed and which was covered with inscriptions: 'Finis Cognac,' etc., etc. It pleased old and young alike who followed the procession applauding."

Reveille roused us the morning after, somewhat fatigued, but content with the thought that the "wished for day" had arrived. Breakfast finished, everyone set to work to complete the final preparations for departure. In two hours, barrack bags were assembled in a heap and blanket rolls made up. Every man then hit for town for a final visit to his marraine. The baggage detail remained behind and was kept busy loading bags and boxes on the camions, thence into the cars after a trip to the station. Cheers burst from the little groups of 639ers scattered throughout the town as the baggage-laden camions drove by, bound for the station.

The majority of the fellows had returned to camp by 4 o'clock, in conformity to the order of the day. Slowly indeed did those last three hours in camp pass,

and the order at 7:30 to "Fall in" was certainly a welcome one. A few instructions were delivered, "Squads Right" was ordered, and the camp at Chatillon and the 639th severed connections forever.

The Squadron started some time in advance of the 157th and displayed the usual "pep" singing on the march through town. Every doorway and window was thronged with French anxious to get a final glimpse of their friends marching by. Unaccustomed to long marches with full equipment, the singing subsided somewhat before the station was reached, but was quickly resumed when the cars were reached. The men were then assigned to cars, climbed aboard and each prepared to make himself as much at home as the "40 Hommes—8 Chevaux" voitures would permit.

About 10:30 our cars were connected up, and we saw the last of "la belle Chatillon," perhaps forever for the majority of us.

THE UNDERSTUDY'S RETROSPECTION OF THE SUPPLY SERGEANT'S JOB

The Supply Sergeant's job was generally conceded to be the biggest graft in the Army. The Supply Sergeant and the Mess Sergeant were always represented hand in hand, but in most cases this representation was not correct. The Supply Sergeant seemed to be the friend of anyone who was in a position where there could be reciprocal benevolence. The Supply Sergeant was severely censured; he did not have to be too careful of his clothing; paper was easily secured; little conveniences were unconsciously usurped. He must necessarily have considered all who approached him as solicitous thieves until they had performed some act of unusual honesty before him. Therefore, he was unpopular among the men, often the most unpopular man in the organization, because so few realized his position.

In the 639th Aero Squadron the Supply Sergeant had no doubt—but certainly unintentionally—practiced some of the regular Army Supply Sergeants' notorious graft. He and the Mess Sergeant were attached with a mutual end in view. But he accepted only those things which were forced upon him, and then honorably considered them as a kindness toward himself—not the job. When he retired from his job, the same respect was shown him, although he was no longer able to bestow favors. Below this superficial layer of velvet, we believe that the Supply Sergeant had more tribulations than any man in the outfit. Since we are writing an "in memoriam," we may pass on to express our truthful

retrospections. The Supply Sergeant was a medium between a gang of rapacious soldiers and an exacting officer, while he could please neither at the same time. He was like the two-faced Janus who smiled on one side, but frowned on the other. The nature of his work was multifarious. He and the Understudy sorted and counted the dirty salvage in order that we would not outwit the Q. M. and still keep the "best policy" immaculate. It was one of the Understudy's jobs to clean the pistols, while his boss was accountable for them. At one time a pistol was lost, and could not be replaced, at which "his Nibs" was unreasonably vexed. Everything—from a two-cent shoe lace, up—was the Supply Sergeant accountable for. Several days after notices had been posted, there would be many men who still wanted various articles which we did not have and could not get. Ladenson bored us for several months for a pair of shoes of a size the Q. M. did not have; so we were obliged to take his malignant curses without a whimper. Phoebus, long after we had packed our property to turn it in at Marsas, came for a pair of breeches to match his coat. Rhoades never had his full equipment at any one time. The day before we left Chatillon for Marsas, he reported to the Supply Sergeant that he did not have a shelter half in which to wrap his blankets. Hicks always glided into the supply room, introducing himself, "Don't get hard with me, will yo'?" Reynolds even threatened to gather a predatory gang to raid the supply room. The Boss and his Understudy were interrogated concerning clothing in the "tin hut," mess hall, Y. M. C. A., barracks, and everywhere but the supply room; so that they were shocked into saying a hundred unbiblical things.

The Understudy was often unable to build a fire to suit "his Nibs," and "his Nibs" never hesitated to express his dissatisfaction in the most diabolical sarcasm. And "his Nibs" was often displeased at the way the floor was swept and the dust that lay on the boxes. Then, when he was in the hospital at Chatillon, the new C. O. had another disposition which had to be mitigated. The Understudy was dispatched to buy the temporary C. O.'s morning paper and had to assume the position of valet as well as assisting the Supply Sergeant.

However, the Supply Sergeant was successful in becoming quite popular with the Q. M., so we always had the pick of clothing in Chatillon. Many of the organizations there had to pass through more red tape than we did. But the best we could get was always greeted with complaints, and our hearts thus became hardened. A man would enter the supply room with a broad grin and exit with curses hurled at us and on the entire Army.

So the life of the Supply Sergeant rolled by, as most of the men thought, in eternal bliss. The reality, however, was not so. STACKHOUSE.

A HAIR-RAISING EXPERIENCE

LOCATION: Ourches, on a dark, rainy night. The big guns keeping up a constant roar just over the hill.

CHIEF AND ONLY CHARACTER: Jay Jay Klema doing guard duty at the hangars, and who had removed his raincoat and hung it on one of the Hotchkiss Machine Guns, there being one such at each hangar.

KLEMA (on coming around the corner and seeing the form of a man standing before him in the dark): "HALT! WHO'S THERE?" No answer.



KLEMA (again): "HALT! WHO'S THERE?" No answer. Whereupon the above-mentioned gentleman immediately about faced and retraced his steps around the hangar, coming up on the other side, he again observed the same figure at the same place. For a moment he hesitated, thinking it might be a "Boche" about to throw a bomb into the hangar. Every nerve tense, his Colt Automatic cocked and ready for action, he once more, in a loud, commanding voice, shouted, "HALT! WHO'S THERE?" No answer came in reply to his challenge, and at that moment a star-shell broke in the distance, illuminating the entire country thereabouts, including the form before him. There disclosed was his raincoat draped upon the machine gun. He replaced his gun within its holster, turned upon his heel, and walked away muttering to himself.

"MY IMPRESSIONS OF THE FRENCH PEOPLE"

Did you ever see the reception given a long-lost son when he returns home? If you did, you will understand the kind of reception the American soldiers received when they were the first Amexes to arrive in any small French town. Nothing was too good for them, and all kinds of small favors were granted to make things more comfortable.

The idea that most people harbor of the French people is taken from the city life. The average American has no conception of the habits and customs of the French who inhabit the small towns and villages.

During the past five years the life and strength of the country has been sapped by the war, and in place of young men working on the farms and doing the manual

labor, we see young boys and girls from twelve to eighteen or twenty and old men and women from fifty to sixty-five. They work from sunrise to sunset, tilling the ground, trimming grape vines, following plows, and in fact doing any kind of work which we see only the strongest men perform in America.

They are a very sentimental people and are quick to show any kind of emotion. They are constant users of tobacco in some form and will sacrifice almost anything for a package of cigarettes.

Very little of their time is spent in amusements, but when they do celebrate they make up for all the lost time caused by continuous attention to work. One cannot easily judge the age of these people on account of their strenuous work and their curious habits of eating and drinking, which make them look old when they are really only in the prime of life.

The only meal which the French eat without their vin rouge or vin blanc, is breakfast, which usually consists of bread and a cup of black coffee. Owing to the condition of the wells and other water supply, the water is not drinkable unless sterilized, which condition is said to account for their habit of drinking so much wine. Not too much credit can be given these people for the way they handle their liquors. They all know their capacity and are very seldom seen in an intoxicated condition, and this in a measure accounts for the lack of opposition to the use of alcoholic beverages.

VARNEY.

FAREWELL! FRANCE

Farewell! to France, where we had to remain;
Farewell! to the barracks, the mud, and the rain.
We've handled the pick under desperate strain;
We've even worked hard on the aeroplane.

We've given the field the safest protection;
With the gat on our side we've shown our perfection;
We've even stood well our Sunday inspection,
Hiding the flaws that were out for detection.

We've trampled the fields of the limestone and clay,
Doing squads east in a soldierly way;
We've patiently stood in line for our pay,
In this wonderful country so far, far away.

And now we're soon to leave for the States;
Leave the stone houses, stone walls, and high gates;
Leave all the wineshops with their very cheap rates,
And go back to the country that nobody hates.

Hurrah! for the good old U. S. A.,
The land of sunshine, where work seems like play;
We're now coming back to you to stay,
The Kaiser is beaten, so let's all shout hurray!

DAHLE.



Place de la Poste



Old St. Vorles



Ruins of a castle of the Burgoyas



Rue de l'Isle -- Main street.



Part of the Seine



Porte St. Nicholas

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THE STORY OF CHATILLON-SUR-SEINE

*A Glimpse Into the Past of the City Where the
639th Made Its Home*

Chatillon-sur-Seine is one of the most beautiful spots in France, and on ground every foot of which has a history all its own.

Situated in the picturesque Seine valley near the source of that famous river, Chatillon-sur-Seine and its environs have for centuries enjoyed a reputation for their beauty of scenery. French poets of the Middle Ages sang of life in Chatillon, of the splendor of its site, the solitude of its neighboring forests, the freshness of its valleys, and the limpid beauty of the many rivers and streams about it.

Of chief interest is the River Seine, which winds its course through the town. A second stream, the Douix, has its source in Chatillon and offers a magnificent view as it springs from under a cliff of solid rock, 110 feet in height. After running for a short distance, the Douix flows into one of the arms of the Seine and thence through the town, passing under many of the buildings and giving a Venice-like appearance to some of its streets.

History of Chatillon

The origin of Chatillon-sur-Seine is lost in the dimness of antiquity. As far back as the time of the Gauls, several centuries before the beginning of the Christian Era, there stood upon its site a crude fortress, erected undoubtedly as a barrier against the invading Romans. Trace of this ancient citadel can still be seen today in the ruins of the Chateau des Ducs, a photograph of which appears on this page. From that time until the present, experiencing varying strokes of fortune, at times enjoying peace and prosperity, and again enduring the ordeal of siege and the horrors of war, the town has maintained its existence.

In 1185 King Philip besieged the city and a considerable part of it was destroyed upon its fall. At that time Chatillon was considered the key to the territory of the Dukes of Burgundy, who made it their capital and lived there from the 10th to the 15th century. During the 16th and 17th centuries Chatillon was a flourishing town, being included in a list prepared for the king of seventeen towns noted for their commerce and industry. During succeeding years, however, harsh laws and heavy taxes ruined the weaving industry, which was the main source of the city's prosperity, and today there remains scarcely a trace of its ancient commercial glory. At present, Chatillon is mainly an agricultural community, although it possesses several factories, which, however, were changed into munition plants during the war.

Chatillon-sur-Seine numbers approximately 5000 inhabitants. The Great War has taken an unusually

heavy toll of lives among its population, over 500 of its men having been killed in battle. During the first Battle of the Marne in 1914, Marshal Joffre established his headquarters in the city, from which he directed the great battle that turned the tide of the war and doomed Germany's armies to final failure. A picture of the chateau of Marshal Marmont, Duc of Raguese, where Marshal Joffre resided during his stay in this city, appears on this page.

Many Historic Structures

The town possesses several buildings of great historic interest, the most famous of which is the Church of St. Vorles, first built in the 7th century. We read of Isaac, Bishop of Langres, transporting the relics of St. Vorles to this church in the year 998 A. D. Bernard is mentioned as the builder of the curious underground chapel of the church, only a small part of which now remains intact. Since 1597, when the Church of St. Vorles was rebuilt, there have been few changes made in it and it appears today almost exactly as it did at that time.

On the hill near the Church of St. Vorles may be seen the ruins of the chateau of the Dukes of Burgundy. At one time considered one of the strongest fortifications in France, the chateau in 1597 was destroyed by the population of Chatillon, infuriated at the heavy and cruel taxes imposed upon them by the Dukes. It has never been rebuilt since. The lake-shop, kitchen, and a considerable portion of the walls of the old chateau, however, are still in a fair state of preservation and should be interesting to visit. The interior of the enclosure formed by the shell of walls has been converted into a cemetery and the many quaint and curious inscriptions to be found on its tombstones furnish a better understanding of the history of the Middle Ages.

Noted Frenchman Born Here

Chatillon-sur-Seine claims many distinguished Frenchmen as her own. William Philandrier, the most celebrated architect of the 16th century, was born here, and several interesting specimens of architecture attributed to him may still be seen in the Bourg section of the town. Edme Veringuet, another Chatillon architect, later drew the plans of modern Paris. Other noted Chatillonnais ranked high among Old World diplomats, warriors, authors, and artists, as the numerous streets named after them testify.

FORCE OF HABIT

Patterson: What did Schenck mean by giving the command "Squads right" before we counted off?

Tyrrell: Oh, he's a poker player and can't get out of the habit of shuffling them up once in a while.

AN APOLOGY FOR THE BUCK

A book of a military organization would hardly be complete without a few contributions from the Buck; the backbone of the Army; the winning factor of the War. The most honorable rank in the Army is that of the Buck Private. He does the most menial work; he is cursed and bullied by everyone. Still, through it all, he alone cannot lose his job. The importance of the Buck is fully realized by those discriminating historians who digress on military exploits with just praises to the Buck, who is invariably addressed with the most enviable appellations. Arches of triumph, statues of Victory, are "dedicated to those who fell," and those were our brave Bucks.



Anyone who has been a member of the A. E. F. can tell you of the Buck in that War. After spending years of independence, he boldly subjugated himself to the utmost servility and tyranny for the sake of his country. He has seen his brothers in civilian clothes preferred to him with the luxuries of home about him. He has seen those who were inferior to him in civilian life, rise above him and direct him with the authority of the Government. And with the calm sobriety of a Locke, he has been instructed by those whom he could have well instructed. Perhaps his temper has given away when those punishments, morally unjust, have been inflicted by the authority of the tyrannical Articles of War; but the call to his duty has again restored his equanimity.

Above everything, let it be recalled with pride by us Bucks that in this War we have proven our unbounded patriotism in offering our services and lives to the great cause for less than anyone. Some demanded and got other things. These, in many cases,

we believe, used their patriotism as a veil for their ambitions.

Perhaps the most terrible army of Bucks were those in the army of Cromwell. It was here that the morale and integrity of the Bucks defeated autocracy forever. An entire regiment of the enemy would flee at the approach of a half dozen of these Bucks. To these, then, we give the credit of establishing the most honorable rank in the army, which, since that time, has more than held its own. In that army, a Buck was often known to reprimand a Colonel for cursing! This is the Buck's true, democratic spirit.

The independence of the Buck has never been questioned. It is the overwhelming passion for liberty that gives him this for which we have fought. We have freely criticized those things which we believed unjust. We have never been reduced. Some of us (but those we admit to be the worst part) are too ambitious; but these we forgive, although we cannot admit them to our Grand Legion of Bucks.

It is remarkable in perusing the pages of history to discover the large number of great names which, at one time, were preceded by "Private." In order to understand the psychology of the Buck, history has proved that it is first necessary to have been a Buck. Had Alexander the Great understood the commoner's view, his Empire would not have fallen to fragments immediately after his death; Hannibal could have razed Rome; Louis XIV. could have conquered William the Silent. Those men, if they could have at least experienced the trials and tribulations of the Buck, would have never been defeated. We glance at the noble exploits of Marlborough, Ney, Murat, and Joffre with pride. We believe that the Great Commoner, William Pitt, lover of liberty, was derived from the spirit of the Buck. Plato and Cato the Younger had been Bucks.

But the American public knows nothing of the glories of the Buck. Parents rejoice when their children leave the Grand Legion. These flash their ranks before their friends. Even the First Class Privates are transported with the joy of their promotions. People say, "He's only a Private" in a nonchalant manner which really conveys as strong an impression as, "He's only a President." They forget the deeds of the Bucks; but how our children will rejoice when they read the feats of the Bucks on the golden pages of Time.

We, 639th Bucks, are few in number, but our spirit is great. We know how subservient our rank is, how many dirty jobs we have tackled, how often we have cursed those above us; but now that it is over, we are proud that we were Bucks and did not desert their cause.

A. M. STACKHOUSE,

Late Buck Private, 639th Aero Squadron.

DUST AND DIN

Dedicated to the lovely "Buck," with no apology

They'll complain of mud and rain
When they're quartered on the Seine
And they're resting from a day's hard, open fire;
But when it comes to action
They'll not "renig" a fraction,
But fight right on, those boys who never tire.

Here's a man who's fine of face
With an easy, natural grace,
And you know him for a care-free mountaineer;
He's a diamond in the rough,
As he'll show you soon enough
If you ever fall foot-weary in the rear.

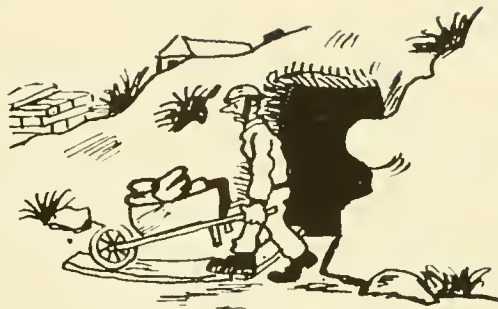
They're clean and fine and strong,
And if you think they're weak, you're wrong—
They're fighting for the honor of their land;
From the air, on land or water,
They'll do their share of slaughter,
For Right and Love and Honor do they stand.

There are things we can't forget
And we'll get the heathens yet,
Though it won't be through the writing of a note;
All our methods will be clean,
History will not quote them mean,
For the Viper's sting they'll be as antidote.

When the Kaiser's dreams come true
His career will have run through
And the Shades of Night descending, blind his course;
He'll awaken with a start
Just before they take his heart,
Yet he thought he'd robbed the Devil of his force.
Ha! Ha!

They'll storm him with barrage
Till he cries out, "'Tis mirage!"
As close behind him shrink his retinue;
But our boys will get them all
And they'll leave them where they fall
For the writhing, angry mob to run them through.

Yes—since they're from the U. S. A.
They'll help win the war some day;
From their lips we'll learn just how the wounded fell;
There will be glad cries of cheer
As we hear them drawing near,
While the Kaiser's blood is boiled and burned in Hell.
Ha! Ha! —Anonymous.



639TH TUNNEL

Now we come to the hole
That goes in the hill,
Where the boys are working
Just fit to kill.

The hole is made for protection
From gas bombs and shell,
And if it wasn't for this suggestion
We all would sure go to "hell."

If the old "Boche" comes along,
He will find us well protected,
All together in a bunch,
In a hole we have selected.

The tunnel gang are sure some boys;
From morning 'till close of day
They are toiling hard with their toys,
Thru the hill as they make hay.

Their boss is very good to them,
You hear them never talk;
He tells them what to do
And sees that they never balk.

"TOP KICK."

A DREAM

Last night as I lay a-sleeping
A horrible dream came to me;
Private Traw was commanding the Squadron,
And Schlosser was M. S. E.
Old "Buck" Atwell was crying out "Gimme,"
While the Lieutenant was doing K. P.
And they fought like Hell for Liberty,
On the banks of the M-E-U-S-E.



Liberty Wreckage



Salmson Wreckage



The Hearse



The sad procession

THE SAD PART OF IT. An aerial collision



Dropping Flowers



Eternal Taps

A GLIMPSE AT THE SAD SIDE

Though fatal accidents on the Chatillon field were few, they were very sad ones. Each unfortunate victim was interred with all the military rites due a soldier and possible under the circumstances of war in a foreign land.

The aviator's life was a pleasantly exciting one, though periodical fatal crashes served as a sober realization to the many of the constant hazard to which the bird-man is exposed, even when there is no enemy in the air to contend with.

What was perhaps the saddest accident at the school occurred near Latrency, on February 20th, 1919. Lieu-

tenant Gustafson, the popular Adjutant of the Post, decided to take a flight with Lieutenant Messer. Both were practically on the eve of their departure for the States. But Fate had ordained otherwise.

While flying at an altitude of three thousand feet, Lieutenant Messer's Liberty plane collided with the tail of a Salmson plane piloted by Lieutenant Thompson. The struts of the right wing of the Liberty were torn out, and the tail of the Salmson was entirely cut off. The resultant crash caused the instantaneous death of all three officers.

Captain Fritz, who also commanded the Headquarters Detachment, and an intimate friend of Lieutenant

Gustafson, took charge of the funeral and spared no effort to make the ceremonies as impressive as possible.

The bodies were removed to the A. E. F. hospital at Chateau-Villain, thence to one of the school buildings at Chatillon. Solid oak, lead-lined caskets had been secured from Dijon and the bodies were allowed to lie in state until the time of the obsequies. Each casket was covered by a large American flag and almost hidden beneath a bower of fresh flowers. A guard of honor, composed of non-commissioned officers, remained posted until the cortege left for the cemetery. At 2:00 p. m. on the 22nd, led by the Artillery band of the 81st Division and a company of Infantry, the procession left the flying field and marched slowly to the American cemetery at the other edge of town. The bodies were carried on a three-ton Packard truck driven by Chauffeur Whooley, assisted by Private Shove. The truck had had its sides removed and was draped with black and white. It made an admirable substitute for an artillery caisson. The hearse was flanked by the honorary pallbearers—eighteen officers—six for each of the deceased. Following the hearse were the mourners: first, a large group of officers, then the 157th Aero Squadron in a body, and then members of the other Squadrons, and a number of French citizens.

En route, the solemn music of the band served to

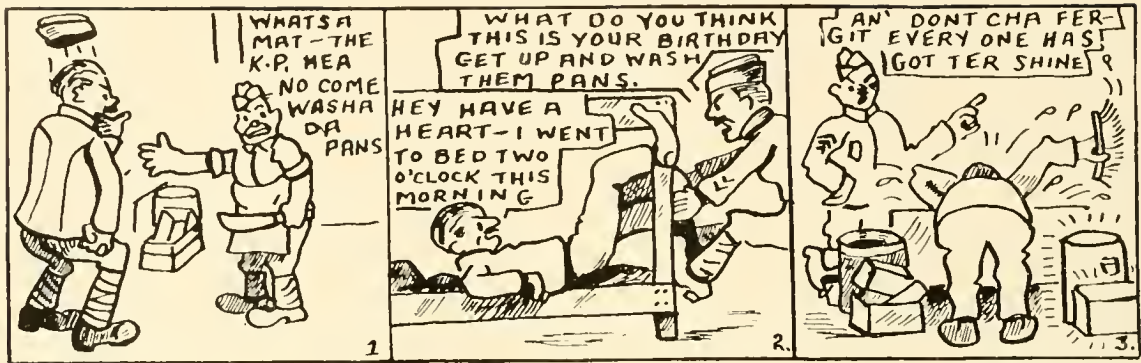
create a deep impression, and caused everyone to realize more forcibly the transiency of life. Accompanying the procession, but high overhead, was Lieutenant Henricks in a DH-4 plane, he and his observer, Lieutenant Meyer, seeming to hover over the column on guard, while the drone of the motor sounded sad, rather than, as usually, combative.

Upon arrival at the cemetery, the various organizations were drawn up and aligned to form a hollow square about the graves. Chaplain Shank performed the last rites, and the splendid quartet of the 157th, a favorite of Lieutenant Gustafson, rendered "Lead Kindly Light." Rose petals were dropped on the caskets, and after each one was lowered the firing platoon fired a salute of three rounds, the band played a dirge, and the bugler sounded "Taps." Lieutenant Henricks, who all the while was circling overhead, then glided silently down, and as he passed over the graves, Lieutenant Meyer from the rear seat dropped flowers.

The men returned to camp filled with a deep sense of sorrow over the loss of the popular officers, and flying that night was discussed as being too risky for a permanent occupation. Although this feeling toward flying soon wore off, the memory of the deaths and the impressive ceremonies will undoubtedly remain forever.



Part of American Camp at Ourches. 639th Barracks Behind Middle Tree.



Trials of a Poor K. P.

SOME OF MY K. P.'S

One day Sergeant Thompson and the touring car chauffeur, Hull, made their initial visit to the kitchen in the capacity of K. P.'s, and believe me they did their share of the chores. Hull shoveled two tons of coal and cut one-half the wood as an appetizer before breakfast. Thompson, besides carrying the coal and wood into the kitchen, pumped three G. I. cans full of water and scrubbed several greasy pans before he satisfied his hunger. I was surprised to see the men report for kitchen police, and when I inquired of the Top Kick why these two non-coms happened to be on such an easy detail for Sunday he informed me that they reported late for retreat on the previous evening, and that he would see to it that all such offenders would receive the same penalty in the future. As far as I was concerned, both Thompson and Hull did their duty and did it well, and I can assure you they both enjoyed a sound night's slumber after finishing at 7:30 p. m.

A few days later, our old friends, "Sixteen Franek" and "Parson" Davis, helped to do the chores, and believe me it was a scream. Franek had attended a dance the evening previous in a nearby town, and he naturally didn't feel well that day, for he hadn't hit the hay until 4:00 a. m. You know it was a bit hard for him to report at 7:00 a. m. for K. P. Poor Franek! He peeled four bags of spuds, two bushels of onions, and one peck of carrots, besides hauling in two cords of wood, shoveling some coal, and scrubbing a dozen pans or so. After getting through with this, Cook Chauffeur 1st Class Hogan let him (Franek) scrub up the kitchen while he (Hogan) was resting himself. "Sixteen" said, after he finished that night, that he didn't think he would volunteer for K. P. again tomorrow, but thanked Hogan before he left the kitchen at 7:30, saying that he enjoyed his visit very much and hoped that he would meet either Hogan or myself sometime after we were discharged—in Chicago. He assured us that he would extend us a warm reception. I suppose he meant that he would blow us

for a few drinks in some swell cafe in the Loop, so I told him I didn't drink.

Sam Rhodes was one of the detail for K. P. one day. He wasn't feeling at all well, because he told me so when he reported for duty at 7:00 a. m. He said he had been up most of the night and thought he wanted to answer sick call at 9:00 a. m., as he would like to be marked "Quarters." Since I thought he had been nursing a sick friend the night before I said he could answer sick call. You know me, I sure pity anyone that is sick. I also admire a fellow that will help a sick comrade. Well, Sam reported to the infirmary at 9:00 a. m. and came back to the kitchen at 9:30 a. m. marked "Duty." Poor Sam! During his absence I found out that he had been up most of the night, all right, but not nursing any sick friend. Instead, he had been nursing the kitty in a poker game in No. 5 Barracks. When I laid eyes on him I put him to scrubbing pans, pots, and garbage cans, and told him that it was his duty to have them all shining and cleaned well enough to eat from. He started well, but during the course of events in the morning my eyes were attracted to other details and I forgot Sam for the time being. When I glanced in his direction he was gone. I asked Cook Franka Paul if he had seen anything of Rhodes and he said, "Da Rhodessa was outa da kitch for one a hour." So I get out on Sam's trail and, after searching through both barracks, I found his royal highness as snug as a bug in a rug with his trench shoes under his head for a pillow and dreaming of Cupid and little angels. I sure was raving, so I grabbed Sam by the slack of the breeches and asked him if he thought he was on a vacation, or if he really understood that he could be court-martialed for refusing to obey orders. Poor Sam! I hated to do it, but I had to, and everything about the kitchen was looking spic and span that night. The boys appreciated seeing Sam on K. P. and heartily gave him the K. P. yell, which I may mention was composed by Sam himself and used many times when the Squadron paraded the streets of Chatillon.

PETE McARDLE.



Pilots: 2nd Corps Aeronautical School.

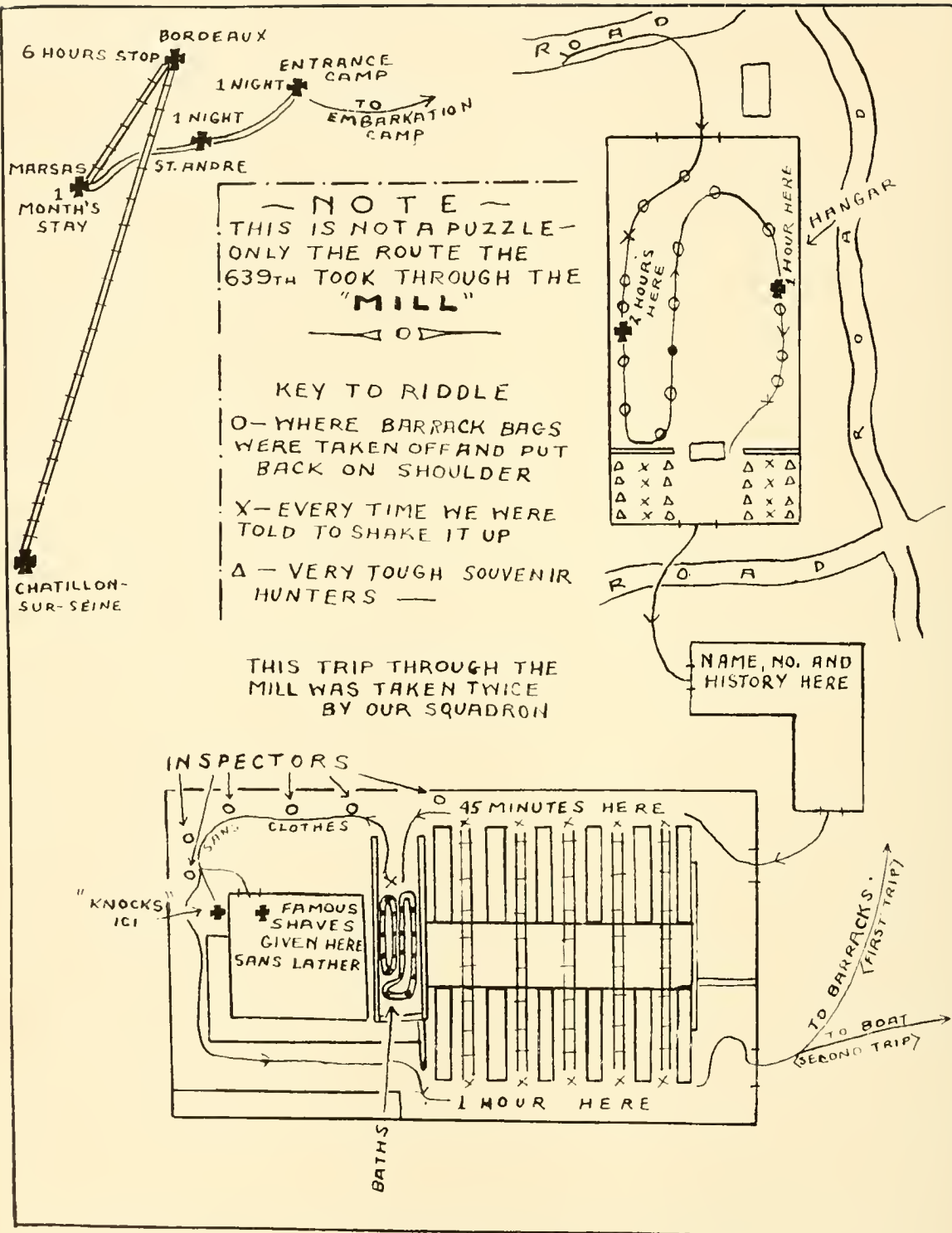
A BASEBALL TRIP

When it came to sports we were always there. For a while during the summer of 1918, we made regular Sunday trips to surrounding camps and enjoyed an exciting game of baseball. On the 11th of August, a game was to be played at Courban. Trucks had been arranged for to carry all the rooters over for the occasion. The day was ideal and a large number of the fellows had decided to attend. About an hour before the start was to be made, two Handley-Page planes, en route from England to Courban, stopped at our field, having mistaken it for the one at which they

wished to land. A large crowd of men gathered around these planes in order to give them the once-over. Soon after they had made a landing and found out that they were at the wrong camp, we heard that they would leave them. Arrangements were at once made to carry eight men. Sand bags were thrown out and men took their places. In the meantime the motors had been started, and with everything running smoothly they took off, flying straight to Courban, where a landing was made. This was one occasion when very modern conveyances were used for transportation to a baseball game.



Visiting Handley-Page's.



THE MILL

At the place of embarkation
We have a complicated mill,
Which gets little admiration
And gives each man a chill.

It has won itself a name
By the many passers by,
For they all go through the same
With a curse or with a sigh.

The purpose of the house,
No doubt but I am right,
Is to kill the cootie, flee and louse,
And they surely are a fright.

We hang out our belongings
Upon a clothing rack,
Everybody thronging
To release his heavy pack.

All equipment must be shown.
The contents of our bag
To the inspector must be known
As much as every rag.

While our things are being sterilized
We have to take our bath.
It almost makes one paralyzed,
That chill from the lengthy path.

A dozen doctors, more or less,
Is what we have to see.
They look us over just to guess
What's ailing you or me.

With a spyglass and a microscope
And flashlights very bright,
The doctor seeks in faith and hope
To find the parasite.

As result of the inspection
Some look very bare,
The doctors' old suspicion
Made them cut off all the hair.

New clothing is the next to come,
Most important thing of all,
And, boy, you're surely going some
If you get a fit at all.

The issue is the very same
For tall men and for short,
But since you must be in the game,
Take it, and be a sport.

They pile you up a good supply
Of this thing, and of that,
As you are slowly passing by,
Startled as a rat.

You wonder what'll happen next,
As you slowly make your pace,
When you find yourself at last all fixed
At your final starting place.

Then the final scramble starts
To get back your old things too;
The trouble is in finding parts
That really belong to you.

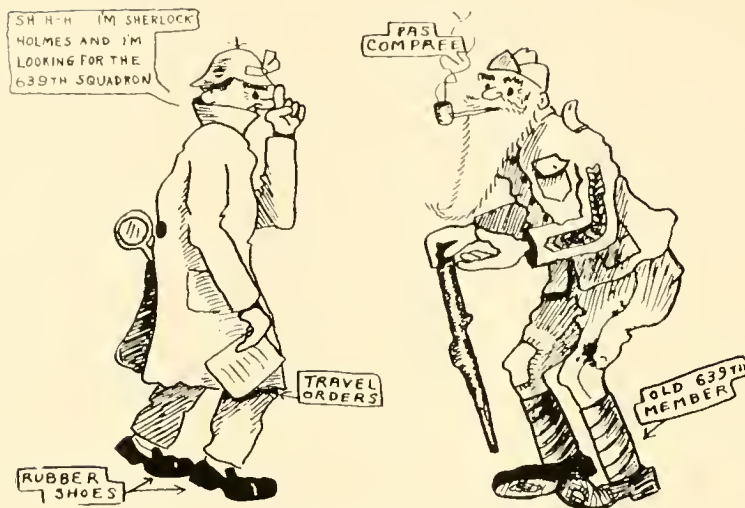
Going through the cootie mill
Surely is no joke,
Losing leggings, socks, and bills,
And such things will provoke.

But the thing that keeps up hope
Is the thought of going home,
So we take a lot of dope
As through this land we roam.

DAHLE.



Map of France Showing Travels of the 639th.



Growing Old Awaiting Orders for Home.

STILL AT GENICART No. 2,
BORDEAUX, BASE SECTION.
April 22, 1919.

DEAR HANNAH:

I spose you will be surprised when you read this and find I am still in France. I am sorry Han but I gess I cannot see you on May 30th as I rote in my last letter. When I rote that letter we had noos that we would leevie hear in to days but today a officer tole me it might be to months.

I hope you are not gettin tird of watin for me. Although this is the fifth date I had to call off, taint my fault.

We thot we wood be back for Christmas, then New Years, then Washingtons birthday, Easter and now May 30th. so I would like to make a date for Thanksgivin and be sure.

Of course if I am injured or get sick I may be lucky and get home before this.

Up to the presint ritin we are doin the same work. Pushin them thru the Cootie mill. This aint an awful proper subjek to rite to such a nice young lady Han but nevertheles its all in the war.

Its funny as the doos to see the rookies go thru the mill. I am one of the inspektors and fritin the life out of them. They say yes sir and no sir to me. I offen laff after they pass, of course I wate til they get out of my site cause I hate to hirt there feelins.

Most of them have only been here from 5 to 8 months and a bunch of them is S. O. S. men which means Safe or Sound. They aint been anywhere's near the front, but there going home toot sweet and coppin all the glory. They all ask a bunch of fulish questions and we are there to fill them up. We even tell them they are to leave the nite they come in to this here camp and promise them 1st glass passage on the transport.

A fellow cam in tother day and when I asked him his rank he tole me 72 inches. Another guy wanted to bring his raincote in the shower bath and still a nother was asked his cereal number and he replied that he owned a farm. But just the same we are makin records in the time puttin them thru by tellin them if they dont hurrie they will loose the boat.

They have purty good shows here but how can I enjoy a show when you aint there. And just when the show starts we here the whistles of three boats just leevin for home. So you no just how rottin I am feelin.

Theres a new bunch helpin in the mill now that have been in the AEF for 8 months. They tell us they are goin to do our work cause were goin home but that is old bunk to me Han. I no this game to gosh darn well now. These tank men are purty good guys. One of them give me a pippin tother day and it wuz the 1st I had since I been over here. These guys have been drivin water tanks up around the front. You no after a battle theres always a lot of smoke and sut flyin round and these guys drives the tanks around and lay the dust so when we want to make a nother advance on Jerry everything is clear.

A buddie of mine just come in and wanted to bet me 2 bucks we wood be out a here in a weak. I gess he got some good dope because its the 1st time I ever heard him want to bet in my life. I dont gambol not even shake bones cause I want a return the same straight guy as I was when I left you. Remember that last nite? Some nite, gee whiz when I got outside I felt like ballin my self. Honest Han I felt punk.

An orderly what works at Hedquarters just tole me that the boat we wuz to sail on broke her enjin in New York harbor and it would take six months to get a new enjin. I am the only guy he tole this to and I promised I wouldnt tell anyone, but I no you can keep it shady. You can tell Nell and Lizzie cause tis all in

the family and I no they wont tell. It will be now about the last of Sepr. afore we leeve or latter and it takes these boats from this harbor about 6 weeks to make the trip with good wether so I gess I will be to home at Thanksgiving alrite unless I here something oposite.

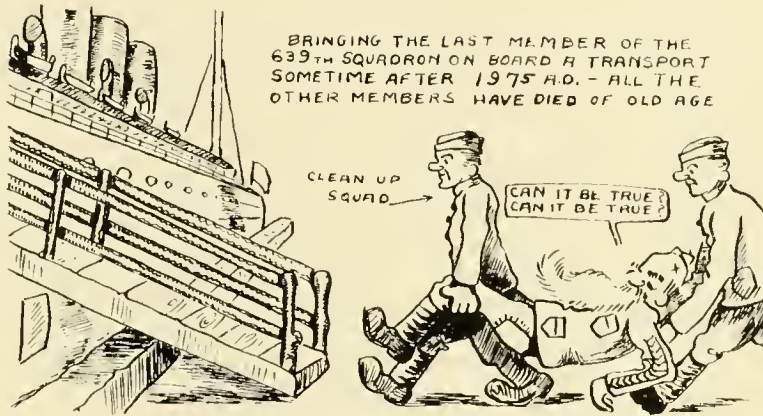
The wether has been swell for the past few days and

I am getin the spring feyur. I never misst you as much as I do rite now. Just got some news that they wuz goin to close the camp down the end of may so I gess I will make that the 4th of July now. Will clos

with lots of hapy wishes and love,

yours

JOE.



My God, Lafayette, We're Still Here.

THE CRIME OF THE RECRUITING SERGEANT

OR

HOW WE HAPPENED TO WEAR O. D

The Recruiting Sergeant sees you walking down the street with a downcast look on your face. Right away he begins to smile as he says to himself, "Ha! a victim for me." He walks up to you with a smile and hands you a cigar, asks you how you are, and then gives you that awful line of his which he has learned from a copy sent out by Uncle Sam. You are feeling blue. Your girl broke a date, or some one of the many other difficulties that confront the fellows of this country has come to you.

The Sergeant's line, and seemingly nice ways, win you, and you sign up. He tells you to report there tomorrow at three o'clock. You report as you promised, take your examinations, and are then sent to some recruiting station, going through some more examinations and red tape. Then you say, "I DO." After that it is a different life, all caused by that Recruiting Sergeant and his Government line. Oh! the prayers that we have offered for him!

The Sergeant said, "Yes, you go to Texas, and then

to some other sunny climate. Just sign up for the aviation section and they will have you ready to fly in two or three weeks." But who inell wants to fly with a pick and shovel? Beware, Recruiting Sergeant! We will see you again!

His line was clever and his offers were wonderful, but now that we have had experience with both—beware! He might tell us that we can see the world, but when one is guarded on the train and if one gets out of one's box car, which holds eight horses or forty men, K. P. for a week is the penalty. If you get a pass to visit some nice town, the M. P.'s tell you that you can't go here, and you can't go there. You have to march along at attention all the time with your arm ready to salute the shavetails and on up to the north star.

Oh! we know you, so beware of whom you hand your line and cigars in the future, or else they will have to blow taps before ten o'clock at night.

SERGEANT YORK.



HEARD OUTSIDE

Glendenning: Murphy, did you hear that John Redmond was dead?

Murphy: No.

Wakefield (standing near by): Wasn't he in our Squadron once?

Sergeant Paine has been decorated with two War Crosses.—*639th Daily News*.

Private Kennedy had his new "Nieuport" out a few days ago.—*639th Daily News*.

"Shorty" Gordon now has a small bat under his bunk and is ready to entertain all visitors at all hours; still he frankly admits he is a non-combatant.—*639th Daily News*.

Glendenning: It's funny, Varney, you always use your left hand while eating.

Bloom: I use mine, too.

Holley: Yes, but the reason that you use yours is because your right hand is full.

AND THEY GAVE HIM A PILL

Forman: I've got a pain here, Doc. What is that a symptom of?

Medico: Stomach ache.

After the final schooling of observers at Chatillon sur Seine, some time along in January, we were ordered to drill an hour each day.

As we had not drilled for over a year, the men were pretty "rusty" and had forgotten what they had been taught in Texas.

We were drilling in platoons, and McBride was in charge of the 3rd platoon. After the command, "Platoon, left front into line," the platoon came into line and was halted. When Schenck shouted out to McBride, "Dress 'em up, Mac!" Mac answered, "Damn it, ain't they dressed?"

"Pepper" Roberts says he was very careful in voting for members of the Editorial Staff to vote for no privates, as it would take them off K. P. and Guard lists, thereby increasing the frequency of his turn at those duties.

Chauf. Jaggle (on hearing the 2nd call): Get up, Webster!

Webster: If you got up as early as I do you would still be a private.

Who is the best singer, and which is the best song in the outfit?

Venzke, and his song, "Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down."

DID YOU EVER WATCH

"Rip" Van Every fix a pair of shoes?

"Buttes" Hallinan empty the P. C.s?

"Gwendolyn" smoke a cigarette?

"Roy" Hicks standing at attention?

"Dad" Crance fall off a hay loft?

"Screw-driver" having his picture taken in Hangar No. 6?

Millett to Blough: How near is it to mess call?

Blough: It's time now.

Millett: Hold it off a minute! (Runs and gets his mess kit.)

While at Ourches we were all glad to see our friend, "Doc Salts," gain a promotion to Sergeant. His pills evidently brought results.

Schultz was said to carry \$32,500 worth of insurance. He was worth some money dead, was he not?

Shorty Peters: Every time I see a medic I want to vomit.

SURE SIGNS OF HOME

Smith has a clerical job in Headquarters Detachment.
 Curren won a watch in a raffle.
 Bill Lane got his leave to Paris.
 Paine lost his job with the Colonel.
 Supply Sergeant is issuing salvage clothing.

YES, HE WAS MENTIONED

Morton: You say you've been mentioned in the military way. In what connection?
 Johnston: In connection with the A. W. O. L. I took last month.

HEARD AT THE DENTIST'S

Officer (to Forman sitting in the waiting room): What's the trouble, toothache?
 Forman: No, sir.
 Officer: Bridge broken?
 Forman: Haven't any, sir.
 Officer: Want your teeth cleaned, then?
 Forman: They are clean enough, sir.
 Officer: What is it, then?
 Forman: Somebody said it was warm in here.

OH, LA LA

Slabom: Say, Harry, did you hear about Holderman nearly choking to death at supper the other night?
 Shove: No, how in — did that happen?
 Slabom: Why, he was eating a piece of corned willie and someone hollered "Whoa."

HE EARNED THEM

First Member: I dreamed I won ten thousand wound stripes last night.
 Second Member: How was that?
 First Member: I thought they gave me one for every cootie bite.

"Buck" Atwell of New York, busily engaged in hunting for cooties, said to Weinzierl: "Say, Johnnie, I know why dat guy Napoleon always had his picture took wid his hand in de front of his shoit."

THEIR FRENCH

"American soldiers are respectfully requested to address the waiters in English, as their French is not generally understood."

Stickler: Say, Dan, which is correct: The hen is setting, or the hen is sitting?
 Stone (somewhat of a poultry fancier): I soon can tell whether she is laying or lying.

Stickler: Bill, I found it.
 Lane: What, Stick?
 Stickler: The lost chord.
 Lane: Where?
 Stickler: Have you ever heard Dan Stone snore?

We have often wondered if Francis would blush if he lifted up the table cloth and found that the table had legs.

Franck: How do you get that way, Jay, telling the girl that you were C. O. today when you were on K. P.?
 Jay Jay Klema: Well, doesn't C. O. stand for Cuisine Operator?

OVERHEARD AFTER PAY DAY

Parks: What did you put away on pay night, Pete?
 Peters: A few lemonades and a grouch.
 Holley: Say, McBride, I had a hole in my pocket and lost a half franc.
 McBride: How much did you have in your pocket?
 Holley: A franc and a half.
 McBride: Why didn't you lose the franc also?
 Holley: 'Cause it had more sense.

Sennott: Say, Bill, when I came into the Army I weighed 126 pounds, and now I weigh 160 pounds.
 Zessinger: How do you account for that?
 Sennott: Climate, my boy, climate.
 Zessinger: Do you know that they are building a business block in South Bend forty-eight stories high with no elevators?
 Sennott: How do they get to the top?
 Zessinger: Climb it, my boy, climb it!

One night at the "Y" this remark originated:
 Hogan: Say, Julson, have a cup of chocolate with me.
 Julson: If you don't mind, "Hash," I'll take the vingt cinq centimes, instead.

Zebian: Hey, Johnnie, have you ever been abroad before?
 Weinzierl: Yes, many times, Zeb. I have gone from Bayonne, New Jersey, to New York City.

Rastus: Come up, Sam, and get out on the deck. We're passin' a ship.
 Sambo: What does I care foah a ship passin'. Call me when we pass a tree.

What are the latest rumors around the Guard House, Mac?
 Mac: "All prisoners."

It was a hot day in Onreches and Umlauf was behind the field range stirring rice and at the same time relieving his thirst with a bottle of cool beer, when the C. O. walked in. Al discovered his presence, took the bottle from his mouth, and said, "It's damn hot, Lieutenant, damn hot," finishing the bottle while the Lieutenant looked on with envy.

Old Kanute interested the boys around the barracks with stories regarding the wonderful possibilities of haying in Nebraska, especially in the vicinity of Cozad. before, Shove sent an inquiry to the *Cozad Daily News* for statistics about the town.

McGovern, lining up his detail one fine September day: "I see many missing faces."

John Gilfoy was visiting the dental infirmary. He sat in the big chair, had the towels adjusted properly, and the dentist proceeded to extract the offending tooth. As the molar gave way, John let out a howl that could be heard in Germany and jumped straight out of the chair, taking the towels with him.

"That's all right," said the dentist, calmly, "just sit still; you needn't stand at attention."

The burning question which is ever before the American Jane's mind is, why are the Yanks taking so many French Janes on the "love, honor, and obey" methods, and each and every one of our letters is full of news? We see such headlines as these: "The Yanks are in demand by the Parisian Janes," etc. But in my mind the question comes, "Is it right for the Yanks to marry French Janes?" Why? Well, because we came over here to fight for them and not with them.

Blough: When the Allies stopped fighting, how did they know they were near Germany?

McBride: I don't know. How?

Blough: Because they could smell Cologne.

It was a few weeks before Easter and we had been paid several weeks before (and our pay doesn't last forever). This remark was overheard:

Shannon: Say, Bevo, let's take twenty francs?

Burns: Sorry, Bill, but it's Lent.

The Gold Dust Twins, Sammie Bluestein and Sammie Recchia:

Recchia: Say, Bluey, have you got ten francs?

Bluestein: In de book, I got it, yes.

McGovern: Rhodes, I understand they are putting billiard tables in every mess hall.

Rhodes: Why?

McGovern: So as to teach the men better English.

Waddell: How did you like the garlic this evening?

Sutton: I'll match you to see who gets the gas masks.

Greims: What time is it, Sutton?

Sutton: My watch has stopped; a cootie got into it.

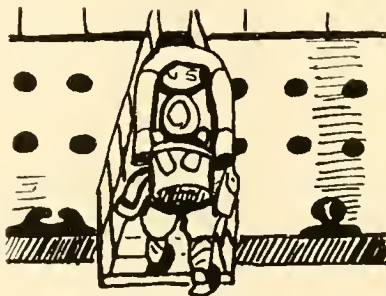
Greims: Fell in the spring and got drowned?

Sutton: No, got in between the ticks and fell asleep.

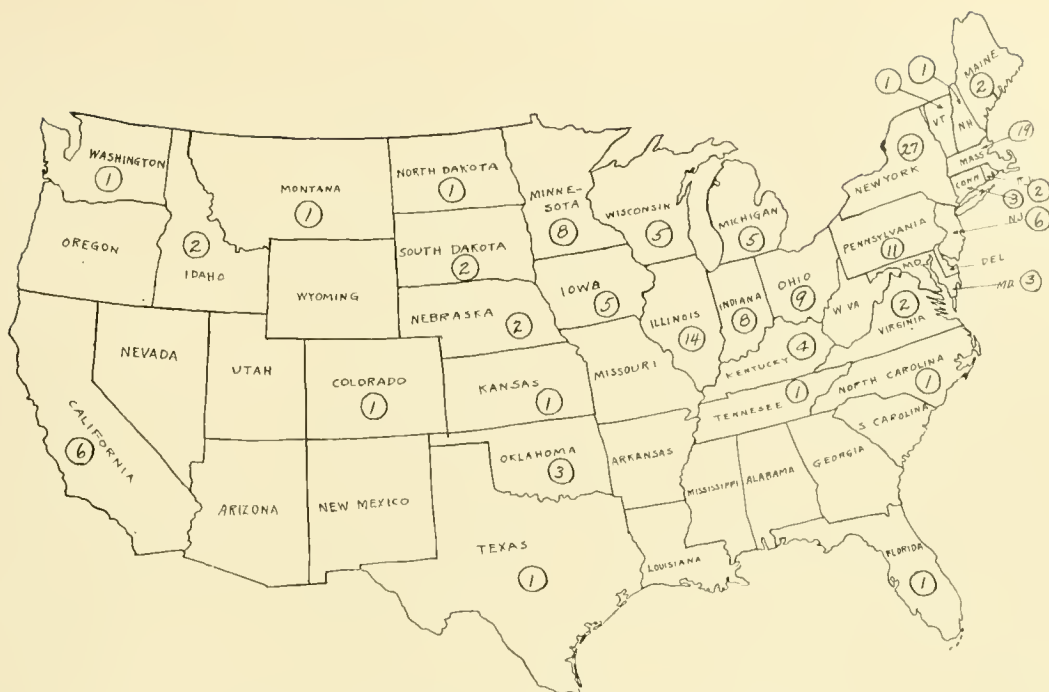
York: Say, do you know that Tiny Kennedy has non-coms malaria?

Schenck: What's that?

York: You eat and sleep well, but can't work.



Going Aboard.



Map of the United States Showing Where 639ers Came From.

ROSTER OF SQUADRON PERSONNEL

(Changes before Jan. 24, 1918, not included.)

The numbers following each name are references to photographs and writeups.

OFFICERS

FRITZ, CAPTAIN EMANUEL page 66.
Commanding Officer
928 Fresno Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

GAIN, CAPTAIN OMER O. page 66.
Medical Officer
Dublin, Texas.

SNOW, 1ST LIEUT. WINTER N. page 66.
Supply Officer
Mars Hill, Maine.

FORMER OFFICERS

HANSELL, CAPTAIN JOHN M. page 66.
Transportation Officer, Ourches
Care S. B. Locke & Co., Muskogee, Okla.

McKINLEY, 1ST LIEUT. LEO. G. page 67.
Censor and Information Officer
Care Boyd & McKinley, Keokuk, Iowa.

GILLET, 1ST LIEUT. FRANK E. page 67.
Post Adjutant, Ourches
317 Lawton Ave., El Paso, Texas.

MULHOLLAND, 2ND LIEUT. EMMET K. page 67.
Assistant Construction Officer, Ourches
1522 Second Ave., Fort Dodge, Iowa.

RUGGLES, 2ND LIEUT. WM. B. page 67.
Assistant Construction Officer, Ourches
3729 Stratford St., Dallas, Texas.

ENLISTED MEN

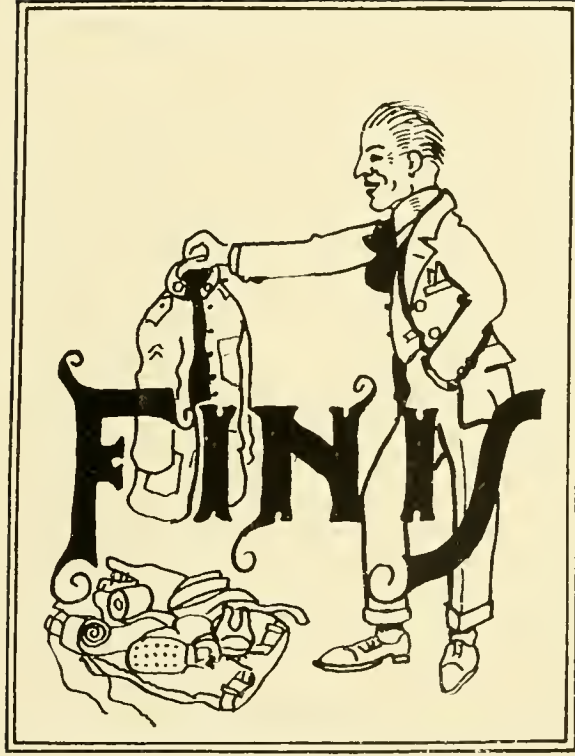
| | | | |
|--|----------------------|--|---------------|
| ACKERMAN, IRVING | pages 78, 79. | BYRNE, PAUL J. | pages 68, 69. |
| Private | | Corporal | |
| 1014 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y. | | 16 Bergenline Ave., Union Hill, N. J. | |
| ADAIR, JOHN W. | pages 90, 91. | COALE, JOHN H. | pages 72, 73. |
| Private | | Chauffeur | |
| Big Lake, Minn. | | 510 Orkney Road, Baltimore, Md. | |
| ALLEN, GEORGE C. | pages 79, 82. | CHILDERS, NELSON B. | page 97. |
| Private | | Private | |
| 33 Enola Ave., Kenmore, Buffalo, N. Y. | | Enid, Okla. | |
| ALLEN, JOHN L. | pages 71, 72. | COCHRAN, CLARENCE E. | pages 79, 80. |
| Chauffeur | | Chauffeur | |
| Garrison, N. Y. | | Fairfax, Okla. | |
| ARMSTRONG, GEORGE E. | pages 83, 85. | CONNOR, EDWIN E. | pages 92, 93. |
| Private | | Chauffeur | |
| 1317 Germantown St., Dayton, Ohio. | | Mangum, Okla. | |
| ATWELL, JAMES P. | pages 47, 97. | COPELAND, AARON | pages 75, 76. |
| Sergeant | | Private | |
| 417 E. 147th St., New York City. | | 775 West Pratt St., Baltimore, Md. | |
| BARRANS, WILLIAM T. | pages 83, 85. | CORCORAN, THOMAS D. | pages 93, 94. |
| Corporal | | Private | |
| Lenox, Iowa. | | 4443 Sidney Ave., Chicago, Ill. | |
| BEE, RICHARD F. | pages 75, 76. | CRANCE, BOYD | pages 79, 81. |
| Sergeant | | Private | |
| 112 Magoon Ave., Medford, Mass. | | Station No. 1, Route 2, Ashland, Ky. | |
| BERDAN, FRANK | pages 90, 91. | CRANE, JOSEPH M. | pages 87, 88. |
| Private | | Private | |
| Wood Lake, Minn. | | Zwingle, Iowa. | |
| BLOOM, FRED R. | pages 68, 71. | CUDWORTH, GEORGE T. | pages 76, 78. |
| Private | | Private | |
| 18 Hart St., New Britain, Conn. | | Box 38, Assonet, Mass. | |
| BLOUGH, WILLIS C. | pages 93, 94. | CUNNINGHAM, HARRY | pages 93, 95. |
| Private 1st Class | | Chauffeur | |
| 7056 Fletcher Way, Pittsburg, Pa. | | 323 East Franklin St., Shelbyville, Ind. | |
| BLUESTEIN, SAMUEL | pages 93, 94 | CURREN, ERNEST | pages 79, 81. |
| Private 1st Class | | Private | |
| 333 E. 13th St., New York City. | | 632 High St., Grand Rapids, Mich. | |
| BOLLER, EBERHARD J. | pages 79, 82. | CZYSY, ALEXANDER | pages 68, 70. |
| Master Electrician (Aviation Mech.) | | Private | |
| 712 7th St., Wausau, Wis. | | 128 Beaver St., New Britain, Conn. | |
| BRANDT, WILLIAM C. | page 97. | DAHLE, VIGGO B. | pages 87, 88. |
| Private | | Private | |
| South Perth Amboy, N. J. | | Starbuck, Minn. | |
| BUONO, VITO | pages 86, 87. | DAVIS, FRED L. | pages 90, 91. |
| Private 1st Class | | Private | |
| 1572 Third Ave., New York, N. Y. | | Burbank, Okla. | |
| BURNS, JOHN B. | pages 7, 68, 76, 77. | DEMMON, ERNEST | pages 79, 80. |
| Sergeant | | Corporal | |
| 7 Chestnut St., Saxonville, Mass. | | Four Lakes Farms, Sparta, Mich. | |
| BURNS, RUELL M. | pages 68, 69. | DOLLY, JOHN A. | pages 68, 69. |
| Corporal | | Private | |
| 32 Callender St., Dorchester, Mass. | | 812 So. 9th St., Norfolk, Neb. | |

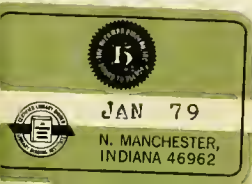
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